

THE *Mazel*
WORKS
OF 12240. ee. 10
MOLIERE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

A NEW TRANSLATION.



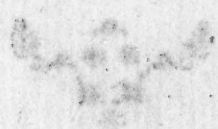
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WORKS

MOLLER



THE LAMSLAT



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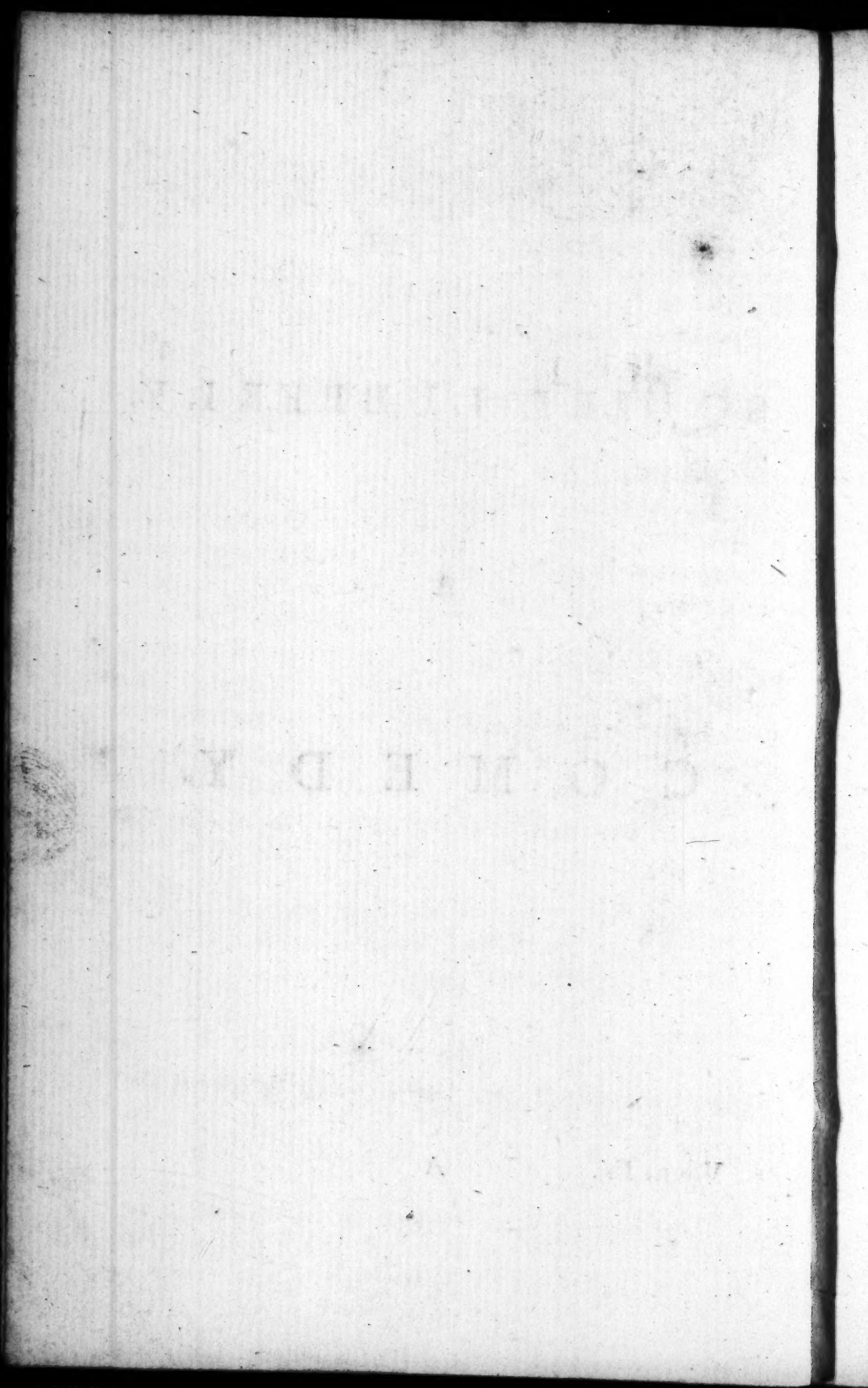
SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

A

C O M E D Y.

VOL. IV.

A





SQUIRE LUBBERLY, a Comedy of Three Acts, performed at Chambord in October 1669, and at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal, the 15th of November the same Year.

THIS comedy consists of a kind of comic humour less instructive than diverting. The ridiculous folly of a country gentleman gives occasion to a sharper, who is in the interest of Erastus, to invent several stratagems, as well to divert Squire Lubberly from concluding the match which had brought him to Paris, as Orontes from giving his daughter to Squire Lubberly; the traps which Sbrigani drew the advocate of Limoges into will appear not altogether an untruth, if we recollect that the cunning Neapolitan went to accost him as he alighted from the stage-coach, to find out the genius and character of the man he had to deal with, the better to manage the measures he had taken.

A C T O R S.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

ORONTES.

JULIA, daughter to Orontes.

NERINA, a woman of intrigue, pretending to be a woman of Picardy.

LUCETTA, a pretended Gascoon.

ERASTUS, lover to Julia.

SBRIGANI, a Neapolitan, a man of intrigue.

First PHYSICIAN.

Second PHYSICIAN.

APOTHECARY.

COUNTRY-MAN.

COUNTRY-WOMAN.

First MUSICIAN.

Second MUSICIAN.

First COUNSELLOR.

Second COUNSELLOR.

First SWISS.

Second SWISS.

OFFICER.

TWO SOLDIERS.

Several Musicians and Dancers.

S C E N E P A R I S.



SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

JULIA, ERASTUS, NERINA.

JULIA.

I AM vastly afraid lest we should be discovered together; it would destroy all, after having orders to the contrary: for God's sake, Erastus, let us avoid being seen.

Erastus. I cast my eyes on all sides, and see no body.

Julia to Nerina.] Be very careful, Nerina, that no one surprize us.

Nerina retiring to the farther end of the stage.] Depend upon me, and speak freely what you have to say to each other.

Julia. Have you recollected any thing that may be of use in our affair, Erastus? And do you think it possible to prevent this disagreeable match which my father intends?

Erastus. We have already prepared a number of batteries to overset his foolish design; we shall at least use our utmost efforts.

Nerina running to Julia.] Alas! here comes your father.

Julia. Ah! we must part.

Nerina. No, no, no, it is not him, do not stir, I was mistaken.

Julia. Bless me! Nerina, how foolish it is for you to fright us thus!

Eraustus. We have contrived many machines for that purpose, lovely Julia, and as you give me leave, they shall be set to work. Make no enquiry what the contrivances are, you shall have the diversion of them; and as it is agreeable at a comedy to have the pleasure of being surpris'd, without knowing what is to be seen, so it is enough to inform you at present, that we have several projects ready to produce upon occasion. The cunning Nerina and Sbrigani will undertake the affair.

Nerina. Certainly, your father is wrong to think of plaguing you with his counsellor of Limoges, Squire Lubberly, whom he never saw, and who is now coming by the stage-coach to carry you off before our eyes: should three or four thousand crowns more, upon the word of your uncle, make him reject a lover that is agreeable to you? And could such a charming creature as you are be intended for a Limosin? If he chuses to marry, why does he not take one of his own country-women, and let christians be at peace? The very name of Squire Lubberly enrages me. I am angry at Squire Lubberly. Was it only for that name Lubberly, it should cost me dear or I would break off the match. You shall not be Mrs. Lubberly. Lubberly! Can one bear it? No, Lubberly is what I cannot endure, and therefore we will have such diversion with him, and play him so many tricks, that we will make this Squire Lubberly return again to Limoges.

Eraustus. Here comes our crafty Neapolitan, who brings us news.

SCENE II.

JULIA, ERASTUS, SBRIGANI, NERINA.

SBRIGANI.

YOUR man is come, Sir, I perceived him three leagues distant from the place where the coach lay: he went down to the kitchen to breakfast, and there I have studied him a full half hour, and got him by heart. I will say nothing of his figure, you will see what an air nature has given him, and whether his dress is not quite answerable to it. As for his understanding, I plainly see it is the dullest that can be. In short, he is a man that will fall into all snares that may be laid for him. We shall find him quite fit to work upon as we chuse.

Erastus. Is this true that you say?

Sbrigani. Ay, if I have the least skill in mankind.

Nerina. You could not put your affair into better hands, Madam; he is a surprising man, and is the hero of our age, for the achievements he performs; he has generously braved the gallies twenty times in his life, for the service of his friends. One who, at the hazard of his arms and shoulders, knows very well how to put an end to the most difficult enterprizes, and who, such as you see him, was banished from his country for several honourable actions which he generously engaged in.

Sbrigani. I am ashamed of the praises with which you honour me, and might much more justly celebrate the wonders of your life; and particularly the glory you acquired, when, with so much honesty, you gam'd with the young foreign nobleman that was brought to your house, and bubbled him of twelve thousand crowns;

when you genteelly trumped up the false contract that was the ruin of a whole family; when with such firmness of mind you could deny the pledge you was intrusted with; and when you bravely gave your evidence to hang a couple of innocent people.

Nerina. I am ashamed of your compliments; those trifles are not worth speaking of.

Sbrigani. Come, we will have no more of it, I shall spare your modesty; let us begin our business, and go find out our country-squire immediately; do you get the other actors of the comedy ready against we want them.

Julia. If it depended on that alone, matters would go very well.

Eraustus. But, dear Julia, if all our contrivances should prove unsuccessful?

Julia. I will confess my real inclinations to my father.

Eraustus. And if he should persist in his design, contrary to your inclinations?

Julia. I would threaten him to put myself into a nunnery.

Eraustus. But if, notwithstanding that, he should endeavour to force you to this match?

Julia. What would you have me to answer you?

Eraustus. What would I have you answer me?

Julia. Yes.

Eraustus. What one that really loves would say.

Julia. What is that?

Eraustus. That you are determined to be mine, in spite of your father, and that nothing shall force you.

Julia. Heavens! Eraustus, be satisfied with what I am now doing, and do not endeavour to discover what the future resolutions of my heart may be, nor perplex me in my duty by proposing the last sad shift, which

perhaps we may have no need of; but however, allow me, if it must be so, to be led into it by the course of things.

Eraſtus. Well then——

Sbrigani. Faith, here comes our man, let us look about us.

Nerina. What a figure he is!

S C E N E III.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY turning to the ſide he came on, and talking to the people who are following him.

WELL, what do you want? What fooliſh people theſe are! I wiſh this curſed city and its inhabitants were at the devil! Cannot a man go along without having a parcel of blockheads gaping and grinning at him? Eh, ye cocknies, mind your own buſineſs; and let people paſs without laughing in their faces. Devil take me if I do not thruſt my fiſt in the fiſt man's face I ſee laugh at me.

Sbrigani ſpeaking to the people.] What is the matter, gentlemen? What does this mean? Who have you got amongſt ye? Is it genteel to make game of gentlemen ſtrangers that come hither, in this manner?

Squire Lubberly. This is a ſenſible man now.

Sbrigani. What manner of proceeding is this of yours? What is it you ſee to divert you?

Squire Lubberly. You ſay right.

Sbrigani. Do you ſee any thing ridiculous in this gentleman?

Squire Lubberly. Right.

Sbrigani. Is he not like other people?

Squire Lubberly. Am I deformed?

Sbrigani. Learn to distinguish people.

Squire Lubberly. Well said.

Sbrigani. The gentleman is of a mien to have respect paid to him.

Squire Lubberly. Very true.

Sbrigani. A person of rank.

Squire Lubberly. Ay, a gentleman of Limoges.

Sbrigani. A man of wit.

Squire Lubberly. Who has studied the law.

Sbrigani. He does you too much honour by coming into your city.

Squire Lubberly. Certainly.

Sbrigani. The gentleman is not a person to make a jest of.

Squire Lubberly. No, no.

Sbrigani. And I shall call every body to an account that laughs at him.

Squire Lubberly to Sbrigani.] Sir, I am greatly obliged to you.

Sbrigani. Sir, I am sorry to see a person of so much consequence as you are received in this manner, and I beg your pardon on behalf of the city.

Squire Lubberly. Your servant, Sir.

Sbrigani. I saw you this morning, Sir, at breakfast where the coach stopped; and the becoming grace with which you eat your victuals immediately created in me a friendship for you: and as I perceive you have never been here before, and are a perfect stranger, I am very glad I have met with you, to offer you my service at your arrival, and to assist you in your conduct amongst people who do not always shew the respect they should have for persons of honour.

Squire Lubberly. You oblige me too much.

Sbrigani. I have already told you, that I felt an inclination for you from the very first moment I saw you.

Squire Lubberly. I am very much obliged to you.

Sbrigani. Your appearance pleased me.

Squire Lubberly. You do me too much honour.

Sbrigani. I perceived something honest.

Squire Lubberly. I am your humble servant.

Sbrigani. Something comely.

Squire Lubberly. Oh, oh!

Sbrigani. Noble.

Squire Lubberly. Oh, oh!

Sbrigani. Engaging.

Squire Lubberly. Oh, oh!

Sbrigani. Majestic.

Squire Lubberly. Oh, oh!

Sbrigani. Free.

Squire Lubberly. Oh, oh!

Sbrigani. I assure you that I am wholly yours.

Squire Lubberly. I am extremely obliged to you.

Sbrigani. I speak sincerely.

Squire Lubberly. I do not doubt it.

Sbrigani. If I had the honour to be acquainted with you, I hope you will find me quite sincere.

Squire Lubberly. I do not dispute it.

Sbrigani. An enemy to deceit.

Squire Lubberly. So I imagine.

Sbrigani. And one who will not disguise his thoughts. You observe my clothes, which are not made like other people's; but I am originally of Naples, at your service, and would chuse to preserve the way of dress a little, and the sincerity of my country.

Squire Lubberly. That is very well done. I was desirous, for my part, to put myself into the court fashion for the credit of the country.

Sbrigani. Upon my word, it becomes you better than all our courtiers.

Squire Lubberly. My tailor told me so: the clothes are decent and rich, and will be talked of here.

Sbrigani. Certainly. Will you not go to the Louvre?

Squire Lubberly. I must go pay my court.

Sbrigani. The king will be extremely glad to see you.

Squire Lubberly. I dare say he will.

Sbrigani. Have you got a lodging?

Squire Lubberly. No; but I was going to enquire for one.

Sbrigani. I shall be very glad to go with you about it, and I am acquainted with the whole place.

SCENE IV.

ERASTUS, SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI.

ERASTUS.

HAH! Who is this I see? Squire Lubberly! I am transported to see you! How? It appears as if you hardly recollected me.

Squire Lubberly. Sir, I am your humble servant.

Erastus. Is it possible that you can have forgot me in five or six years? and that you do not remember the best friend to all the family of the Lubberlies!

Squire Lubberly. I beg pardon. [Low to Sbrigani.] Really I do not know him.

Erastus. I am acquainted with all the Lubberlies at Limoges, from the highest to the lowest; I kept company with no body else while I was there, and I had the honour of seeing you almost every day.

Squire Lubberly. The honour was done to me, Sir.
Erastus. Do you not recollect my face?

Squire Lubberly. Ay, ay. [To Sbrigani.] I do not know him.

Eraustus. Do not you remember that I have had the pleasure of drinking I do not know how many times with you?

Squire Lubberly. Forgive me. [To Sbrigani.] I know nothing of it.

Eraustus. What is the name of that rogue at Limoges who used to treat so genteelly?

Squire Lubberly. Do you mean little John?

Eraustus. Ay, the same. We often went together to enjoy ourselves at his house. What is the name of the place where they walk at Limoges?

Squire Lubberly. The church-yard.

Eraustus. Right. It was there I enjoyed so many sweet hours of your agreeable company. Do not you remember all this?

Squire Lubberly. Forgive me, I remember it. [To Sbrigani.] Duce take me if I remember it.

Sbrigani low to Squire Lubberly.] One forgets an hundred such things as these.

Eraustus. Pray embrace me then, and let us renew our former friendship.

Sbrigani to Squire Lubberly.] This is a man that respects you exceedingly.

Eraustus. Give me some account of all your family. How does that gentleman your—he there—that is so honest a man.

Squire Lubberly. My brother the consul?

Eraustus. Yes.

Squire Lubberly. He is as well as he can be.

Eraustus. Really I am transported at it. And that good-natured man—there—Mr.—your—

Squire Lubberly. My cousin the counsellor?

Eraustus. The same.

Squire Lubberly. Always merry and gay.

Eraustus. Well, I am very glad of it. And the gentleman your uncle? the——

Squire Lubberly. I have no uncle.

Eraustus. But you had one at that time.

Squire Lubberly. No: only an aunt.

Eraustus. That is what I would have said: madam your aunt, how is she?

Squire Lubberly. She has been dead these six months.

Eraustus. Alas! she was so good a creature, poor woman!

Squire Lubberly. We have my cousin the parson also, who was almost dead of the small-pox.

Eraustus. It would have been a great pity!

Squire Lubberly. Do you know him too?

Eraustus. Do I know him truly! A lusty handsome young fellow.

Squire Lubberly. He is none of the lustiest.

Eraustus. No, well shaped.

Squire Lubberly. O! yes.

Eraustus. He is your nephew.

Squire Lubberly. Very true.

Eraustus. Your brother or your sister's son.

Squire Lubberly. Yes.

Eraustus. Parson of the church of—What do you call the name?

Squire Lubberly. Of St. Stephen.

Eraustus. That is he, I do not know any other.

Squire Lubberly to Sbrigani.] He names all my relations.

Sbrigani. He knows you better than you imagine.

Squire Lubberly. By what I see you have lived a long while in our town.

Eraustus. Full two years.

Squire Lubberly. You was there at the time when

our governor was god-father to my cousin the supervisor's child.

Eraustus. Yes, I got an invitation with the first.

Squire Lubberly. It was genteel.

Eraustus. Ay, extremely well.

Squire Lubberly. It was a very pretty entertainment.

Eraustus. It was indeed.

Squire Lubberly. You saw then the quarrel too, that I had with the Perigordin gentleman?

Eraustus. Yes.

Squire Lubberly. Egad, he met with his match.

Eraustus. Ha! há!

Squire Lubberly. He gave me a box on the ear, but I told him his own very genteelly.

Eraustus. Very true——But I do not intend you shall take any other lodging than mine.

Squire Lubberly. I do not chuse to——

Eraustus. You are in jest. I shall on no account allow my very good friend to be any where else but in my house.

Squire Lubberly. It will be to you——

Eraustus. Nay, it is to no purpose, you shall lodge at my house.

Sbrigani to Squire Lubberly.] Since he persists in it, I advise you to accept of the offer.

Eraustus. Where are your things?

Squire Lubberly. I left them with my servant, where I alighted.

Eraustus. Let us send somebody to bring them.

Squire Lubberly. No, I desired him not to stir, till I came myself, for fear of some villainy.

Eraustus. It was prudently thought of.

Squire Lubberly. This place requires a little caution.

Eraustus. Sharpers are to be found every where, in short.

Sbrigani. I will wait upon the gentleman, and conduct him where you please.

Eraustus. Well, I shall be very glad to give some directions, and you need only come to that house there.

Sbrigani. We will be with you immediately.

Eraustus to Squire Lubberly.] I expect you immediately.

Squire Lubberly to Sbrigani.] Here is an acquaintance I had not the least thoughts of.

Sbrigani. He looks like an honest man.

Eraustus alone.] Indeed, Squire Lubberly, we will be at you all ways; matters are ready, and I need only knock. Soho there.

SCENE V.

THE APOTHECARY, ERASTUS.

ERASTUS.

SIR, I imagine you are the doctor that I sent a person to talk with.

Apothecary. No, Sir, I have not the honour to be a doctor: I am only an unworthy apothecary, at your service.

Eraustus. Is the doctor within?

Apothecary. Yes; I will acquaint him that you are here; he is just dispatching some sick people.

Eraustus. No, do not stir, I will wait till he is at liberty. I want only to put a certain relation of ours, whom he has been told of, into his hands, who is seized with a kind of madness, which we would gladly have cured before he is married.

Apothecary. I know the matter very well; I was present when the affair was talked of. Really you could not have applied yourself to a more able physician; he

understands medicine as well as I understand my criss-cross-row; and who, though a person should die for it, would not abate one tittle of the rules of the ancients. Ay, Sir, he always follows the great road, the great road, and does not go look for noon at four o'clock: and for all the money in the world, he would not cure any body with other medicines than what are prescribed by the faculty.

Eraustus. He does very right, a patient should not desire to be cured, except the faculty consents to it.

Apothecary. It is not because we are intimate friends that I say so; but it is a pleasure to be his patient, and I should rather die by his medicines than be cured by those of any other: for whatever happens, a man may depend that things are always regular; and should you die under his directions, your heirs would have nothing to reproach you with.

Eraustus. That is a mighty satisfaction to a dead man.

Apothecary. Certainly. One would like to die methodically at least. Besides, he is not one of those doctors, that make a market of their patients: he is a man that is expeditious, expeditious, who loves to dispatch his patients: and when they are to die, it is done with all the expedition in the world.

Eraustus. Indeed, there is nothing like going through an affair quickly.

Apothecary. Certainly: what is the intention of so much humming and hawing, and beating round the bush? One should know out of hand the short or the long of a disorder.

Eraustus. You are certainly in the right.

Apothecary. Why, there have been three of my children already, whose illness he did me the honour to attend, and they died in less than four days; but in another's hands they would have languished three months.

Erastus. It is convenient to have such friends as these. Apothecary. Undoubtedly. I have only two children left, which he takes care of as if they were his own: he treats and orders them as he chuses, without my interposing; and very frequently, when I return out of the city, I am quite amazed to find them bleeding or purging by his direction.

Erastus. That is the most obliging care in the world.

Apothecary. I think I hear him coming.

S C E N E VI.

ERASTUS, FIRST PHYSICIAN, APOTHECARY, COUNTRY-MAN, COUNTRY-WOMAN.

COUNTRY-MAN to the Physician.

HE says, he feels extreme pains in his head, he certainly cannot hold out longer.

1. Physician. According to Galen, his distemper is not in the head; he is a fool, his disorder is the spleen.

Country-Man. Whatever it be, Sir, he has had continually a looseness with it, for these six months.

1. Physician. Good; that is a sign his interior is clear. I will call upon him in a few days: but if he should die before that time, do not fail to tell me: because it is ill-manners for a physician to visit a dead person.

Country-Woman to the Physician.] My father, Sir, is now worse than he has been yet.

1. Physician. That is not my fault. I give him medicines, why is not he cured? How often has he been bled?

Country-Woman. Fifteen times, Sir, in twenty days.

1. Physician. Fifteen times?

Country-Woman. Indeed, Sir, he has.

1. Physician. And has not his distemper left him?

Country-Woman, No, Sir.

1. Physician. That is a sign his blood is not the occasion of it. We will purge him as many times, to see if it is not the humours, and if that is not efficacious, we will send him to the bath.

Apothecary. That is the end, that is the end of physic.

SCENE VII.

ERASTUS, FIRST PHYSICIAN, APOTHECARY.

ERASTUS to the Physician.

SOME days ago I sent to speak with you, Sir, concerning a friend of mine, who is a little crazy at times, whom I would place at your house, that he may be cured with the more conveniency, and be concealed from the world.

1. Physician. Yes, Sir, I have got every thing in readiness, and promise to be as careful of him as possible.

Erastus. Here he comes quite a-propos.

1. Physician. It happens very lucky; for I have got an old physician, one of my friends, here, whose opinion I shall be glad to take about his disorder.

SCENE VIII.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, ERASTUS, FIRST PHYSICIAN, THE APOTHECARY.

ERASTUS to Squire Lubberly.

YOU must forgive me, if I leave you for a little, as an important piece of business is just come into my head; [pointing to the Physician.] but there is

a person in whose hands I leave you, that will take care upon my account to entertain you in the best manner he can.

1. Physician. I am obliged so to do by my profession, and it is sufficient, that you lay this charge upon me.

Squire Lubberly aside.] This is undoubtedly his steward, and he must be a person of quality.

1. Physician to Eraſtus.] Yes, I assure you, that I will treat the gentleman methodically, and with all the regularity of our art.

Squire Lubberly. Pray be not so ceremonious, I do not come here to incommode you.

1. Physician. I love to be so employed.

Eraſtus to the Physician.] There are ten pistoles beforehand, however, as the earnest of what I have promised.

Squire Lubberly. Nay, I beg you would not be at any expence, or send to buy any thing for me.

Eraſtus. You are mistaken, Sir, it is not for what you imagine.

Squire Lubberly. I beg you will treat me only in a friendly manner.

Eraſtus. You shall have your desire. [low to the doctor.] I chiefly recommend to you not to let him get out of your hands; for sometimes he is for making his escape.

1. Physician. Do not trouble yourself in the least about it.

Eraſtus to Squire Lubberly.] I beg you to excuse this incivility.

Squire Lubberly. You jest sure; why, you pay me too much respect.

SCENE IX.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, FIRST PHYSICIAN, SECOND PHYSICIAN, THE APOTHECARY.

I. PHYSICIAN.

I Am greatly honoured, Sir, by being pitched upon to serve you.

Squire Lubberly. I am your humble servant.

1. Physician. Here is a skilful man, my brother, with whom I am going to consult how we must treat you.

Squire Lubberly. Not so much ceremony I beseech you: I tell you I am a man that likes the common way.

1. Physician. Here, bring chairs.

[Servants bring in chairs.

Squire Lubberly aside.] These are very grim looking servants for a young man!

1. Physician. Pray sit down, Sir.

[The two Physicians sitting, place Squire Lubberly in the middle.

Squire Lubberly giving his hands.] Your most obedient servant. [perceiving they feel his pulse.] What is the meaning of this?

1. Physician. Do you eat well, Sir?

Squire Lubberly. Indeed do I, and drink much better.

1. Physician. So much the worse. That great appetite of frigid and humid is a great sign of the heat and aridity that is within. Do you sleep much?

Squire Lubberly. Yes, when I have made a hearty supper.

1. Physician. Do you dream any?

Squire Lubberly. Sometimes.

1. Physician. Of what nature are they?

Squire Lubberly. Of the nature of dreams. What the devil of a conversation is this?

1. Physician. What kind of stools have you?

Squire Lubberly. Really I do not understand the meaning of all these questions, and had rather drink a glass.

1. Physician. Not so fast, I beseech you. We are going to reason upon your affair before you, and that you may know what we say, it shall be in your own country language.

Squire Lubberly. What great reasoning need there be about eating a morsel?

1. Physician. As it is impossible, that any man can cure a distemper which he does not understand perfectly, and as no one can understand it perfectly, without rightly settling the particular nature and the true species of it, its diagnostic and prognostic signs; you will allow me (as you are my senior) to enter upon the consideration of the distemper that is now in hand, before we talk of the therapeutic part, and the remedies which are proper for us to prescribe, in order to cure it. I say then, Sir, with your leave, that your patient here present, is unhappily attacked, affected, possessed, and disordered by that kind of madness which we term very properly hypochondriac melancholy: a very troublesome species, and which requires no less than an *Æsculapius* like you, consummate in our art: you, I say, who are grown grey in the service, as the saying is, and through whose hands such a diversity of business has passed. I term it hypochondriac melancholy, to distinguish it from the other two: for the famous Galen establishes in a most learned manner, as is customary with him, three kinds of that distemper which we call melancholy; so termed both by the Latins and Greeks; and is worthy of observation in the present case. The

first, which is occasioned by a direct disorder in the brain: the second, which proceeds from the whole mass of blood made and rendered atrabilious: and the third, called hypocondriac, which is our kind, arising from a disorder in some part of the lower belly, and from the inferior region, but chiefly from the spleen, the heat and inflammation whereof sends up to the brain of our patient abundance of fuliginous, gross, and heavy particles, the black and malignant effluvia of which occasions a depravation of the functions of the supreme faculty, and produces that distemper, which, by our ratiocination, he is manifestly attainted and convicted of. But for an indisputable diagnostic of what I say, you need only consider that mighty seriousness which you observe, that sadness, accompanied by fearfulness and suspicion: pathognomic and individual symptoms of this distemper, so well remarked by our divine father Hippocrates: that physiognomy, those eyes red and staring, that huge beard, that habitude of body, slender, lank, black, and hairy, tokens denoting him very much affected by this distemper, proceeding from a default in the hypocondria: which distemper, by lapse of time, being naturalized, antiquated, habituated, and made free of his body, might well degenerate either into distraction, or phthific, or apoplexy, or even into downright frenzy and fury. All this being supposed, as a disease well known is half cured, for *ignoti nulla est curatio morbi*, it will be no difficulty for you to conclude upon the medicines we ought to prescribe the gentleman. First of all, to remedy this obdurate plethora, this luxuriant cacoehymy throughout his whole body, I am of opinion, that he should be liberally phlebotomized: I mean, that he be often and plentifully bled; first, in the basilique vein, then in the cephalique, and if the distemper still continue, even a vein in the fore-

head should be opened; and let the orifice be large, that the gross blood may issue out: at the same time I advise that he purge, scour, and evacuate by proper purgatives; that is to say, by cholagogues, melanagogues, &c. and as the real source of all this mischief either is a feculent and foul humour, or a vapour black and gross, which obscures, empoisons, and muddifies the animal spirits, it is proper afterwards for him to have a bath of pure and clear water, with a vast quantity of whey; to purify by the water the feculency of that foul humour, and by the whey to clarify the blackness of that vapour. But before all things, I think it good to divert him with chearful conversation, songs, and musical instruments, whereto it is not improper to add dancers, in order that their motions, disposition, and agility may stir up and awaken the inactivity of his languid spirits, which occasions the thickness of his blood, from whence the distemper proceeds. These are the remedies I propose, to which may be added several more that are better, by you, Sir, my master and superior, according to the experience, judgment, light, and sufficiency that you have acquired in our art. *Dixi.*

2. Physician. Heaven forbid it, Sir, that I should think of adding any thing to what you have just said. You have discoursed so well of all the signs, the symptoms, and the cause of the gentleman's illness, the arguments you have used about it are so learned and fine, that it is impossible for him not to be out of his wits, and hypocondrically melancholy: or were he not, he must certainly become so for the beauty of the things you have spoken, and the justness of your observations. Yes, Sir, you have very graphically depicted, *graphice depinxisti*, every thing that appertains to this distemper: nothing can be more learnedly, judiciously, ingeniously, conceived, thought, imagined, than what you have de-

livered upon the subject of this distemper, be it as to the diagnostic, the prognostic, or the therapeutic: and nothing now remains for me to do, but to congratulate the gentleman upon falling into your hands, and tell him, that he is but too happy in being disordered in his senses, to experience the efficacy and the gentleness of the medicines which you so judiciously have proposed. I approve all, *manibus et pedibus descendo in tuam sententiam*. All that I would add to them is, to let all his bleedings and purgings be of an unusual number, *numero Deus impare gaudet*; to take the whey before the bathing; to make him a forehead-cloth lined with salt; salt is a symbol of wisdom; to white-wash the walls of his chamber, to dissipate the melancholy of his spirits, *album est disgregativum visus*: and to give him a little glister immediately, for to serve as a prelude and introduction to those judicious medicines, from which, if he is curable, he must receive relief. Heaven grant, Sir, that these medicines, which are yours, may succeed with the patient according to our intention.

Squire Lubberly. I have listened to you all this time, gentlemen, and dare say you are acting a comedy.

1. Physician. No, Sir, we are very serious.

Squire Lubberly. What does all this mean? What do you intend to do with your gibberish and your nonsense?

1. Physician. What foolish language! That is a diagnostic which we wanted for the confirmation of his distemper; this may turn to distraction.

Squire Lubberly aside]. They have left me in very odd company. [He spits two or three times.

1. Physician. Another diagnostic; frequent sputation.

Squire Lubberly. Hold your peace, I tell you, and be gone from hence.

1. Physician. Another again: uneasy to change place.

Squire Lubberly. What do you want with me? I know not what you mean.

1. Physician. We would cure you, according to the orders that were given us.

Squire Lubberly. Cure me?

1. Physician. Yes.

Squire Lubberly. I do not want to be cured, I am very well.

1. Physician. A bad sign, when a patient is insensible of his illness.

Squire Lubberly. I tell you, that nothing ails me..

1. Physician. We know how you are better than you yourself: we are physicians that see very well into your constitution.

Squire Lubberly. If you are physicians, I have nothing at all to do with ye. I laugh at physick.

1. Physician. How! how! this man is farther gone in his distemper than we thought.

Squire Lubberly. My father and mother never would take physick, and they both expired without the assistance of doctors.

1. Physician. I am not at all surpris'd then if they got a son that is mad. [To the 2. Physician.] Come, let us proceed now to the cure, and by the exhilarating sweetness of harmony, let us dulcify, lenify, and pacify, the acrimony of his spirits, which I perceive are ready to be inflamed.

SCENE X.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY alone.

WHAT can these people mean, they are certainly crazy? I never saw such foolish folks.

SCENE XI.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, and TWO MUSICIANS
in a grotesque habit.

They all three at first sit down, the Physicians rise up alternately, to pay their respects to Squire Lubberly, who always rises up to bow to them.

THE TWO PHYSICIANS.

BUON di, buon di, buon di,
Non vi lasciate uccidere
D'al dolor malincenico,
Noi vi faremo ridere
Col nostro canto harmonico,
Sol' per guarirvi
Siamo venuti qui
Buon di, buon di, buon di.

I. PHYSICIAN,

*Altro non e la pazzia
Che malinconia.
Il malato
Non e disperato,
Se vol pigliar un poco d'allegria.
Altro non e la pazzia
Che malinconia.*

2. PHYSICIAN.

*Su, cantate, ballate, ridete:
 Et se far meglio volete,
 Quando sentite il deliro vicino,
 Pigliate del vino,
 E qualche volta un poco di tabacci.
 Allegramente, Monsu Lubberly.*

SCENE XII.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, THE APOTHECARY
 with a glister-pipe.

APOTHECARY.

HERE is a little medicine, Sir, a little medicine,
 which you must take, if you please, if you please.
 Squire Lubberly. The devil take you and your medicine both, what have I to do with it?

Apothecary. It was ordered, Sir, it was ordered.

Squire Lubberly. Hah! What is that you say?

Apothecary. Take it, Sir, take it; it will not hurt you, it will not hurt you.

Squire Lubberly. Heh!

Apothecary. It is a little glister, a little glister, gentle, gentle, gentle; it is gentle, gentle; there take it, take it, Sir, it is to cleanse, to cleanse, to cleanse.

S C E N E XIII.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, APOTHECARY, and
TWO PHYSICIANS in grotesque habits, and
MAURRICE-DANCERS with syringes.

THE TWO PHYSICIANS.

PIGLIA-LO *su*
Signor Monfu,

Piglia-lo piglia-lo, piglia-lo su,

Che non ti fara male,

Piglia-lo su questo servitiale,

Piglia-lo su,

Signor Monfu,

Piglia-lo, piglia-lo, piglia-lo su.

Squire Lubberly. The duce take you all.

[Squire Lubberly holding his hat to keep off the glitter-pipes, is followed by the two physicians and maurrice-dancers; he runs off the stage, and comes back gain to sit down in the chair, near which he finds the apothecary who waits for him; the two physicians and maurrice-dancers also come back.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

D. PHYSICIAN, SBRIGANI.

D. PHYSICIAN.

HE will have nothing to do with the medicines I have prepared for him, and has fled, notwithstanding every thing that I had placed to hinder him.

Sbrignai. It is being a great enemy to himself to avoid medicines so salutiferous as yours.

1. Physician. The plain mark of a distempered brain and a depraved reason, to be unwilling to be cured.

Sbrigani. You would presently have cured him.

1. Physician. No doubt on it, though he had had a dozen different distempers.

Sbrigani. But he has lost you the getting of fifty good pistoles.

1. Physician. For my part, I do not understand losing them; for I am determined to cure him notwithstanding all he has done. He is bound and engaged to take my medicines, and I will have him seized wherever I find him, as a deserter from physic, and an infringer of my prescriptions.

Sbrigani. You are in the right, your medicines are a ready article, and it is money he has robbed you of.

1. Physician. How shall I know where he is?

Sbrigani. Enquire at the house of that good man Orontes, to be sure, whose daughter he is come to marry, and who, being quite ignorant of the infirmity of his son-in-law that is to be, will be in a hurry, perhaps, to conclude the marriage.

1. Physician. I will go this moment, and talk with him.

Sbrigani. You will do very right.

1. Physician. He is a mortgage to my prescriptions, and a patient shall not sport with a physician.

Sbrigani. That is very well said of you, and would you take my advice, you would not suffer him to be married till you have prescribed him every thing you chuse.

1. Physician. Let me alone.

Sbrigani aside, and going.] I am going, for my part, to raise another battery; for if the son-in-law is a fool, the father-in-law is not less so.

SCENE II.

ORONTES, I. PHYSICIAN.

I. PHYSICIAN.

YOU have a certain gentleman, Sir, one Squire Lubberly, to whom you intend to marry your daughter.

Orontes. Ay, I expect him from Limoges, he should have been come before this time.

1. Physician. So he is, and has fled from my house after being placed there; but I forbid you, on the behalf of the faculty, to proceed in the match you have made till I have prepared him for it, and put him into a state of procreating children well conditioned both in body and mind.

Orontes. What do you mean?

1. Physician. Your intended son-in-law was entered my patient; his distemper, which was given me to cure, is a chattle that belongs to me, which I reckon amongst my effects, and I declare to you, that I do not intend he shall marry, until he has previously made satisfaction to the faculty, and undergone the medicines that I have prescribed him.

Orontes. Has he some distemper?

1. Physician. Yes.

Orontes. And pray what is it?

1. Physician. Trouble not yourself about it.

Orontes. Is it some distemper—

1. Physician. Physicians are obliged to secrecy. It is sufficient that I enjoin both you and your daughter not to celebrate your nuptials with him without my consent, upon pain of incurring the faculty's displeasure, and undergoing all the diseases we please.

Orontes. If that is the case, I shall take care the wedding shall not go forward.

1. Physician. He was put into my hands, and is obliged to be my patient.

Orontes. Well and good.

1. Physician. It is needless for him to run away, I will have him condemned by a decree to be cured by me.

Orontes. With all my heart.

1. Physician. Yes, he shall die, or else I will cure him.

Orontes. Very well.

1. Physician. And if I do not find him, I will come upon you, and cure you in his stead.

Orontes. Cure me? why nothing ails me.

1. Physician. That is no matter, I must have a patient, and will take whom I can.

Orontes. You may take who you please, but it shall not be me. [Alone.] A fine way of reasoning truly!

SCENE III.

ORONTES, SBRIGANI dressed like a Flemish merchant.

SBRIGANI.

SUR, vid your permisseong, me be one tranger, de marshand Flemish, dat would be glad to ask you one letel news.

Orontes. What is it, Sir?

Sbrigani. Poot your haut upon your hed, if you please, Sur.

Orontes. Let me know, Sir, what you want.

Sbrigani. Me be silent, Sur, if you no poot oon de haut.

Orontes. Now, Sir, I hope you are pleased.

Sbrigani. Do you know in dis fitty one certain montfir Orontes?

Orontes. Yes, I know him.

Sbrigani. You pleese, Sir, vat maun be he?

Orontes. Why he is just like other men.

Sbrigani. Me alk you, Sur, vether he be reesh, he goot de monnoie?

Orontes. Yes, I believe he is.

Sbrigani. But be he ver mush grate deal reesh, Sur?

Orontes. Yes.

Sbrigani. Me be very well pleased, Sur.

Orontes. For what reason?

Sbrigani. It be, Sur, for one letel raisonn of consequence for us.

Orontes. Pray what is it, Sir?

Sbrigani. It be, Sur, dat dis montfir Orontes vil give his dauter be marrie to one certain montfir Lubberly.

Orontes. Well.

Sbrigani. And dis montfir Lubberly, Sur, be one maun dat owe mush, ver mush; to ten or dozain marshand Flemish vish be come hidder.

Orontes. Is Squire Lubberly much indebted to ten or twelve merchants?

Sbrigani. Oye, Sur, and eight mont ago we have obtain one letle sentance oon him, and he give up to pay his creditor all dat dis montfir Orontes give for his dautter's portiong upon dis marriage.

Orontes. How! what say you? has he given that to his creditors?

Sbrigani. Oye, Sur, and vid one grand devotion we all expect dis marriage.

Orontes aside.] It is well I have heard this before it be too late to prevent the marriage. Your humble servant, Sir.

Sbrigani. Me taunk you, Sir, for de grand favour.
Orontes. Farewell.

Sbrigani. Me, Sur, be more den ver much obligee for the gudde news vish you have told me. [He takes off his beard, and the Flemish habit which was over his own.] This goes so far very well. Let us have done with our Flemish dress, to think of other measures, and endeavour to sow such discord and suspicion between the father-in-law and son-in-law as shall break off the intended match. They are both equally qualified to swallow the bait that is thrown out to them; and amongst us sharpers of the first class, it is merely a diversion, when we find people so easily bubbled.

SCENE IV.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY thinking himself alone.

PIGLIA-LO, *su, piglia-lo su,*
Signor monsu—

What the duce is that? [Seeing Sbrigani.] Oh!

Sbrigani. What is the matter, Sir? What ails you?

Squire Lubberly. Why, I take every thing I see for glifters.

Sbrigani. What is the reason of your doing so?

Squire Lubberly. Do not you know what has happened to me at that house which you conducted me to?

Sbrigani. Indeed I do not; what was it?

Squire Lubberly. I thought to have been entertained there very genteelly.

Sbrigani. Well, was you not?

Squire Lubberly. I leave you in his hands, Sir.

Doctors drest in black. In a chair. Feel the pulse. Since so it is. He is mad. Two great jolter-heads. Swinging hats. *Buon di, buon di.* Six Merry-And ewes. Ta, ra, ta, ta: ta, ra, ta, ta. *Allegramente, Monfu Lubberly.* Apothecary. Glister. Take it, Sir, take it, take it. It is gentle, gentle, gentle. It is to cleanse, to cleanse, to cleanse. *Piglia lo su, signor monsu, piglia-lo, piglia-lo, piglia-lo su.* Never did I hear such jargon.

Sbrigani. I do not understand you.

Squire Lubberly. Why the man there with his mighty fondness is a deceitful villain, who put me in a house to make a fool of me, and play me a trick.

Sbrigani. Is that possible?

Squire Lubberly. It is very true. There were a dozen devils at my heels, and I could not easily escape out of their clutches.

Sbrigani. Who would have thought it! How deceitful are people's looks! I imagined him to be your sincerest friend. It is a wonder to me how it is possible such impostors should be suffered to live.

Squire Lubberly. Do not I stink of glister? Pi-thee smell.

Sbrigani. Faugh! Indeed you do a little.

Squire Lubberly. My smelling and imagination are quite full of it, and I think I always see a dozen glister-pipes levelled at me.

Sbrigani. How treacherous he has been!

Squire Lubberly. Pray tell me where Mr. Orontes lives; I should be glad to go thither immediately.

Sbrigani. So, so, you are of an amorous constitution then; and have heard that Mr. Orontes has a daughter——

Squire Lubberly. Ay, I am come hither with a design to marry her.

Sbrigani. To—to marry her?

Squire Lubberly. Yes.

Sbrigani. In wedlock?

Squire Lubberly. In what other manner can it be?

Sbrigani. Oh! it is another thing, I beg your pardon.

Squire Lubberly. What do you mean by that?

Sbrigani. Nothing.

Squire Lubberly. Pray tell me.

Sbrigani. It is nothing at all. I spoke a little too hastily.

Squire Lubberly. I desire you to tell me what the secret is.

Sbrigani. No, it is needless.

Squire Lubberly. I beg you would.

Sbrigani. No, you must excuse me.

Squire Lubberly. What! are not you my friend!

Sbrigani. Indeed am I, and no-body can be more so.

Squire Lubberly. You should conceal nothing from me then.

Sbrigani. It is a thing wherein one's neighbour's interest is concerned.

Squire Lubberly. That I may oblige you to open your heart to me, here is a small ring I desire you to keep for my sake.

Sbrigani. Let me consider a little, if I can in conscience do it. [After being a little time at a distance from Squire Lubberly.] Here is a man that pursues his own interest, that does his utmost to provide for his daughter as advantageously as possible; and one must do hurt to no-body. These things are indeed no secret, but I shall go discover them to a man who is ignorant of them, and it is forbid to speak evil of one's neighbour; that is certain. But, on the other side,

here is a stranger they would impose upon, who comes in an honest manner to marry a woman he knows nothing of, and whom he has never seen: an honest free gentleman, whom I greatly esteem, and who does me the honour to reckon me his friend, puts a confidence in me, and makes me a present of a ring to keep for his sake. [To Squire Lubberly.] Well, I find I may tell you matters without wounding my conscience; but let us endeavour to tell them you in the gentlest way that is possible, and spare people the most we can. To tell you that this woman leads an infamous life would be a little too harsh; let us therefore seek some milder terms to express our meaning. The word Sparkish does not come up to it; that of a complete Coquette seems to me proper for our purpose, and I may make use of it to tell you sincerely what she is.

Squire Lubberly. Do they imagine that I am a fool?

Sbrigani. Perhaps at the bottom there is not so much harm in it as every body believes. Some people set themselves above these kind of things, and do not think that their honour depends——

Squire Lubberly. I am your servant for that; I will not put such an hat as this upon my head; for the family of the Lubberlies love to shew their faces.

Sbrigani. Here comes the father.

Squire Lubberly. That old fellow there?

Sbrigani. Yes. I will leave you with him.

S C E N E V.

ORONTES, SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

GOOD-morrow, Sir, good-morrow.
Orontes. Your servant, Sir.

Squire Lubberly. You are Mr. Orontes, are not you?

Orontes. Yes, the same.

Squire Lubberly. And I am Squire Lubberly.

Orontes. I do not doubt it.

Squire Lubberly. Do you think, Mr. Orontes, that the people of Limoges are fools?

Orontes. Do you think, Squire Lubberly, that the people of Paris are asses?

Squire Lubberly. Do you think, Mr. Orontes, that such a man as I am pining to death for a wife?

Orontes. Do you think, Squire Lubberly, that such a girl as my daughter is pining to death for a husband?

S C E N E VI.

JULIA, ORONTES, SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

JULIA.

I Hear, father, that Squire Lubberly is arrived. O! undoubtedly that is he, for my heart tells me so. How genteel he is! What a fine air! And how pleased I am to have such a husband! Allow me to embrace him, and shew him how——

Orontes. Hold, daughter, be not in such a hurry.

Squire Lubberly aside.] Udsbud! how sparkish she is! how soon she takes fire!

Orontes. I would be glad to know, Squire Lubberly, for what reason you come——

Julia approaches to Squire Lubberly, looks upon him with a languishing air, and is for taking him by the hand.] How glad am I to see you! and how I burn with impatience——

Orontes. Heh! daughter, begone, I tell you.

Squire Lubberly aside.] Hoh! hoh! What a wanton wench!

Orontes. I would be glad, I say, to know for what reason, if you please, you have the assurance to——

[Julia continues the same action.

Squire Lubberly aside.] Od's my life!

Orontes to Julia.] Again! What do you mean?

Julia. Would not you have me be fond of the husband you have chosen for me.

Orontes. No: get you in again.

Julia. Let me admire him.

Orontes. Go in, I tell you.

Julia. Pray do let me stay here.

Orontes. I will not suffer it. If you do not go in this instant, I——

Julia. Well, I am going in.

Orontes. My daughter is a fool, and does not understand how matters go.

Squire Lubberly aside.] How greatly she is pleased with me!

Orontes to Julia.] Will not you be gone?

Julia. How long will it be before you marry me to this gentleman?

Orontes. You shall never be married to him.

Julia. But as you promised him to me, I will have him.

Orontes. If I promised him to you, I unpromise him to you again.

Squire Lubberly aside.] She would gladly lay hold of me.

Julia. Do your utmost, we will be married together.

Orontes. I shall prevent you both, I assure you. Bless me! she is certainly crazy.

SCENE VII.

ORONTES, SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

DO not trouble yourself so much, good Mr. Orontes: no-body intends to run away with your daughter, and your grimaces will not take at all.

Orontes. All yours will be needfuls.

Squire Lubberly. Did you imagine that Leonard Lubberly was a man to buy a pig in a poke? and that he had not the least judgment in him to inform himself how the world goes, and see, in marrying, whether his honour was well secured?

Orontes. I know not what that means; but did you imagine, that a man of sixty-three has so few brains, and so little consideration for his daughter, as to marry her to a man that has you know what, and who was put into a doctor's house to be taken care of?

Squire Lubberly. That is a trick was put upon me, for I am very well.

Orontes. I was informed of it by the doctor himself.

Squire Lubberly. The doctor lied. I am a gentleman, and I will fight him whenever he pleases.

Orontes. I know what I should believe, and you shall not impose upon me in this matter, any more than about the debts which you are bound to pay when you marry my daughter.

Squire Lubberly. What debts?

Orontes. It is in vain for you to make any excuses; for I have seen the Flemish merchant, who, with other creditors, obtained a decree against you half a year ago.

Squire Lubberly. What Flemish merchant? What creditors? What decree obtained against me? You are saving sure.

Orontes. You know well enough what I mean.

SCENE VIII.

LUCETTA, ORONTES, SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

LUCETTA, counterfeiting a woman of Languedoc.

THOO eart there, rogue, art thoo, and at last I ha' faund thee after sic muckle tramping. Caunst thoo, thoo wretch, caunst thoo bear the fite o' me?

Squire Lubberly. What does the woman mean?

Lucetta. Whot do I mean, roscul! dust thoo mack as thoof thoo didst na know me? dust thoo na blush, impudence as thoo art, dust thoo na blush ta see mae? [To Orontes.] I was tald, measter, thot he wud morry ye'r dater, bout I assuer yow thot I om hes weef, and thot seaven yeers peast, measter, cooming ta Pezenae, he hod thae deevilish skill to gean ma heert by hes flauterings, and faund tae certane way of farcing mae ta morry 'en.

Orontes. Hey-day! Mr. Lubberly, what is this I hear?

Squire Lubberly. What does the woman mean?

Lucetta. Thae fause loon gang'd awa frae me thrae yeer aufter, upo' pretaunce o' some motter that he mun ga do in hes ain contry; and frae that time I ha' heard

na tedings of 'en; bout whan I hod thae least thought aubout it, I was tald thot he wa coom ta thilk tawn, ta morry ane other yoong las, hes kinsfolk ha' provided for hem, na heeding hes furst morriage. Wharfour lesing a', I speeded ta thic place, wi' a' heaft, ta forefend thilk unlofu' morriage, and shaume afore a' thae woorld thae fouest o' monkind.

Squire Lubberly. Never did I hear such impertinence!

Lucetta. Impudence, be na thoo ashaumed to wroong mae? dun na thae secreet gripings o' thy ain conscience confoond thee?

Squire Lubberly. Did ever I marry thee?

Lucetta. Roscul, daurest thoo seay tae contrary? thoo kennest ta me farrow thot thoo beest bout too trewly sae. Wud to heeven it was otherwise, and thot thoo hodst last mae i' thot steat o' inoceance, and i' thot traunquility of meind wic a' tha chaurms and tha delusions ha' unhoppily bereaved me o'. Thon I shu' na maek thic ruefu' figure I neow do, ta see a crueel husband flout a' me foondness four him, and wi'out ane pitty leef mae ta thae mortel greefings thot hes unfaithfu' doings maek mae feel.

Orontes. Who would have thought that thou wert such an hypocritical villain!

Squire Lubberly. All this is a dream to me.

SCENE IX.

NERINA, LUCETTA, ORONTES,
SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

NERINA, counterfeiting a woman of Piccardy.

HO! hur con no hould out longer: hur pe quite chockt. Hoh roogg! hur hove led hur a fine daunce, put now hur shon no eskeap hur. [To Orontes.] Justish, justish! hur wull poot a hindurmout on to this marriage. It be hur hosbond, Sur, and hur wull hong this hong-doo.

Squire Lubberly. I do not understand this.

Orontes aside.] Was there ever such a wretch!

Lucetta. And wat wud you ha' wi' ye'r hindurmout and ye'r honging! i' thic mon ye'r husbond?

Nerina. Oye, meistress, and hur pe his wiffe.

Lucetta. Thot i' na trew; I am hes weef; and 'gin he mun be hong, it be I mun hong 'en.

Nerina. Hur con no teel wot hur gabble.

Lucetta. I tall ye that I am hes weef.

Nerina. His wiffe?

Lucetta. Yes.

Nerina. Hur tell hur again, it pe hur that pe soo.

Lucetta. And I affuer you that I om fae.

Nerina. Hur hos been married to her foor years.

Lucetta. And I ha' bin hes weef thic seven year.

Nerina. Hur hos witnesses oof aul hur sayes.

Lucetta. A' my contry knaws it.

Nerina. Hur toown con testifee it.

Lucetta. A' Pezenas rong o' our bridal.

Nerina. Aul foint Quentin flocked to hur wadding.

Lucetta. Nothing is fa trew.

Nerina. Nothung con pe mo certain.

Lucetta to Squire Lubberly.] Daurest thoo seay thae coontrary, rascal?

Nerina to Squire Lubberly.] Con her deny it to hur roogg?

Squire Lubberly. You are both lying gypsies.

Lucetta. Faw-shaumless-theef! Wreech! du' na ye remomber poor Feanny and poor Jeanny, thae fruits o' our marriage?

Nerina. Donno pe zo brazen. Wo't con hur forget hur poor shild, her little Moggy, which hur least hur forr a token of hur faith.

Squire Lubberly. Sure such impertinent fluts were never seen.

Lucetta. Coom Feanny, coom Jeanny, coom Patie, coom Peggy, coom shew an unnatural feether hes cruelty ta hes bairns.

Nerina. Cume hur shild Moggy, cume maak hur vather aufhame of his roguery.

S C E N E X.

ORONTES, SQUIRE LUBBERLY, LUCETTA,
NERINA, several Children.

JEANNY, FEANNY, MOGGY, PATIE.

O Father! father! father! father!

Squire Lubberly. Duce take you and your little brats.

Lucetta. Are na ye afhamed, villain, to tourn awae a' yer bairns, and to shuut your ears ta feetherly affection? Ye shu'na escape me roscul; I will fallow ye ilka whare, and ding yer crime i' yer teeth, 'till I ha'

my revenge, till I ha' ye punisht; rogue! I wull ha' ye punisht.

Nerina. Donno hur plush for saying zo, and ferr her peing insensible off the embrasses of the poor shild? Her shonno get out off hur honds: and for aul her stouts, her will maak it known that hur pe her wisse, and hur wull have her hong.

The Children. Father! father! father! father!

Squire Lubberly. I can bear no more of it: Where shall I run?

Orontes. Go, you will do right to have him punished; he deserves not to live.

S C E N E XI.

S B R I G A N I alone.

IF our affair succeeds so well to the end as it has hitherto done, our squire will presently be disgraced.

S C E N E XII.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

THE devil take this city! I am vexed and confounded at all hands!

Sbrigani. What is the matter, Sir? has any thing extraordinary happened to you?

Squire Lubberly. Yes. I think nothing but glisters and women are to be seen in this country.

Sbrigani. What makes you think so?

Squire Lubberly. A couple of jabbering jades are come to accuse me of being married to both of them, and threaten me with justice.

Sbrigani. That is a devilish affair, for in this country justice is very rigorous against crimes of that nature.

Squire Lubberly. Ay; but though there should be an information, citation, decree, and judgment obtained by surprize, default, and contumacy, I have a way by disputing the jurisdiction of the court, to gain time and bring about the means of invalidating the prosecution.

Sbrigani. Why this is talking of it in all its terms and it is evident you are of the profession, Sir.

Squire Lubberly. I? Not at all; I, I am a gentleman.

Sbrigani. Your talking thus plainly shews that you have studied the practice.

Squire Lubberly. No, it is nothing but common sense, which makes me conclude I shall always be admitted to justify myself by facts, and that I cannot be condemned upon a simple accusation, without a re-examination and a confrontation with the parties.

Sbrigani. This is nicer still.

Squire Lubberly. These words come from me without my knowledge.

Sbrigani. In my opinion, the common sense of a gentleman may go so far as to conceive what is right, and the order of justice; but not to know the very terms of quibbling.

Squire Lubberly. These are some words I have remembered by reading romances.

Sbrigani. O very well.

Squire Lubberly. To shew you that I am quite ignorant of all the querks of law, I would be obliged to you if you would carry me to some counsellor, to advise with upon my affair.

Sbrigani. I will carry you to a couple of very able

men: but I warn you beforehand not to be astonished at their manner of speaking: they have contracted at the bar a certain habit of declaiming, which appears like singing, and you will take all they say to you for music.

Squire Lubberly. If they tell me what I want to know, I do not care how they speak.

S C E N E XIII.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI,
TWO COUNSELLORS, TWO ATTOR-
NIES, TWO BAILIFFS.

1. COUNSELLOR drawing out his words.

IN case of po-li-ga-my,
Hang-ing's what the laws de-cree.

2. Counsellor speaking very fast.

What you've done
Is clear and plain.
And in that case
'Tis very full
What the law says.
Consult our authors,
Legislators and glossators;
Justinian, Papinian,
Ulpian, Tribonian,
Fernand, Rebuffe, John Imolus,
Paul Castro, Julian, Bartholus,
Jason, Alciat, and Cuja
That able man, you'll find they say:
I' the case o' poligamy,
Hanging the laws decree.

2. Counsellor sings.

All people that are civiliz'd
 And well advis'd,
 French, English, Hollanders,
 Danes, Swedes, and Polanders,
 Flemings, Spaniards, Portugese,
 Italians, Germans, all of these,
 Herein you'll find
 Are of a mind
 I' th' case of poligamy
 Hanging the laws decree.

1. Counsellor sings.

I' th' case o' poligamy
 Hanging the laws decree.

[Squire Lubberly drives them off.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

ERASTUS, SBRIGANI.

SBRIGANI.

KEEP up your heart, my friend, affairs now go on better than we could have expected; as his natural parts are very poor, and his understanding not the brightest in the world, I have put him into such a terrible fright at the severity of the law in this country, and the preparations already making for his death, that he intends to fly; and to escape more easily from the people which I have told him are placed at the city gates to seize him, he is resolved to disguise himself; and the disguise he has taken is a woman's dress.

Erastus. I wish I could see him in that equipage.

Sbrigani. Take you care to finish the comedy, and whilst I am playing my scenes with him, go you—
[Whispering him.] you apprehend?

Erastus. Very well.

Sbrigani. And when I have placed him as I would—
[Whispering him.]

Erastus. Nothing could do better.

Sbrigani. And when the father shall be informed by me—
[Whispering him again.]

Erastus. Extremely well.

Sbrigani. But here comes our lass; away, quick, that he may not perceive us together.

SCENE II.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY in Woman's Cloaths,
SBRIGANI.

SBRIGANI.

IT will be impossible to know you in this dress, for you have the appearance of a person of quality.

Squire Lubberly. What most surprizes me is, that in this country the forms of law should not be observed.

Sbrigani. Ay, I have already told you they begin here with hanging a man, and then try him afterwards.

Squire Lubberly. That is an odd kind of justice indeed.

Sbrigani. It is as rigorous as the devil, especially against crimes of this nature.

Squire Lubberly. But when a person is innocent.

Sbrigani. No matter, they do not trouble themselves about that; and then in this city they very much hate

the people of your country, and nothing can please them more than to see a man of Limoges hanged.

Squire Lubberly. Why, what have the Limosins done to them?

Sbrigani. They are brutes, enemies to the gentility and merit of other cities. For my part, I declare I am greatly terrified about you; and I shall have no comfort of my life should you come to be hanged.

Squire Lubberly. It is not so much the fear of death that makes me fly, as that it is vexatious to a gentleman to be hanged; such a thing as that would injure one's title of honour.

Sbrigani. You are in the right; they would contest with you after that the title of esquire. But do your endeavour, when I lead you by the hand, to walk as a woman does, and to use the language, and all the airs of a person of quality.

Squire Lubberly. Never fear, I have seen genteel people; all the matter is, I have somewhat of a beard.

Sbrigani. Your beard is nothing; there are women have as much as you. Come, let us see how you behave yourself. [Squire Lubberly mimics a woman of quality.] Good.

Squire Lubberly. Why, my cauch there: where is my cauch? Lard! what a shocking thing it is to have such servants as these! Must I stay all day in the street, and will no body call my cauch for me?

Sbrigani. Nothing can be done better.

Squire Lubberly. Soho! here, cauchman, page, little rogue! How I will have you lashed by and by! page, page: why, where is this page? Cannot the page be found? Will no body call this page for me?

Sbrigani. This is extremely well: but one thing I observe; that hood is a little too thin, I will fetch one

What is thicker to conceal your face the better, in case of any accident.

Squire Lubberly. What shall I do in the interim?

Sbrigani. Stay for me here, I will be with you presently: you need only walk about.

[Squire Lubberly walks to and fro several times, mimicking a woman of quality.]

S C E N E III.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, TWO SWISSES.

1. SWISS, not perceiving Squire Lubberly.

COME along, brother, make hast; ush both musht away to de plash of execushong to shee Squeer Lubberly honged.

2. Swiss, not perceiving Squire Lubberly.] Ush musht hire one window to shee dis execushong.

1. Swiss. Day shay, dere be put up alreedy one meet quite new gallows, to hong him.

2. Swiss. By me shoul, me shall be very glad to shee dis Limosin honged.

1. Swiss. Yesh, to shee him kick hish legs in de air before au de vorld.

2. Swiss. He be one pleashant roogue indeed: day shay, he be marrie tree wife.

1. Swiss. Dat be diable, tree wife to one mon; one be full enuff.

2. Swiss seeing Squire Lubberly.] Gud morrow, maddome.

1. Swiss. Vat do ye here alone?

Squire Lubberly. I wait for my attendants, gentlemen.

2. Swiss. She be pretty, upon my shoul.

Squire Lubberly. Softly, gentlemen.

1. Swifts. Vill you, maddome, go and amuse yourself at Teyburn? Ush vill shew you one letel honging dat be very pretty.

Squire Lubberly. I am obliged to you.

2. Swifts. It be one gentleman of Limoges, dat vill be honged on one grand gallows.

Squire Lubberly. I am not at all curious.

1. Swifts. Dis be one comical letel fubs.

Squire Lubberly. Fair and soft.

1. Swifts. By me shoul, me vill go to bed vid you.

Squire Lubberly. Fye! this is too much; such filthy language should not be used to a woman of my rank.

2. Swifts. Let her alone, it be me dat vill go to bed vid her for moi pistole.

1. Swifts. Me vill not let her alone.

2. Swifts. Me vill have her me shelf.

[They pull him about roughly]

1. Swifts. Me vill have her.

2. Swifts. Dou lie.

1. Swifts. Dou lie dysself.

Squire Lubberly. Help! a rape!

SCENE IV.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, AN OFFICER, TWO SOLDIERS, TWO SWISSES.

OFFICER.

WHAT is the reason of all this? What violence would you use to the lady? Go about your business, or I will throw you into prison.

1. Swifts. By me shalvashon, dou sha' not have her.

2. Swifts. By me shalvashon, dou sha' not have her neither.

S C E N E V.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, OFFICER.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

I AM much obliged to you, Sir, for delivering me from these impertinent fellows.

Officer. Hah! here is a face that very much resembles what was described to me.

Squire Lubberly. It is not me, I protest.

Officer. How, how! what is the matter?

Squire Lubberly. I do not know.

Officer. Then why did you talk so?

Squire Lubberly. For nothing.

Officer. There must be some meaning in what you said, and I take you prisoner.

Squire Lubberly. O, hold, pray stop, Sir.

Officer. No, no; by your conversation and appearance you must be that Squire Lubberly whom we are searching for, that has disguised himself in this manner; and you shall immediately go to prison.

Squire Lubberly. Oh! oh!

S C E N E VI.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI, OFFICER, SOLDIERS.

SBRIGANI to Squire Lubberly.

HEAVENS! What is the meaning of this?

Squire Lubberly. I am discovered.

Officer. I am glad of that.

Sbrigani to the Officer.] I intreat you not to carry

him to prison, Sir, for my sake: you know we have been in friendship long.

Officer. No, it is impossible.

Sbrigani. Is there no way of adjusting this matter with a few pistoles? You are a man that will hear reason.

Officer to his foldiers.] Stand off a little.

SCENE VII.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI, OFFICER.

SBRIGANI to Squire Lubberly.

YOU must give him some money to let you at liberty. Do it immediately.

Squire Lubberly giving money to Sbrigani.] O cursed town!

Sbrigani. Hold your hand, Sir.

Officer. How much is here?

Sbrigani. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

Officer. No. I have express orders.

Sbrigani to the Officer, who is going.] Bless me! stop. [To Squire Lubberly.] Be quick, and give him as much more.

Squire Lubberly. But——

Sbrigani. I tell you, be quick; and do not lose time. You will find it very pleasant to be hanged.

Squire Lubberly gives more money to Sbrigani.] Alas!

Sbrigani to the Officer.] Here, Sir.

Officer to Sbrigani.] Then there can be no safety here for me; I must run away with him. Do you stay here, and I will conduct him.

Sbrigani. Pray be careful of him.

Officer. You may depend I will not leave him till I put him in a place of safety.

[Squire Lubberly to Sbrigani.] Farewell. That is the only honest man I have found in this city.

Sbrigani. Lose no time. I respect you so much, that I wish you far from this place already. May heaven conduct you. [Alone.] A fine bubble, i'faith! But here comes—

S C E N E VIII.

O R O N T E S, S B R I G A N I.

SBRIGANI, as if not seeing Orontes.

OH! what a surprising accident! what a frightful piece of news for a father! Poor Orontes! how I pity him!

Orontes. What is the matter? what misfortune dost thou forebode to me?

Sbrigani. Oh! Sir, that base Limosin, that villain Squire Lubberly is run off with your daughter.

Orontes. Run off with my daughter!

Sbrigani. Yes, Sir. She is now so mad for him, that she has left you to go after him; and it is said, that he has got a charm to make all the women in love with him.

Orontes. Let us seek for justice directly, and go after him.

SCENE IX.

ORONTES, ERASTUS, JULIA, SBRIGANI.

ERASTUS to Julia.

COME along, I will oblige you to come, and I will put you into your father's hands again. Here, Sir, here is your daughter; whom I have taken by force from the man she was running away with; not for her sake, but out of respect for you; for after her doing such an action as this, I should despise her, and cure myself entirely of the passion I had for her.

Orontes. Oh! infamous creature, that thou art!

Erastus to Julia.] What! after all the marks of affection that I have given you, to use me thus! I cannot blame you in the least for your obedience to your father's inclination; he judges very right in what he does, and I do not complain of him for rejecting me in favour of another person. If he did not keep his word with me, no doubt he has reasons for it; he was persuaded, that the other man had four or five thousand crowns more than I had, which is a sum worth a man's breaking his word for. But for you, in one moment to forget all the love I have shewn you, and be taken with a new lover at first sight, and without your father's approbation, to follow him after the crimes laid to his charge; my heart cannot invent reproaches severe enough for you, and the whole world must condemn you.

Julia. I believe all the crimes they lay to his charge are false, and that he is a very honest man. I fell in love with him, and would follow him, as my father chose him for my husband.

Orontes. You are a fool, hold your tongue; I know better than you.

Julia. These are certainly tricks, that have been played him, and perhaps it is he [pointing to Eraustus.] has contrived this artifice to give you a dislike to him.

Eraustus. I! could I be capable of such a thing?

Julia. Yes, you.

Orontes. Hold your tongue, you are a fool.

Eraustus. Do not suppose, that I have any inclination to break off the match, or that my regard for you induced me to follow you; as I told you before, it is only out of regard for your father; I could not bear that he should suffer the tattle such an action as this would occasion.

Orontes. I am greatly obliged to you, Eraustus.

Eraustus. Farewell, Sir; I have had all the desire in the world to be one of your family; and have done all that is in my power to obtain such an honour: but I have been unlucky, and you did not think me worthy of that honour: but that shall not prevent my retaining for you those sentiments of respect and veneration which your person requires from me; and though I could not be your son-in-law, I shall, however, always be your servant.

Orontes. Stay, Eraustus, your behaviour touches my soul, and I will give you my daughter in marriage.

Julia. I will marry no other person but Squire Lubberly.

Orontes. And I am resolved, that you shall give your hand to Eraustus this moment.

Julia. No, indeed I will not.

Orontes. I shall give mine about your ears then.

Eraustus. No, Sir, no, I beg you will not use her harshly.

Orontes. It is her duty to obey me, and I know how to shew myself master.

Eraustus. And would you have me possess her body, when another person has got her heart? You see what a regard she has for that man.

Orontes. It is some charm that he has given her; you will see she will change her mind before it is long. Give me your hand. Come.

Julia. I will not do——

Orontes. What! do you make a noise? Come on, your hand I tell you: ha! ha! ha!

Eraustus to Julia.] Do not believe it is for the love I have for you, that I give you my hand; it is your father only that I am in love with, and it is him I marry.

Orontes. I am greatly obliged to you, and I will add ten thousand crowns to my daughter's fortune. Let a notary be brought to draw the contract.

Eraustus. As we must wait for him, we may enjoy some entertainment suitable on the occasion: bring in those masquers, who are come here to-day from all corners of the city, on account of the report of Squire Lubberly's wedding.

SCENE THE LAST.

A COMPANY OF DANCERS AND SINGERS,
IN MASQUERADE HABITS.

A GIPSY WOMAN.

BE gone, be gone, far hence away,
Sorrow, disquiet, carking care;
But hither come, ye pleasures gay,
Hither, ye laughing loves repair.

Let's think of nothing else but joy,
For pleasure is our grand employ.

Chorus, of Singers.

Let's think of nothing else but joy,
For pleasure is our grand employ.

A Gipsy Woman.

All here to follow me,
Uncommon ardour fires

Hopeful that destiny
May favour your desires.

Love for ever, and confess
That's the road to happiness.

A Gipsy Man.

Let us love till we die,

Does reason cry;

For, alas! what is living, if love is away?

If love we can't have,

Let us haste to the grave;

Come, death, close our eyes, and adieu to the day.

Gipsy Man.

Riches,

Gipsy Woman.

Glory,

Gipsy Man.

Rank,

Gipsy Woman.

And power;

Which among mortals make such a rout,

Gipsy Man.

All signify nothing if love is left out.

Gipsy Woman.

For life without love has not one happy hour.

Both together.

Let's love for ever, and confess,

That's the road to happiness.

Chorus.

Let's sing and dance,
And sport and prance,
And frolic be and jolly.

A Singer dressed like a Pantaloon.

For whene'er we

To laugh agree,

The wisest have most folly.

All together.

Let's think of nothing else but joy,

For pleasure is our grand employ.

T H E E N D.



A M P H I T R Y O N .

A

C O M E D Y .

M P H I T R Y O N

C O M E D Y

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AMPHITRYON, a Comedy of three Acts, with a Prologue, performed at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal the 13th of June, 1668.

MOLIERE's art in introducing what he borrowed from Plautus into this piece, and the justness of his taste in the alterations and additions which he himself made, are equally worthy of admiration. Madam Dacier, who collected all the beauties of the Latin piece, was unsuccessful in her attempt to turn the balance in favour of Plautus; the comparison made between the two comedies serving only to discover the superiority of the modern author to the ancient one. Theffala in Plautus, and Cephalis in Rotrou, are only mere confidants to Alcmena; but Moliere has made a character of Cleanthis, who supplies their place, much more interesting with regard to itself. The scene between Sofia and her is not a vicious repetition of that between Amphitryon and Alcmena, though the master and servant had the same end in view, which was to inform themselves of the fidelity of their wives. Those two scenes do not produce the same effect, by reason of the difference the author has made between the conduct of Jupiter with Alcmena, and that of Mercury and Cleanthis. Plautus, who concludes his comedy with the serious incident of Jupiter descending in a chariot, would have been obliged to our author to have interrupted, by Sofia's drollery, the impertinent compliments of Amphitryon's friends on so nice a subject.

" Let's therefore talk no more of this affair,

" But ev'ry one to his own house repair:

" Of such matters as these 'tis the best way

" To mention nothing, but be blithe and gay."

If we consider this reflexion, which finishes the catastrophe, in a humorous view only, we cannot but own, that it was very difficult to terminate so gallant an intrigue in a nicer manner upon the French stage.

A C T O R S.

ACTORS of the PROLOGUE.

MERCURE.

NIGHT.

ACTORS of the COMEDY.

JUPITER, in the form of Amphitryon.

AMPHITRYON, general of the Thebans.

ALCMENA, wife to Amphitryon.

CLEANTHIS, waiting-woman to Alcmena, and wife to Sofia.

ARGATIPHONTIDAS,

NAUCRATES,

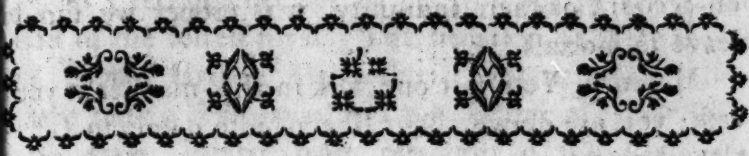
POLIDAS,

POSICLES;

SOSIA, valet to Amphitryon.

} Theban captains.

SCENE, THEBES, before Amphitryon's Palace.



AMPHITRYON.

PROLOGUE.

MERCURY upon a Cloud, NIGHT in a Chariot drawn
by two Horses.

MERCURY.

RAY stop a little, charming Mrs. Night, and
P hear what I have to tell you from Jupiter.
Night. Bless me! Mr. Mercury, is it
you? who would have supposed you there,
in that situation?

Mercury. Really, finding myself tired, and unable
to execute the various employments Jupiter gives me,
I sat me quietly down on this cloud to wait for your
coming.

Night. Tired! who would think the gods would
complain upon that head? You talk strangely, and do
not consider the matter.

Mercury. Do you think the gods are made of i-
ron?

Night. No—but we should always preserve the de-
corum of the divinity. There are particular words,
the use whereof debases that sublime quality, and which

on account of their indignity, it is proper we should leave to mortals.

Mercury. You, fair one, talk in this manner at your ease; you are drawn about like an idle dame, in a chariot, by two good horses, wherever you please; but fate has not destined me to be in that condition. I am displeased that the poets have impertinently, by an unwarrantable custom, given every god some vehicle, according to his employment, while I am left, like a penny-post-man, to trudge on foot; I, who, it is well known, both in heaven and earth, am the celebrated messenger of the sovereign of the gods, and may say, with modesty, that I have more occasion for something to convey me in the employment appointed me than any body.

Night. It cannot be helped; the poets will go on in their own way. That is not the only folly those gentry are guilty of. But however, you are wrong to arraign them, for the wings to your feet are the gift of their labours.

Mercury. Well, but is going faster the way to be less fatigued.

Night. Let us have done with that, Mr. Mercury, and tell what you want with me.

Mercury. Jupiter begs the favour of your dark habit, which he has occasion for, in a particular affair of gallantry. You are very well acquainted with his practices, I believe: he frequently leaves heaven for earth: you know the master of the gods loves to humanize himself, for the sake of mortal beauties, and invents a thousand ingenious ways to bring the most hard-hearted to his purpose. The glances of Alcmena's eyes have stung him, and while her husband Amphitryon is on the Boetian plains, commanding the Theban troops, he takes his form, and under it re-

ceives a recompence for all his trouble, in the possession of the softest joys. The situation of these married people favours his passion. Hymen has joined them only a few days, and the ardour of their fondness made Jupiter have recourse to this stratagem, which is indeed very good: but this disguise would be of no effect with many a dear wife; it is not every where that the form of an husband would be a means of becoming agreeable.

Night. I am surpris'd at Jupiter, and admire the inventions which come into his head.

Mercury. Jupiter undoubtedly knows himself very well in his pleasures, and understands how to descend from the height of his supreme glory, that he may enter into whatever he pleases. If it was not so, he would not taste all sorts of conditions: he acts like a god that is no fool. However he may be respected by mortals, I would reckon him very miserable, should he never lay aside his formidable appearance, but always be mounted up to the top of heaven. I think it extremely foolish to be constantly confined to grandeur, which is very inconvenient to the transports of violent love.

Night. One might overlook his descending from his sublime degree into that of mortals, taking up all the passions which their hearts produce, and playing their tricks, if, in the changes his humour leads him to, he would confine himself to human nature; but to see Jupiter a bull, a serpent, a swan, or some other such thing, is what I do not think decent, and wonder not if people take notice of it.

Mercury. They may say what they please, there is a pleasure in changes, which is above their understanding: the god is sensible what he is about in that, as

well as in other things; and in love-affairs, beasts are not so ignorant as people think.

Night. But concerning the fair object whose favours he enjoys; if he finds his passion successful by his invention, he can wish for no more, and how can I be serviceable to him?

Mercury. To satisfy the wishes of his love-sick mind, you must keep in your horses a little, to make this delightful night a long one. Give him time for his transports, and retard the appearance of the day, which would hasten the return of the person whose place he supplies.

Night. The employment Jupiter gives me is certainly a fine one, and the assistance he requires of me is honourable.

Mercury. For a young goddess, what a vast deal of the ancient simplicity you have! Such an employment is not shameful but amongst mean people: when one has the good fortune to appear in an exalted station, all one does is right: things change their names according to a person's situation.

Night. You are better acquainted with such matters than I am: and for accepting this employment, I will depend on your knowledge in the affair.

Mercury. Alas! madam Night, not so fast, I beseech you: on earth you have the character of not being quite so reserved: in an hundred different countries you are made a confidant to many pretty affairs: and I believe, to tell you my sincere thoughts, there is no great difference between us.

Night. Let us have done with disputing; and just continue what we are, without giving mortals reason to laugh by telling one another our own.

Mercury. Adieu: I am going down on my errand,

to lay aside the form of Mercury, and assume that of Amphitryon's servant.

Night. And I will keep my station in this hemisphere, with my dark attendants.

Mercury. Farewell, Mrs. Night.

Night. Adieu, Mercury.

[Mercury descends from his cloud, and Night passes cross the stage.]



ACT I. SCENE I.

S O S I A.

ALAS! every step I take increases my fears. Who is there? I am a friend to every body, gentlemen. Ah! what presumption it is to walk at this hour! My master, covered with glory as he is, plays me but a dirty trick here; if he had any regard for his neighbour, he would not have sent me in this dark night: he might as well have let alone till day-light, to send me with an account of his victory. Ah, Sosia! what slavery art thou subjected to! Our situation is much harder with the great people than with the poor. They imagine that every thing in the world should be sacrificed to them; even day, night, heat, cold, wind, hail, and rain: One must fly as soon as they speak the word: the smallest accident draws their anger upon us, and twenty years of diligent service goes for nothing. And yet our weak minds are fond of the empty honour of attending them, and we please ourselves with the notion, that other people imagine we are happy. In vain reason calls on us to retire, which our vexation sometimes induces us to agree to;

but so powerful an influence has their presence over us, that a kind look engages us to them again. But now my fear vanishes, I see our house through the darkness. I must have some speech ready for this embassy. I ought to represent to Alcmena, in warlike terms, the great battle wherein our enemies were defeated. But as I was not there, how the plague shall I do it? No matter for that, I may talk of cutting and flashing, the same as if I were present at it. How many people give an account of battles, who were at a great distance from them? But that I may be able to act my part compleatly, I will rehearse it before-hand. Now, I will imagine this is the chamber, into which I am introduced as a messenger; and suppose that lanthorn is Alcmena, who I must address myself to.

[He sets the lanthorn upon the ground.

Madam, your husband, and my master, Amphitryon—
Very well! a charming beginning!— Whose mind is always taken up with your charms, has sent me to give you an account of the success of his arms, and to acquaint you how much he wishes to be with you. “Hah, honest Sofia! I am extremely glad to see thee.” Madam, you do me great honour, and my good fortune is to be envied. Finely answered! “How is “Amphitryon?” Madam, upon all occasions, where his glory engages him, he behaves like a man of courage. An excellent thought! mighty well! “When will “my husband restore peace to me by his return?” Certainly as soon as he possibly can, Madam, but I dare say the time will seem tedious to him till that happy moment arrives. Ah! “But what condition has “the war placed him in? what does he say? satisfy “me a little about——” He does more than he says, Madam, and makes his enemies tremble.—Duce take me! how have I come by all these fine speeches?

“What are the rebels doing? tell me what condition they are in?” They could not resist our strength, madam; we have cut them to pieces, put Pterelas, their chief, to death, taken Telabos by storm, and the whole port rings already of our brave deeds. “Oh! what success! ye gods! who could have believed it? Tell me, Sofia, how the matter happened.” I will, madam, and, without boasting, I can relate very distinctly the particulars of this victory. [Sofia marks the places upon his head.] Suppose then, madam, that Telebos is on this side; it is a city almost as large as Thebes; the river lies, as it were, there; our people encamped here; and the space that is there is possessed by our enemies. The infantry was upon an eminence that way, and their cavalry lower on the right hand. After having addressed our prayers to the gods, general orders being given, the signal was made; the enemy thinking to cut out work for us, formed three platoons of their horse, but we soon cooled their courage, and I shall tell you how. There is our vanguard, animated to behave well; there the archers of our king Creon: and here, the body of the army; which, at first,——hold; the body of the army is afraid. I certainly hear some noise.

[A little noise is made.

S C E N E II.

M E R C U R Y, S O S I A.

MERCURY in the form of Sofia, coming out of Amphitryon's house.

IN this form, which resembles him, let us drive away this babler, whose impertinent arrival would disturb the joys our lovers have together.

Sofia not seeing Mercury.] I recover a little, and believe it was nothing. But, for fear of any disagreeable accident, I will make an end of the dialogue within.

Mercury aside.] Thou shalt be stronger than Mercury, or I will prevent thee from doing that.

Sofia not seeing Mercury.] Methinks this night is extremely long, by the time I have been travelling. Beau Phœbus naps it too long in bed, having drank too much wine, or my master has mistaken evening for morning.

Mercury aside.] How irreverently the rascal speaks of the gods! My arm shall soon chastise his insolence: I will amuse myself with him, by taking his name as well as his form.

Sofia seeing Mercury at a little distance.] Hah! upon my word I was in the right: it is over with me, poor creature. I see a man before our house whose looks portend me no good. I will sing a little to make him believe I am not afraid. [He sings.

Mercury. What rascal is this, that takes the liberty to sing and deafen me in this manner? [As Mercury speaks, Sofia's voice grows weaker and weaker by degrees.] Does he want me to drub his jacket a little?

Sofia aside.] Certainly this man is not fond of music.

Mercury. I have met with nobody to break the bones of for above a week. My arm loses its strength by lying still; and I am seeking after some back or other to exercise it a little.

Sofia aside.] What devil of a fellow is this? I feel my soul seized with deadly fear. But why should I tremble thus? In his heart, perhaps he is as great a coward as myself, and the sly cur talks in this manner to conceal his fear from me under a pretended courage. Ay, ay, I cannot bear to be thought a noodle. If I am not brave, let me endeavour to appear so: let us reason ourselves into courage. He is alone as well as I: I am strong: I have a good master, and our house is near.

Mercury. Who is there?

Sofia. I.

Mercury. Who is I?

Sofia. I. [aside.] Courage, Sofia.

Mercury. What is it thy fortune to be? tell me.

Sofia. To be a man and to talk.

Mercury. Are you master or servant?

Sofia. As I chuse.

Mercury. Where are you going?

Sofia. To the place I intend to go.

Mercury. Heh! I do not like this.

Sofia. I am very glad of it.

Mercury. Positively, either by fair means or foul, Mr. Hang-dog, I will know of thee what is thy business, whence thou comest so early, whither thou goest, and whom thou belongest to.

Sofia. Sometimes I do well, and sometimes ill: I come from thence; I am going thither; and I belong to my master.

Mercury. Thou shewest thy wit, and I perceive hast a mind to appear to me as a man of consequence. I am desirous therefore to begin our acquaintance by giving thee a box with my fist.

Sofia. Me?

Mercury. Ay, thee: and there it is for thee sure.

[Gives him a box on the ear.

Sofia. How! how! are you in earnest?

Mercury. No, no, it is but in jest: an answer to your quibbles.

Sofia. Good heaven! how you deal your blows about, friend, without one's saying any thing to you!

Mercury. Those are the least of my strokes, but little common slaps.

Sofia. Was I as hasty as you, we should make fine work of it.

Mercury. There is nothing at all as yet worth minding: we shall see something more after: let us proceed in our conversation.

Sofia going off.] I will talk no more to you.

Mercury stopping Sofia.] Where are you going?

Sofia. What is your business?

Mercury. I will know where you are going.

Sofia. To get that door opened to me. Why do you stop me?

Mercury. If you carry your impudence so far as to come but near it, I will break your bones.

Sofia. What! would you prevent me from going in to our own house by your threatening?

Mercury. Your house, do you say?

Sofia. Yes, our house.

Mercury. O the villain! You belong to that house you say?

Sofia. Yes I do. Does it not belong to Amphitryon?

Mercury. Well, what does that signify?

Sofia. He is my master.

Mercury. Your master?

Sofia. Yes.

Mercury. Are you his servant?

Sofia. Indeed I am.

Mercury. Servant of Amphitryon?

Sofia. Of Ampitryon: of himself.

Mercury. What is your name?

Sofia. Sofia.

Mercury. Heh! What?

Sofia. Sofia.

Mercury. Harkee: do you know that I shall knock out your brains with my fist this moment?

Sofia. For what? Why are you so enraged?

Mercury. Tell me who made thee so rash as to assume the name of Sofia?

Sofia. I do not assume it, not I; I was always called so.

Mercury. O horrible lie! Excessive impudence! Darest thou have the boldness to say that thy name is Sofia?

Sofia. I may very well say so, for this strong reason, that the supreme power of the gods has made it so, and because I am not able to deny it, or to be any body but my own self.

Mercury. A thousand blows ought to be the reward of such a piece of effrontery.

Sofia being beaten by Mercury.] Justice, citizens! Help, I beseech you.

Mercury. How, rascal, do you cry out?

Sofia. Have I not reason, when you belabour me so unmercifully?

Mercury. It is thus my arm——

Sofia. It is an unworthy action; you triumph be-

cause of the advantage my want of courage gives you over me, and make an ill use of it. It is mere bullying to take advantage of the cowardise of those we attack; to beat a man one is certain will not fight, is not the action of a generous soul; and courage against people that have it not is blameable.

Mercury. Well, dost thou still say that thou art Sofia?

Sofia. Your blows have not metamorphosed me, and all the alteration I find in the thing is, that I am beaten Sofia.

Mercury threatening Sofia.] An hundred strokes more for this fresh impudence.

Sofia. I beg that you would have done with your strokes.

Mercury. Have done then with your impudence.

Sofia. Whatever you please, I hold my tongue: the dispute between us is too unequal.

Mercury. Art thou Sofia still? Speak, villain.

Sofia. Alas! I am what you please; dispose of my fate just as you think proper; your arm has made you master of it.

Mercury. Thy name was Sofia, by what thou sayest.

Sofia. It is true; I believed the thing was plain till now, but your stick has made me find that I was mistaken in the matter.

Mercury. It is I am Sofia, as all Thebes knows: Amphitryon never had any other Sofia than I.

Sofia. You Sofia?

Mercury. Yes, I am Sofia: and if any body pretends to be so, let him take good care of himself.

Sofia aside.] Heavens! must I renounce my own self in this manner, and see my name taken from me by an impostor? How lucky it is for him that I am a coward! or else, 'sdeath!

Mercury. You mutter something, I think.

Sofia. No: but in the name of the gods, allow me to speak a little to you.

Mercury. Speak.

Sofia. But pray promise me not to make use of blows. Let us sign a truce.

Mercury. Go on, I grant thee that point.

Sofia. Tell me then, who put this fancy into your head to take my name from me? and in short, though thou wert the devil, couldst thou make me not be myself? make me not be Sofia?

[Mercury holding his cane over Sofia.] How? canst thou——

Sofia. Ough! hold! we have made a truce as to blows.

Mercury. How now! villain! impostor! rascal!

Sofia. As for names, call me as many as you chuse, they are slight wounds, and they do not make me in the least uneasy.

Mercury. Dost thou say thou art Sofia?

Sofia. Ay, whatever frivolous story——

Mercury. Come, come, I break the truce, and recall my word.

Sofia. I do not care: I cannot annihilate myself for you, and bear such an improbable account. Is it in your power to be what I am? Or can I cease to be myself? Did any body ever think of any such thing? Or can one disbelieve an hundred convincing proofs? Do I dream? Am I asleep? Is my mind disturbed by violent passions? Do not I feel plainly that I am awake? Am I not in my right senses? Has not Amphitryon, my master, sent me hither to his wife Alcmena? Am I not to extol his love for her, and give an account of his victory over our enemies? Am I not just now come from the port? Do not I hold a lanthorn

in my hand? Do not I find thee before our house? Do not I talk to thee in a manner perfectly reasonable? Dost thou not take advantage of my cowardice? Hast thou not exercised thy fury upon my back to prevent my going into our house? Hast thou not belaboured me soundly? Oh! all this is but too true: would to heaven it was less so! Cease then to insult over a miserable creature, and allow me to discharge my duty.

Mercury. Stand still, or the least step brings down upon thy back a grievous proof of my just wrath. All thou hast been saying, belongs to me, except the blows.

Sofia. I left the ship this morning, with an heart full of fear, as this lanthorn knows: Amphitryon sent me from the camp to his wife Alcmena.

Mercury. You lie. It was me whom Amphitryon sent to Alcmena, and who am just arrived from the Persian port. It is I who am come to proclaim his valour, which gained us a complete victory, and slew the general of our enemies. In a word, it is I who certainly am Sofia, son of Davus, a faithful shepherd, brother of Harpagus, who died in a foreign country, and husband of the prude Cleanthis, whose temper very much vexes me. It is I who at Thebes have had a hundred lashes, and who formerly was publicly marked in the back for being too honest a man.

[Sofia aside.] All this is true. Unless he were Sofia, he could not know all this he says; and under the astonishment that seizes me, I begin, in my turn, to give him a little credit. Really, now I examine him, I perceive he has got my very shape, and air, and manner. I shall question him a little in order to clear up this mystery. [Aloud.] Amongst all the plunder of our enemies, what is it that Amphitryon has got for his share?

Mercury. Five very large diamonds placed properly

in a knot, with which their general used to adorn himself, as a rare piece of workmanship.

Sofia. To whom does he intend to present it?

Mercury. To his wife, and intends she shall wear it.

Sofia. But where is it put at present, in order to bring it?

Mercury. In a casket sealed with my master's arms.

Sofia aside.] All this is very true, and really I begin to be in doubt about myself. He is already Sofia with me by force, and should be even so by reason too. And yet, when I feel myself, and reflect on myself, it seems as if I was I. What sure way can I find in clearing up this matter? What I did alone, and which no-body saw, unless he be myself, he cannot know. I shall surprize him by a question about that: let us try how it will confound him. [Aloud.] When the two armies were engaged, what did you do in our tents, whither you ran alone to hide yourself?

Mercury. I cut from a gammon——

Sofia aside.] It was so!

Mercury. Which I un-earthed, two juicy slices, which I crammed down my throat mighty easily, and adding thereto some wine that had been hoarded up, the sight whereof was a pleasure before a body tasted it, I took courage a little for our people that were fighting.

Sofia aside.] This extraordinary proof determines in his favour, he could tell nothing of it unless he was in the bottle. [Aloud.] I cannot deny, from the proofs laid before me, but that thou art Sofia: and I acknowledge it. But if thou art he, tell me who thou wilt have me to be; for still I must be something.

Mercury. When I am no longer Sofia, I agree that

thou shalt be so: but whilst I am he, it is death for thee to take such a fancy in thy head.

Sofia. All this perplexity brings my heart to my mouth, and reason is contrary to what one sees. But an end must be put to it some how or other, and the shortest way for me is to go into the house.

Mercury. How, villain! dost thou long for some more of the cudgel?

Sofia beaten by Mercury.] O ye powers! what is the meaning of all this? He strikes harder than before; and my back will not be well of it this month. I must leave this devilish fellow and return to the port. Good heaven! I have made a pretty embassy.

Mercury alone.] At last I have made him fly, and by this usage he gets his labour for his pains. But I see Jupiter is very civilly waiting upon the lovely Alcmena.

S C E N E III.

JUPITER, in the shape of Amphitryon, ALCMENA,
CLEANTHIS, MERCURY.

JUPITER.

ORDER the flambeaux to keep at a distance, lovely Alcmena: they would afford me the pleasure of beholding you, but might discover my coming hither, which it is proper to conceal. My passion (which a weighty concern for the glory of our arms restrains) has stolen from the duties of my post these moments it comes to pay your charms. This theft, which my heart devotes to your beauty, might be blamed by the public voice, and the only witness I would have of it, is she that may esteem me for it.

Alcmena. I interest myself highly, Amphitryon, in the glory your noble achievements acquire you; and the fame of your victory touches my soul in the most sensible part: but when I find this fatal honour keeps from me him I love, my tenderness is so excessive, that I cannot help bearing it some ill-will, and forming wishes against that commission which makes you general of the Thebans. The glory to which one sees the man one loves exalted, after a victory, is a very great pleasure; but amongst the pleasures which attend that glory, a fatal stroke, alas! may quickly happen. With how many fears is one's heart seized at being informed of the slightest skirmish? Under the horrors of such a reflection does there appear any means of comfort if the threatened blow should come? With whatever laurels a conqueror may be crowned, and whatever share one may have in that high honour, is it worth the pangs it must cost an heart that constantly trembles for what it loves?

Jupiter. There is nothing I find in you, but what increases my passion; every thing proves to me an heart justly enamoured, and it is, I confess, a charming thing to meet with so much love in a beloved object. But if I may presume to say so, one scruple troubles me as to the tender sentiments you express for me: and in order to relish them the better, my passion, amiable Alcmena, would not have them at all owing to your duty, but to your love alone, and my person alone, I would be obliged for the favours I receive from you; and would not have the quality I enjoy of being your husband be what bestows them on me.

Alcmena. And yet it is from that name the fondness which I feel is authorized to appear; nor do I comprehend the meaning of this new scruple your passion perplexes itself about.

Jupiter. Alas! the love and tenderness I have for you exceed an husband's; and you are ignorant of their delicacy in such soft moments. You do not conceive that an enamoured heart is studiously intent upon an hundred trifles, and makes itself uneasy about the manner of being happy. In me, beautiful Alcmena, you behold a husband and a lover: but to speak freely, it is the lover only that touches me, and I perceive the husband is a clog upon him with you. This lover, to the last degree jealous of your affection, is desirous that on him alone your heart might be bestowed, and his passion will have nothing that the husband gives him. He would fain obtain your love from the fountain-head, and owe nothing of it to the nuptial tie, nothing to an uneasy duty, which sours the heart, and always empoisons the sweetness of the dearest favours. In short, under the scruple he struggles with, he would have you, to satisfy his delicacy, separate him from that which is offensive to him. Let the husband be only for your virtue; and let the lover have all the love and tenderness of that heart of yours which is all gentleness.

Alcmena. You jest sure, Amphitryon, to talk thus: and if any body heard you, I am afraid they would not think you discreet.

Jupiter. There is more reason in this discourse, Alcmena, than you imagine: but a longer stay would render me too culpable, and the time presses my return unto the port. Farewell. The strange barbarity of my duty tears me from you awhile: but however, lovely Alcmena, when you behold the husband, I beseech you, do not forget the lover.

Alcmena. I do not separate what the gods have joined; and I esteem both the husband and the lover.

SCENE IV.

CLEANTHIS, MERCURY.

CLEANTHIS *aside*.

WHAT pleasure does one feel at the fondness of an husband one passionately loves! And how far is my hang-dog of a husband from all this tenderness!

Mercury aside. I must inform Night that she has no more to do but to furl all her sails; the sun may now get up and efface the stars.

Cleantis detaining Mercury. What! do you leave me in this manner?

Mercury. Why, what do you mean? would not you have me do my duty, and follow Amphitryon?

Cleantis. But to go so abruptly from me, you rogue!

Mercury. A fine thing to be vexed about indeed! We have so much time to stay together.

Cleantis. What! to part in such a brutish manner, without saying one fond word to please me!

Mercury. What the duce! wouldst thou have me puzzle my brains to find out silly stuff to talk to thee? Fifteen years of matrimony exhaust one's discourse, and we have long ago said all we have to say.

Cleantis. You rogue, observe Amphitryon: see how he declares his passion for Alcmena, and then blush for the little affection thou shewest thy wife.

Mercury. Alas, Cleantis! they are but lovers yet. There is a certain age when every thing passes: and what is very pretty in them now at the beginning, would seem very awkward in us old married folks. It would be fine indeed to see us engaged *tête à tête*, talking fine things to one another.

Cleanthis. How! false man, am I past the condition of hoping that a heart might sigh for me?

Mercury. No, I do not care to say that: but I am too old to sigh, I should make people laugh at me.

Cleanthis. Rascal! dost thou deserve the signal good fortune of having a woman of honour for thy wife?

Mercury. Bless me! thou art but too virtuous: this mighty honour does me no good. Do not be altogether so virtuous a wife, provided you are less troublesome.

Cleanthis. How? are you angry with me for living too virtuously?

Mercury. The good-nature of a wife is all that charms me. But thy virtue makes a rout that is constantly plaguing me.

Cleanthis. You should have had one of those false-hearted gypsies; one of those fine qualified wives, who can smother their husbands with kisses to make them overlook their behaviour to their galants.

Mercury. Troth, wouldst thou have me tell it thee? None but fools are affected at imaginary misfortunes, and I would take for my motto, "Less honour and more quiet."

Cleanthis. What! would you not be uneasy if I had a galant?

Mercury. Indeed I would not, provided I was no more plagued with thy scolding, and that I could see thee alter thy way and temper. I should like a convenient vice better than a troublesome virtue. Farewell, Cleanthis, my dear soul, I must follow Amphitryon.

Cleanthis alone.] How sorry am I that I have not before this time placed something upon the head of this rogue of a husband of mine!



ACT II. SCENE I.

AMPHITRYON, SOSIA.

AMPHITRYON.

WHAT foolish stuff is this, rascal, that thou hast been telling me? Dost thou not think that I ought to beat thee very severely for it?

Sofia. If you talk in this manner, Sir, I have nothing to say farther: and you shall be always in the right.

Amphitryon. What! scoundrel, wouldst thou impose upon me for truths such extravagant stories as these?

Sofia. No, Sir, I am the servant, and you are the master; it shall be just as you think proper.

Amphitryon. Come, I will suppress my anger, and hear thee out as to thy commission—Before I see my wife I must clear up this mystery. Call back all thy senses, consider well with thyself, and answer every question I shall put to thee.

Sofia. But for fear of impropriety, pray now tell me before-hand, in what manner you would please to have this business managed. Shall I speak, Sir, according to my conscience, or as the usual way to great folks is? Must I speak the truth, or be mighty complaisant?

Amphitryon. No, I require nothing of you, but to speak sincerely.

Sofia. Well; that is enough; leave it to me: you have nothing to do but to question me.

Amphitryon. As to the orders I lately gave you?

Sofia. I set out, the night being very dark, mutter-

ing grievously against you under that plaguy vexation, and cursing twenty times the orders you speak of.

Amphitryon. What do you say, villain?

Sofia. You need only speak, Sir, I will tell you lies, if you please.

Amphitryon. See what regard servants have for us? Go on—What happened to you upon the road?

Sofia. I was seized with a mortal fear at the least thing I met.

Amphitryon. Coward!

Sofia. Nature has her caprices in forming us, she gives us different inclinations. Some are fond of exposing themselves to dangers, but for my part, I am glad to keep myself safe.

Amphitryon. When you came to the house?

Sofia. I was willing to try a little by myself before our door, in what strain and after what manner I should give a noble description of the battle.

Amphitryon. What then?

Sofia. A person came to plague and disturb me.

Amphitryon. Who was it?

Sofia. One I, Sofia, jealous of your order, sent to Alcmena from the port, who knew our secrets as well as the I that talks to you.

Amphitryon. What foolish nonsense!

Sofia. No, Sir, it is the real truth. That I was at the house sooner than this I; and I was got thither, I solemnly declare to you, before I arrived there.

Amphitryon. Pray what is the reason of your talking thus? Is it a dream? Is it drunkenness? Absence of understanding, or a foolish jest?

Sofia. No, it is the thing as it really is, and is no idle story at all. I am a man of honour, I give you my word upon it, and you may believe me, if you think proper. I tell you, that imagining I had been but

One single Sofia, I found myself two at home; and that of those two I's jealous of each other, one is at the house, and the other is with you. That the I here present, fatigued and weary, found the other I fresh, gay, and active, having no other concern upon him but how to beat folks and break their bones.

Amphitryon. One ought to be very composed and good-natured indeed, to let a servant fill one's head with such nonsense.

Sofia. If you put yourself in a passion, no more conference between us; all is at a stand you know immediately.

Amphitryon. Nay, I will hear you out; I have promised so to do. But tell me honestly, is there any shadow of probability in the new mystery you have been telling me?

Sofia. No, you are in the right; and the thing must appear incredible to every body. It is a fact not to be believed, an extravagant, ridiculous, impertinent story; it shocks common sense; yet it really was so.

Amphitryon. How can one believe any thing of this without being out of one's wits?

Sofia. It was with the utmost difficulty that I myself believed it. I thought it was madness to imagine myself two people, and for a long while treated the other me as an impostor. But at last he forced me to own myself, and I saw it was I without any artifice. From head to foot he is exactly the same as I, genteel, noble, clever, well-shaped, handsome: In short, two drops of milk are not more alike, and, if his hands were not somewhat too weighty, I should be perfectly satisfied about it.

Amphitryon. This is enough to try any body's patience.— But after all, didst thou not go into the house?

Sofia. Ay, marry, I say go in! How should I? Would I ever hear reason? and did not I forbid myself the door?

Amphitryon. Why, how?

Sofia. With a cudgel, which still greatly pains me.

Amphitryon. Did somebody beat you?

Sofia. Yes, really.

Amphitryon. Who was it?

Sofia. I.

Amphitryon. Did you beat you?

Sofia. Yes, it was I: not the I that is here, but the I at home, who strikes devilish hard.

Amphitryon. I beseech you, talk in a different strain.

Sofia. These are no trifling things. The I that I just now met with, has great advantages over the I that speaks to you. He has strength of arms and is very bold: I have had proofs of it: and that devilish I has belaboured me very handsomely; he is a fellow that lays about him strangely.

Amphitryon. Have done with this nonsense. Did you see my wife?

Sofia. No.

Amphitryon. Wherefore did you not?

Sofia. For a mighty good reason.

Amphitryon. Explain thyself, villain; what prevented thee?

Sofia. Must I tell you twenty times? It was I, I tell you, that stronger I than I; that I, who turned me from the gate by force: that I, who was jealous of me; that valiant I, whose wrath was made known to this cowardly I: that I, in short, who is at home: that I who proves himself my master: and that I who has given me such a hearty drubbing.

Amphitryon. You are certainly drunk.

Sofia. May I die if I have drank any thing but water. You may believe me when I swear to it.

Amphitryon. Thy senses then must have been asleep, and some frightful perplexed dream has shewn thee all these chimeras, which thou thinkest to impose upon me for truths.

Sofia. Just as much of that as of the other. I have not been asleep at all, nor had any inclination for it. I talk to you broad awake: I was broad awake this morning, upon my life; and broad awake too was that other Sofia, when he beat me so heartily.

Amphitryon. Follow me, and be silent, I command you. It is too fatiguing to my spirits, and I am indeed a fool for having the patience to hearken to a servant's nonsense.

Sofia aside.] All that a poor man says is nonsense. It would have been an exquisite discourse, had it been spoken by a great man.

Amphitryon. I will hear no more of this stuff; let us go in. But Alcmena with all her charms appears: at present, it is certain, she does not expect me, and she will be amazed at my coming.

S C E N E II.

ALCMENA, AMPHITRYON, CLEANTHIS,
SOSIA.

ALCMENA not perceiving Amphitryon.
LET us advance towards the gods, Cleantis, to perform my vows for my husband, and thank them for the glorious success by his arm, which Thebes feels the advantage of; [sees Amphitryon.] O ye gods!

Amphitryon. Grant, just heaven, that the victorious Amphitryon may be seen by his wife with pleasure!

that this day, propitious to my passion, may restore you to me with the same affection! and that I may find a return of as much fondness as my soul brings back to you!

Alcmena. What! so soon come back?

Amphitryon. Indeed, this is giving me but a bad proof of your affection: and that, "What! so soon come back?" is not, on these occasions, much like the language of an heart truly inflamed with love. I presumed to flatter myself that I should be thought to have stayed from you too long. The expectation of the return of what we passionately desire, makes every moment a year: and the absence of what one loves, however short it be, is always too long.

Alcmena. I do not see——

Amphitryon. No, Alcmena, in such cases one measures the time by one's impatience: and you reckon the moments of absence like a person who loves not. When we love as we should do, the least separation kills us; and what we are fond of seeing never comes soon enough. My warm affection, I must own, complains of your reception of me, and I expected from that heart of yours other sort of raptures, of tenderness and delight.

Alcmena. I cannot comprehend on what you ground the discourse you make: for if you complain of me, I know not what would satisfy you. Yesternight I shewed, I think, joy enough, for your happy return, and repaid your sighs of love with all you had reason to expect from this heart of mine.

Amphitryon. How?

Alcmena. Did I not shew plainly before your eyes the sudden extasies of a perfect joy? and could any heart better express its transports for the return of a husband one tenderly loves?

Amphitryon. I do not understand what you mean. What do you say?

Alcmena. That even yourself seemed to discover an excess of joy at the reception I gave you: and having parted from me but at day-break, I do not see why my surprize at this sudden return should be so blameable.

Amphitryon. Has some dream to-night, Alcmena, anticipated in your fancy the reality of my return, in which I made all possible haste? and having, perhaps, used me kindly in your sleep, does your heart imagine it has acquitted itself sufficiently towards my love?

Alcmena. Has some vapour, Amphitryon, by its malignity confounded your understanding, as to the reality of your return last night? and as to the tender welcome I gave you, do you pretend to rob me of all the merit of my fondness?

Amphitryon. Methinks this vapour you entertain me with, is somewhat odd.

Alcmena. It is what one should give in exchange for the dream you tell me of.

Amphitryon. Unless by supposing a dream, certainly one cannot excuse what you now say to me.

Alcmena. Unless by supposing a vapour that disorders your understanding, one cannot justify what I hear from you.

Amphitryon. Let us have done with this vapour, Alcmena.

Alcmena. Let us have done with this dream, Amphitryon.

Amphitryon. As to the matter in question, there is no jesting, without carrying things too far.

Alcmena. That is certain: and as a sure mark of it, I begin to feel a little uneasiness.

Amphitryon. And is this the way you endeavour to make amends for the reception I complained of?

Alcmena. And do you mean to divert yourself by this pretence?

Amphitryon. Well, dear Alcmena, I beg you would lay aside this foolishness, and talk seriously.

Alcmena. It is carrying the jest too far, Amphitryon, let us leave off this raillery?

Amphitryon. What! do you still insist that I was here last night?

Alcmena. What! have you the assurance to deny that you came hither at that time?

Amphitryon. I came yesterday?

Alcmena. Certainly: and went away before day-break.

Amphitryon aside.] Heavens! was ever such a debate as this seen? who would not be surprized at it? Sofia?

Sofia. Her brain is turned, Sir, you must give her some Hellebore.

Amphitryon. Alcmena, in the name of all the gods, for this talk has strange consequences, recollect yourself a little better, and consider what you say.

Alcmena. I do consider it seriously; and besides, all the family saw you come. I do not know your motive for acting thus; but was there any need of its being proved? was it possible that you should not remember it? of whom, but yourself, could I receive the news of your last battle, and the five diamonds Pterelas wore, whom the force of your arm sent to the infernal shades? Could one desire a stronger evidence?

Amphitryon. How! have I already given you the bunch of diamonds which I had for my share, and which I intended for you?

Alcmena. Indeed you have. It is no hard matter to convince you thoroughly of it.

Amphitryon. It is impossible.

Alcmena pointing to her diamond girdle.] Here it is.

Amphitryon. Sofia.

Sofia taking a casket out of his pocket.] She is mistaken; it is here, Sir: this is a foolish pretence.

Amphitryon looking on the casket.] The seal is whole.

Alcmena giving him the bunch of diamonds.] Is this a dream? There——Is that not a sufficient proof?

Amphitryon. O heaven! O just heaven!

Alcmena. Come, Amphitryon, you are in the wrong to behave thus, and ought to be ashamed of it.

Amphitryon. Break open the seal instantly.

Sofia after having opened the box.] Faith, it is not here! It must be got away by witchcraft: or else it went of itself, without a guide, to her whom it knew it was intended to grace.

Amphitryon aside.] Ye gods, whose power overrules all things, what means this accident! and what can I guess from it, but what my passion startles at?

Sofia to Amphitryon.] If what she says be true, we have both the same lot; and you are double, Sir, as well as I.

Amphitryon. Hold your tongue.

Alcmena. What surprizes you so much? and whence can this vast disorder arise?

Amphitryon aside.] Oh, heaven! what a strange perplexity! I see incidents that are beyond nature, and my honour apprehends somewhat which my understanding cannot comprehend.

Alcmena. Do you think still to deny that your return is speedy, when you have so sensible a proof of it?

Amphitryon. No: but be so kind, if it is possible, to let me know what passed at that return.

Alcmena. Since you require an account of the matter, I suppose you would intimate that it was not you.

Amphitryon. I beg your pardon as to that—But I have a certain reason for desiring this account.

Alcmena. Have the important concerns that take you up, made you so soon forget it?

Amphitryon. Perhaps so; but after all, you will oblige me by relating the whole affair.

Alcmena. The story is not long. I met you full of a fond surprize; I embraced you tenderly, and more than once testified my joy.

Amphitryon aside.] Ah! I should have been well contented with such a sweet reception.

Alcmena. You immediately gave me this valuable present, which you had reserved for me from amongst the plunder. You displayed to me all the violence of your passion, and the pressing affairs which had detained you; the joy to see me again; the pangs of absence; all the concern which your impatience to return had given you: and never did your love, on the like occasion, appear to me so tender and passionate.

Amphitryon aside.] It is impossible to be more tormented than I am at what she says.

Alcmena. All these transports, all this fondness, as you may very well think, did not displease me: and if I must confess it, Amphitryon, I felt a thousand charms in it.

Amphitryon. Pray proceed.

Alcmena. We interrupted one another with a thousand fond enquiries: after which we supped together; and supper over, went to bed.

Amphitryon. Together?

Alcmena. Certainly. What a question is that?

[Amphitryon aside.] Ah! this is the severest stroke of all! the certainty whereof would make my jealous heart tremble.

Alcmena. Why blush so at that word? Did I do myself wrong in lying with you?

Amphitryon. No, to my great grief, it was not I. And whoever says I came hither yesterday, tells the most horrible of all falsties.

Alcmena. Amphitryon?

Amphitryon. False woman!

Alcmena. Ah! what passion is this?

Amphitryon. No, no; no more fondness, no more respect: this misfortune puts an end to all my firmness of mind; and my heart, this fatal moment, breathes nothing but fury and revenge.

Alcmena. Revenge! on whom——wherein have I been wanting in my duty, to make you behave so to me?

Amphitryon. I do not know; but it was not I; and the despair I am under renders me capable of every thing.

Alcmena. Away, base man, the action speaks itself; the slander is intolerable: and it is too provoking to condemn me for dishonesty. If in these mad fits, you seek for a pretence to break the nuptial ties that bind me to you, these shifts are all unnecessary, for I am determined this very day to suffer a divorce.

Amphitryon. After my knowing how basely I am abused, it is what, no doubt, you should prepare for: it is the least can be expected, and things perhaps may not stop there. My dishonour is certain, my misfortune visible, and my love in vain endeavours to conceal it from me: but I am yet ignorant of the particulars, and my just resentment resolves to clear up the matter. Your brother can positively answer for me,

that I did not leave him till this morning; and I will go look for him, in order to confound you, as to the return that is falsely imputed to me. After that we will dive to the bottom of a mystery hitherto unheard of: and in the transports of my just wrath, I shall not let the man go unpunished who has thus betrayed me.

Sofia. Sir.

Amphitryon. Do not follow me, but wait for me here.

Cleanthis to Alcmena.] Must——

Alcmena. I can hear nothing. I must retire, therefore follow me not.

S C E N E III.

CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

CLEANTHIS aside.

HE has certainly lost his senses. But the brother will soon put an end to this quarrel.

Sofia aside.] This is a touching stroke enough for my master, and hard is his luck. I am mightily afraid of somewhat like it for myself too, and will question her calmly about it.

Cleanthis aside.] See if he will so much as speak to me. But I am resolved not to seem to mind it.

Sofia aside.] It is vexatious sometimes to know a thing; and I tremble at the enquiry. Would it not be better to run no hazard, but continue ignorant how the matter may be? Well, I must try at all adventures, I cannot help it. It is the weakness of human nature to be curious to discover what a body would not know.—God preserve you, Cleanthis.

Cleanthis. So, so, do you think to come near me, rascal?

Sofia. Lord, what is the matter with you? one finds you always in a passion, and all this for nothing.

Cleanthis. What do you call for nothing? Heh?

Sofia. I call for nothing, that which is called for nothing in verse as well as prose; and nothing, you know, means nothing, or a small matter.

Cleanthis. I do not know what prevents me from tearing your eyes out, you rogue, and shewing you how far a woman's fury can go.

Sofia. Hey-day! What enrages you so much?

Cleanthis. What, then you reckon your late proceedings with me as nothing?

Sofia. What proceedings?

Cleanthis. What! you act the innocent! will you follow your master's example, and say you are not come back again?

Sofia. No, I am very sensible of the contrary: but I do not play cunning with thee. We had drunk I do not know what kind of wine, which has made me forget every thing I did.

Cleanthis. You imagine, perhaps, to excuse yourself by this trick——

Sofia. No, seriously, you may believe me; I was in a condition in which I may have done things I should be sorry for, and which I have quite forgot.

Cleanthis. Do you remember nothing of the manner of your using me at your coming from the port?

Sofia. Not in the least: you may give me an account of it. I am just and sincere, and shall condemn myself, if I was in the wrong.

Cleanthis. How! Amphitryon having set me agog, I was impatient till you came: but never did I behold such coldness! I was fain to remind you that I am your wife: and when I went to kiss you, you turned your face away and offered me your ear.

Sofia. Good.

Cleanthis. What mean you by good?

Sofia. Alas! Cleanthis, you do not know why I talk so: I had been eating garlic, and did like a wife man to turn my breath away from you a little.

Cleanthis. I declared the tendernefs of my heart to you, but you was heedlefs to all I said, and spoke not one kind word to me.

Sofia aside.] Cheer up, Sofia.

Cleanthis. In fhort, notwithstanding all my love could do, its chafte ardour found in you nothing elfe but ice; and fo far did you difappoint its expectations at your return, as even to refufe that place in my bed, which by the laws of marriage you are obliged to fill.

Sofia. What! did I not lie——

Cleanthis. No, you fneaking fellow.

Sofia. It is impoffible.

Cleanthis. Rafeal! it is but too true. That is the greateft affront of all affronts; and fo far from making it up in love this morning, you went away from me with words full of vifible contempt.

Sofia aside.] Well-done Sofia!

Cleanthis. How now! is this the effect of my complaint? Do you laugh at your fine doings?

Sofia. How pleafed I am with myfelf!

Cleanthis. Is this the way of expreffing your concern for affronting me?

Sofia. I could never have believed that I had been fo difcreet.

Cleanthis. Inftead of condemning yourfelf for fuch a villanous trick, you difcover a pleafure in your countenance for having done it.

Sofia. Not fo faft, I befeech you. If I appear pleafed, to be fure I have a mighty good reafon in my own

breast for it, and that without thinking on it. I never did better than when I behaved to you in that manner.

Cleanthis. Do you make a jest of me, you rogue?

Sofia. No, I speak sincerely to you. I had a certain dread upon me, of which my mind is eased by your discourse; I apprehended very much, and was afraid that I had played the fool with you, in the condition I was in.

Cleanthis. What sort of fright is this? Let us know the meaning of it?

Sofia. The doctors say, when a body is intoxicated with liquor, one should abstain from women: because in that condition, nothing but lumpish children are begotten, that cannot live. See now, if my heart had not armed itself with coldness, what inconveniences might have followed.

Cleanthis. I do not value the doctors with their insipid reasons. Let them manage the sick, and not think to govern healthy people. They meddle and make too much in pretending to restrain our chaste desires: and then, with their severe rules, they tell us besides, to our faces, an hundred idle stories about the dog-days.

Sofia. Softly.

Cleanthis. No, I maintain that the conclusion is wrong: those reasons are the reasons of crack-brained people: neither wine nor particular seasons can make it unlucky to perform the duties of conjugal love; and the doctors are fools.

Sofia. Pray moderate thy rage against them: they are honest people, notwithstanding what the world says of them.

Cleanthis. You are not where you think you are: your wheedling is to no purpose: your excuse will not take: and sooner or later I will be revenged for the air of contempt you daily treat me with. I keep

in mind all the particulars of our late conversation, and shall endeavour to make use of the liberty you allowed me, thou pitiful, perfidious husband.

Sofia. What liberty?

Cleanthis. You lately told me, that you gave me full liberty to love another, you sneaking wretch you.

Sofia. Oh! I was much to blame, as to that point: I unsay it again; it goes too much against myself: beware of giving way to this passion.

Cleanthis. If I can, however, but once prevail with myself, the thing——

Sofia. Hush! here comes Amphitryon, who seems better pleased.

S C E N E IV.

JUPITER, CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

JUPITER aside.

AS Alcmena is very uneasy, I will take this opportunity to appease her, to banish from her heart the sorrows it indulges, and gratify my passion, out of the concern that brings me hither, with the dear pleasure of being reconciled to her. [To Cleanthis.] Is not your mistress above?

Cleanthis. Yes, she is, full of an affliction that requires solitude, and forbids my being with her.

Jupiter. I have nothing to do with her forbidding you.

SCENE V.

CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

CLEANTHIS.

BY what I see, he is soon pacified again.
Sofia. What do you say, Cleanthis, to these cheerful looks, after such a terrible scolding match?

Cleanthis. That, if we all did right, we should despise all the men; for the best of them is good for nothing, and I wish the devil had them.

Sofia. That is said in a passion: but you have too great expectations from the men for that, and you would be finely balked, i' faith, should the devil take them all.

Cleanthis. Really——

Sofia. Hold your tongue, here they come——

SCENE VI.

JUPITER, ALCMENA, CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

JUPITER.

STay, I beseech you, lovely Alcmena; else you will make me desperate.

Alcmena. No, I cannot stay with the man who makes me so uneasy.

Jupiter. Pray now——

Alcmena. Begone.

Jupiter. What——

Alcmena. Begone, I tell you.

Jupiter aside.] Her tears touch me to the soul, and her grief afflicts me. [Aloud.] Suffer my heart——

Alcmena. No, do not follow me.

Jupiter. Whither would you go?

Alcmena. Where you shall not be.

Jupiter. That is a vain attempt in you. I am attached to your beauty by too fast a tie to be one moment out of your company. I will follow you every where, Alcmena.

Alcmena. And I will every where fly from you.

Jupiter. I am very frightful then?

Alcmena. To me you are, more than any one can imagine. Yes, I look upon you as a dreadful monster, whose presence ought to be avoided. My heart at the sight of you, endures an inconceivable pain: it is a torment that oppresses me; and there is nothing so frightful, horrid, and detestable, under the skies, which is not more supportable to me than you are.

Jupiter. Alas! you say too much.

Alcmena. I have a great deal more in my heart: and am sorry that I cannot find words to express it all.

Jupiter. Ah! What has my fondness done to you, that you should behold me as a monster?

Alcmena. O just heaven! can you ask that? Is not it enough to drive one distracted?

Jupiter. Be more composed, I beseech you—

Alcmena. No, I will neither see you nor hear you.

Jupiter. Can you really use me thus cruelly? Is this the tender love that was to continue so long when I was here yesterday?

Alcmena. No, no, that it is not, for your base injuries have otherwise ordered it: that passionate and tender love is now vanished: you, by an hundred piercing wounds, have cruelly destroyed it in my heart. It is succeeded by an inflexible wrath, a keen resentment, an invincible indignation, the despair of an heart justly incensed, that resolves to hate you for this grievous affront, as much as, I confess, it loved you: and that is hating you as much as possible.

Jupiter. Alas! how weak must your love have been, if so small a matter can destroy it! Must a mere jest occasion a divorce? or should one be so enraged at a little raillery?

Alcmena. Oh! it is that vexes me: it is that my resentment cannot pardon: the true marks of a jealous disposition would offend me less. Jealousy makes impressions, the force of which frequently hurries us away, and the wisest person finds it difficult enough, no doubt, on such occasions, to answer for his emotions. The rage of a mistaken heart has somewhat in all its violence, to appease the soul it angers, which notwithstanding can find reasons to excuse it in the love that gives it birth. Such transports always have the cause from whence they spring to urge against one's resentment; and it is easy to forgive a passion a man is not master of. But, merely through wantonness, to be so much incensed, and for no cause at all to injure with so much barbarity the fondness and honour of an heart that dearly loves you: Alas! that is a blow too cruel in its own nature, and what I shall ever remember with the utmost sorrow.

Jupiter. Yes, I must own you are in the right, Alcmena: that action is undoubtedly an odious crime: I no longer pretend to excuse it: but allow my heart to clear itself before you, and shew whom you are to blame for that outrageous fury. To tell you the matter truly, the husband, Alcmena, has done all the mischief: it is the husband you must look upon as guilty. The lover has no share at all in this brutish fury, and his heart is incapable of offending you: that heart has too much respect and tenderness for you, ever to think of such a thing: and had it been guilty of so great a weakness as to do any thing that might injure you, he would

pierce it with a hundred stabs before your face. But the husband has thrown off that humble respect he should always retain for you: the husband shews himself by his harsh behaviour, and believes that every thing is allowed him by the right of matrimony. Yes, he it is, undoubtedly, that is guilty in respect to you; he only has used your lovely person ill: hate, detest the husband: I consent that you abandon him: but, Alcmena, preserve the lover from the resentment such an offence raises in you, and blame not him for it. Distinguish between him and the guilty; and in short, to be just, you must not punish him for what he did not do.

Alcmena. What ridiculous excuses are these to an exasperated mind! You, in vain, lay hold of this foolish evasion. I make no distinctions in the person that injures me; he in all respects becomes the object of my hatred, and the lover and the husband are equally exposed to its violence. I consider both of them in the same manner; both of them are painted to my view in the same colours by my injured soul: both of them are guilty: both of them have offended me, and I hate them both.

Jupiter. Well then, since you will have it so, I must take the crime upon me. Yes, you do right, to sacrifice me to your resentments as a guilty victim. A very just displeasure enrages you against me, and all the mighty rage you now express, is only inflicting on me a punishment that is equitable. It is with reason you shun the sight of me, for, without doubt, I must appear to you a detestable creature, and you ought to wish me the greatest mischief. There is nothing so abominable as my transgression in having offended your beautiful eyes: it is a crime against men and gods; and, in a word, I deserve, as a punishment for

this insolence, that your hatred should muster up all its most furious rage against me. But I sincerely beg your pardon: upon my knees I beg it: I beg it in the name of the brightest flame, of the most tender passion that a soul can possibly feel for you. If your heart, amiable Alcmena, refuses me the pardon which I presume to have recourse to, I must put a period to a life which I am unable to support, under your displeasure. Yes, Alcmena, this condition makes me desperate, and you must not imagine that doting on your heavenly charms in the manner I do, I can exist one day under your displeasure. My sorrowful heart sinks already under the mortal strokes it suffers in these fatal moments, and the tormenting wounds of a thousand vultures are nothing in comparison of my severe affliction. But only let me know, Alcmena, if I must not hope for pardon, and this sword immediately, with a favourable stroke, shall pierce the heart of an unhappy wretch before your eyes: that heart, that faithless heart, which well deserves to die for having offended so lovely a creature. Happy in descending to the infernal regions, if my death can appease your wrath, so that after this woful day, your soul may not retain any remains of hatred, when you think of my love. This is the greatest favour I expect.

Alcmena. Oh! cruel husband!

Jupiter. Say, speak, Alcmena.

Alcmena. Must I still have a regard for you, notwithstanding I see you injure me by so many affronts?

Jupiter. What resentment soever an injury raises in our minds, can it withstand the penitence of an heart that really loves?

Alcmena. An heart that really loves would rather hazard a thousand deaths than disoblige the desired object.

Jupiter. The more respect we have for a person, we find it the less difficult to——

Alcmena. No, speak to me not about it, you deserve my displeasure.

Jupiter. You hate me then?

Alcmena. I endeavour as much as possible to do so, and am provoked to find that all your injuries cannot even carry my rage so far as to take that revenge upon you.

Jupiter. But why this passion, when I offer to avenge you by my death? Pronounce the sentence, and I obey directly.

Alcmena. How can one desire the death of an object that is not disagreeable?

Jupiter. And as for me, I cannot live unless you lay aside this displeasure, which grieves me, and grant me the favour of a pardon, which at your feet I beg. [Sofia and Cleanthis likewise kneel.] Determine one of the two immediately, either to punish, or to forgive me.

Alcmena. Alas! what I can determine seems a great deal more than I wish to do. My heart has been too false to me to keep up the resentment you occasioned in me. To say one cannot hate, is not to say one forgives.

Jupiter. Oh! lovely Alcmena! I must in excess of joy——

Alcmena. Let me alone. I am vexed at myself for my too great weakness.

Jupiter. Go, Sofia, quickly, (while these sweet transports charm my soul) see what officers of the army you can find, and invite them to dine with me. [aside.] I have sent him away, and in the mean time Mercury shall supply his place.

SCENE VII.

CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

SOSIA.

WELL, Cleanthis, you see how things go on: shall we now, according to their example, make a little peace too, some small reconciliation?

Cleanthis. Oh! to be sure, for the sake of this phiz of yours.

Sofia. What! you will not then?

Cleanthis. No.

Sofia. So much the worse for yourself, it is of little consequence to me.

Cleanthis. Well, well, come back.

Sofia. No, odslife! now I will not. I will be in a passion too, in my turn.

Cleanthis. Get out of my sight, you rascal, let me alone. A woman may tire sometimes of being virtuous.



ACT III. SCENE I.

AMPHITRYON.

OH! yes, fate certainly conceals him from me on purpose; I am quite tired with running about after him. Nothing can be more cruel than my destiny; my searches for the man I want are all ineffectual; every body I do not want comes in my way; a hundred trifling impertinents, who do not imagine themselves to be so, and only know me by sight, come to congratulate me upon our exploits, which makes me mad. In my embarrassment they come with

their embraces, and I endeavour to get from them in vain: but their killing friendship stops me on every side, and while I am answering their warm expressions by a nod, I curse them a thousand times in my own mind. Oh! how little pleasure does one feel from praise and glory after a great victory, when the mind is under such dreadful affliction! one would gladly exchange that honour for an easy mind. Every moment jealousy presents me with disgrace, and the more I think of it, I am the less able to clear up this difficulty. I am not so amazed at the theft of the diamonds, for seals may be opened, which one cannot perceive; but the present, which she says I made her here in person yesterday, is what occasions my great perplexity. There have been resemblances, which give impostors an opportunity of imposing upon people; but it is not reasonable to imagine, that a man could impose himself for a husband under those appearances, as a wife may very easily discover differences in these resemblances. The surprising effects of the Thessalian magic have been much spoken of at all times; but I always looked upon them as idle tales: and fate would be cruel indeed, if, on returning from a complete victory, I should be obliged to believe them, at the expence of my own honour. I will feel her pulse again as to this perplexing mystery, and see if it is not some wild chimera, that has gained credit upon her disordered senses. Oh! grant, just heaven, that this thought may prove true, and that she may have lost her senses, for my happiness!

S C E N E II.

MERCURY, AMPHITRYON.

MERCURY in the balcony of Amphitryon's house,
without being perceived or heard by Amphitryon.

SINCE love does not offer me any pleasure here,
I will make myself diversion of another nature;
and go enliven my dull leisure by vexing Amphitryon.
It is not the part of a god mighty full of charity, but
that does not disturb me; for I find, that I am a lit-
tle maliciously disposed by my stars.

Amphitryon not perceiving Mercury.] How comes
the door to be shut at this time of the day?

Mercury. Hold, softly. Who knocks there?

Amphitryon. I.

Mercury. What I?

Amphitryon seeing Mercury, whom he takes for
Sofia.] Pray open the door.

Mercury. How! open the door? Why, who are
you that talk in this manner, and make such a bustle?

Amphitryon. What! do you not know me?

Mercury. No: nor have I the smallest desire to be
acquainted with you.

Amphitryon aside.] Is the distemper gone round?
Is every body mad? Why, Sofia, soho, Sofia?

Mercury. Well, Sofia is my name indeed: are you
afraid I should forget it?

Amphitryon. Do you see who I am?

Mercury. Ay, very well. What is the reason that
you thunder at this rate? What do you want there
below?

Amphitryon. What do I want, villain?

Mercury. What do you not want then? speak, if you would have me to understand you.

Amphitryon. If I come up with a stick, you rascal, I will make you understand me: I will teach you sufficiently to speak to me in this manner.

Mercury. Softly. If you make the least attempt to knock, I shall send you some troublesome messengers from hence.

Amphitryon. Bless me! would one imagine a beggarly servant could behave with such insolence!

Mercury. Well! what is the matter? have you examined me? have your goggle eyes viewed me sufficiently? How he stretches them open, and how wild he looks! If looks could bite, he would have torn me in pieces before now.

Amphitryon. What a horrid storm art thou increasing for thyself! what blows are ready to fall upon thee! I myself tremble for the bad consequences of thy impertinent language.

Mercury. Friend, if you do not be gone from this place, you may happen to get a blow or two.

Amphitryon. To your confusion, rascal, you shall know what it is for a servant to be impertinent to his master.

Mercury. Are you my master?

Amphitryon. Yes, sirrah: dare you deny it?

Mercury. Amphitryon is my master.

Amphitryon. And who is this Amphitryon but myself?

Mercury. You Amphitryon?

Amphitryon. Yes.

Mercury. Oh! what a dream! Pray tell me in what honest tavern you have been muddling your brains?

Amphitryon. What! again?

Mercury. Was the wine very good?

Amphitryon. Heavens!

Mercury. Was it old or new?

Amphitryon. What impudence!

Mercury. The new gets sadly into the head, when one drinks it without water.

Amphitryon. Well! I shall certainly cut that tongue out of thy head.

Mercury. Get along, my dear friend, depend upon it, no body minds you here. I love wine. Go about your business, and leave Amphitryon in the pleasures he is enjoying.

Amphitryon. What! is Amphitryon in that house?

Mercury. Indeed is he. Covered with the laurels of a compleat victory, he is with the fair Alcmena, tasting the pleasures of her sweet conversation. They are enjoying the pleasure of being reconciled after a whimsical love-quarrel. Take care of disturbing their rapturous minutes, if you do not chuse that he should punish you for your rashness.

S C E N E III.

A M P H I T R Y O N alone.

AH! what a shock! how has he disturbed my soul! if affairs stand as the villain says, what a condition is my love and my honour reduced to! How shall I determine? Sould I be secret, or make a noise? Shall I publish, or conceal the dishonour of my family? Does such an affair as this require consideration? No, I have nothing to expect; my uneasiness will oblige me to revenge myself.

S C E N E IV.

AMPHITRYON, SOSIA, NAUCRATES and
POLIDAS at the farther part of the stage.

SOSIA to Amphitryon.

SIR, with all diligence, the utmost I could do was
to bring you these gentlemen here.

Amphitryon. Oh! are you there, villain?

Sofia. Yes.

Amphitryon. Impertinent scoundrel!

Sofia. How?

Amphitryon. I will teach you to use me in this
manner.

Sofia. What is the matter? What ails you?

Amphitryon drawing his sword.] How! what ails
me, rascal?

Sofia to Naucrates and Polidas.] Help, gentlemen,
come here immediately.

Naucrates to Amphitryon.] O! pray hold, Sir.

Sofia. What fault have I done?

Amphitryon. Do you ask me that, you rogue? [To
Naucrates.] Let me satisfy my just revenge.

Sofia. They hang no body without a reason.

Naucrates to Amphitryon.] Please to tell us at least
what he has done.

Sofia. Pray insist upon that, gentlemen.

Amphitryon. He had just now the insolence to shut
the door against me, and even to add threats to a thou-
sand impertinent expressions. [Drawing his sword.] O!
you rascal!

Sofia falling on his knees.] I am a dead man.

Naucrates to Amphitryon.] Calm your passion.

Sofia. Gentlemen.

Polidas to Sofia.] What is the matter?

Sofia. Has he struck me?

Amphitryon. Nay, he must be rewarded for the language he took the liberty of using just now.

Sofia. How is it possible, when I was otherways employed by your orders? These gentlemen will answer for me, that I carried the invitation for them to dine with you.

Naucrates. Indeed he brought that message, and said by us.

Amphitryon. Who desired you?

Sofia. You, Sir.

Amphitryon. When?

Sofia. When your soul was in transports after having made your peace with Alcmena, and softened her anger.

[Sofia gets up.

Amphitryon. Heavens! every moment, every circumstance adds to my sufferings! and, under this fatal perplexity, I know not what to think or say.

Naucrates. You should examine into the truth of this affair before you do any thing, or be in a passion, all he has said of what happened at your house is so strange.

Amphitryon. Heaven has sent you here to assist me in my endeavours; let us clear up this mystery, and learn our fate: for though I fear it more than death, I am impatient to know it.

S C E N E V.

JUPITER, AMPHITRYON, NAUCRATES,
POLIDAS, SOSIA.

JUPITER.

WHAT noise is this, that obliges me to come down? and who knocks here as if he was master where I am?

Amphitryon. Just gods! what do I see?

Naucrates. Heavens! what a miracle is this! What? two Amphitryons here!

Amphitryon aside.] Alas! I can no longer bear it. My faculties are stupified; the adventure is finished; what I see discovers every thing; my fate is plain.

Naucrates. The nearer I view them, the more I find they are alike every way.

Sosia going towards Amphitryon.] Gentlemen, this is the real one; the other is an impostor that should be chastised.

Polidas. Really, this surprising resemblance suspends my judgment.

Amphitryon. This is too much, to be baffled by a detestible cheat: this sword shall break the charm.

Naucrates to Amphitryon who has drawn his sword.] Hold.

Amphitryon. Let me alone.

Naucrates. Heavens! what would you do?

Amphitryon. Punish the base treason of an impostor.

Jupiter. Hold. There is very little occasion for passion, and when people fly out in such a manner, it makes one look upon their argument as bad.

Sofia. Ay, it is a magician, that carries a spell about him to make him appear like masters of families.

Amphitryon to Sofia.] As for you, I will make you sensible of this abusive language with a good cudgel.

Sofia. My master is a man of courage, and will not allow his servants to be beat by any body.

Amphitryon. Let me satiate my rage, and wash away my affront in the rascal's blood.

Naucrates stopping Amphitryon.] We will not allow this strange combat of Amphitryon against himself.

Amphitryon. What! does my honour deserve this treatment from you? Do my friends defend a cheat? Instead of being the first to revenge me, do they themselves oppose my resentment?

Naucrates. As things appear at present, how can we determine, while our friendship is in suspense between two Amphitryons? Should we discover our zeal for you, we may be mistaken, not being certain that you are the real person. We see in you the appearance of Amphitryon, the brave supporter of the Theban welfare: so has he the appearance of that person: therefore it is not easy to distinguish the true one. Let us carefully examine where the deceit is, and when the matter is cleared up, we shall not need to be reminded of our duty. It is easy to discover what side we are on, and the impostor deserves death.

Jupiter. I am not angry to see you doubtful; you are right, the resemblance justifies you, and makes you very excusable. A person may very easily be deceived; as no difference can be discerned. You do not see me draw my sword or be in a passion: that is a poor way of clearing up the mystery: I shall find a milder and more certain method. As we both appear to be Amphitryon in your eyes, it is my part to put an end to the

confusion: and I intend to make myself so well known to every body, that the plain proofs of what I am shall oblige him to acknowledge the blood from whence I spring, and have no occasion to say any thing more. In the sight of all the Thebans, I will discover to you the real truth; and the matter is of sufficient importance to require its being publicly made evident. Alcmena expects from me this public testimony: her virtue is injured by the report of this disorder, and demands to be justified; and I will see it shall be so. My love for her obliges me so to do, and I will summon together the most noble chiefs for a discovery which her reputation requires. In hopes of these desirable proofs, be so good as to honour the table *Sofia* has invited you to.

Sofia. I was in the right, gentlemen, this word ends all disputes: the real *Amphitryon* is the *Amphitryon* people dine with.

Amphitryon. Oh, heavens! can I be cast down lower? What! must I, for my mortification, hear all the impostor has been saying to my face; and yet, in the rage that this discourse inspires me with, must my hands be held?

[*Naucrates* to *Amphitryon*.] It is foolish to complain. Let us wait for a discovery, that may render our resentments seasonable. I do not know whether he imposes upon us; but he talks upon the subject as if he did not.

Amphitryon. Go, irresolute friends, and flatter the impostor. I have other sort of friends than you in Thebes, and will go find out some, who, bearing a part in the injury, will lend a hand to my just resentment.

Jupiter. Well, I wait for them, and shall decide the difference while they are present.

Amphitryon. Deceitful creature, you perhaps expect to escape by that; but nothing shall save you from my wrath.

Jupiter. I will not at present condescend to answer his base language; and I shall confound this fury by and by with three words.

Amphitryon. I will follow thee even to hell: heaven itself shall not deliver thee.

Jupiter. There will be no occasion for that; it shall soon be seen that I will not run away.

Amphitryon aside.] Come let us make haste, before he gets away from them, and call such friends together as will assist my vengeance; then return home with a strong power, to pierce him with a thousand wounds.

S C E N E VI.

JUPITER, NAUCRATES, POLIDAS, SOSIA.

JUPITER.

NO ceremony, I desire you: but let us go in without any more ado.

Naucrates. Certainly this whole adventure confounds all sense and reason.

Sosia. A truce, gentlemen, with your astonishment, and go feast yourselves chearfully till to-morrow morning. [Alone.] I never was so hungry in my life; I will eat heartily, and put myself in a good condition to relate our noble deeds.

SCENE VII.

MERCURY, SOSIA.

MERCURY.

WHAT, are you come here to set in your nose,
impertinent villain?

Sofia. Ah! softly, pray now.

Mercury. What! are you at it again? I shall cud-
gel your back for you.

Sofia. Alas! noble and generous I, compose your-
self, I desire you. Sofia, spare Sofia a little, and do
not take pleasure in beating yourself.

Mercury. What induced you to call yourself by that
name? Did not I expressly forbid you, upon pain of
having a hearty drubbing?

Sofia. It is a name we may both have at once under
the same master. I am known for Sofia every where;
yet I agree that you should be he; then suffer me to
be so likewise. Let us leave the two Amphitryons to
exercise their jealousy, but amidst their contentions, let
the two Sofias live peaceably.

Mercury. No, one is sufficient, and I am determin-
ed to admit of no rival.

Sofia. Will you have the precedence? Shall I be
the younger or the elder?

Mercury. I chuse rather to be an only son, a brother
is not agreeable to me.

Sofia. How hard-hearted! Let me be your shadow
at least.

Mercury. No, I will not.

Sofia. Let your heart be softened with pity, and suf-
fer me to be near you in that capacity: I will be to you

on all occasions such a submissive shadow, that you shall be pleased with me.

Mercury. I will suffer nothing: the decree is irreversible; and if you have the impudence to attempt going in there, a hearty drubbing shall be your reward.

Sofia. Alas! poor Sofia, how miserably art thou reduced!

Mercury. What! do you take the liberty to call yourself by a name that I forbid you?

Sofia. No, it is not myself I mean; but I talk of an old Sofia, who was formerly a relation of mine. How cruel it is to send one away at dinner-time!

Mercury. If you intend to remain among the living, take care that you do not fall into that frenzy.

Sofia aside.] How I would belabour you, if I had courage, you ambitious son of a whore!

Mercury. What is that you say?

Sofia. Nothing at all.

Mercury. You said something, I believe.

Sofia. Ask any body, I did not so much as breathe.

Mercury. I am sure there was a particular expression, called son of a whore, sounded in my ear.

Sofia. It was some parrot then that the fine weather has made chearful.

Mercury. Good b'ye. Whenever you have the back-ach, here is the place where I live.

Sofia alone.] O heavens! what a cursed affair, to be turned out of doors at dinner-time! We must in our sorrows submit to fate: at present we must follow its blind whim, and join the unfortunate Amphitryon and Sofia together. I see him coming in good company.

S C E N E V I I I.

AMPHITRYON, ARGATIPHONTIDAS,
POSICLES, SOSIA in a corner of the stage.

AMPHITRYON to several officers that attend him.

Gentlemen, I desire you will not all come up till there is a necessity for it, follow at a distance.

Posicles. I know the affair must affect you sensibly.

Amphitryon. Alas! my grief is excessive! I bear as much on account of my love as my honour.

Posicles. If this resemblance is such as it is reported to be, Alcmena, without being in any fault—

Amphitryon. Ah! but in matters of this nature, a mere mistake becomes a real crime, and there is an end of innocence, though the will does not consent. Such mistakes, whatever light they are placed in, touch us in a most delicate part: and reason very often forgives what love and honour cannot.

Argatiphontidas. I do not puzzle my thoughts about that: but I hate your gentlemen who are shamefully dilatory: that is a proceeding I am ashamed of, and which people of courage never approve. When any body employs us, we should espouse his interest as much as is in our power. Argatiphontidas is not for making up differences. It is not for men of honour to hear a friend's adversary argue: nothing should be attended to but revenge. I hate wrangling; one should always begin a quarrel by running a man through the body at once. Yes, let what will be the consequence, you shall see that Argatiphontidas goes on point blank, and you must promise to let the rascal die by no other hand but mine.

Amphitryon. Come on.

Sofia to Amphitryon.] Upon my knees, Sir, I am come to suffer the punishment you chuse to inflict upon me for my impudence. Beat me, murder me in your anger: you will do right, it is what I deserve; and I will not say one word against you.

Amphitryon. Get up. What is going forward?

Sofia. They have hunted me quite away: I intended to go eat and be merry with them, and did not at all suppose that I was waiting there to be beat. Indeed, the other I, servant to the other you, has been making the devil to do again. The hardness of the same fate pursues us, Sir, at present; and, in short, they have Unsofia'd me as well as they have Unamphitryon'd you.

Amphitryon. Follow me.

Sofia. Is it not better to see if any body is coming?

S C E N E IX.

CLEANTHIS, AMPHITRYON, ARGATIPHONTIDAS, POLIDAS, NAUCRATES, POSICLES, SOSIA.

CLEANTHIS.

O HEAVENS!

Amphitryon. What affrights you so? What are you startled at me for?

Cleanthis. Alas! you are above there, and yet I see you here!

Naucrates to Amphitryon.] Do not be in an hurry; he is coming to make the desired discovery before us all; and, if what he says may be believed, it will be such a one as shall relieve you of all care and trouble.

S C E N E X.

MERCURY, NAUCRATES, POLIDAS, AMPHITRYON, ARGATIPHONTIDAS, POSICLES, CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

MERCURY.

HE will come down to you just now; but know before-hand, that it is the great master of the gods whom Alcmena has drawn from heaven hither, under the beloved features of this resemblance. And, for my part, I am Mercury, who for want of something to do, have been belabouring him a little whose form I have taken: but now he may comfort himself, that the blows of a god do honour to him that feels them.

Sofia. Faith, Mr. God, I am your servant for that: I would have excus'd your favours.

Mercury. At present I give him leave to be Sofia: I am tired of having such an ugly phiz, and will away to heaven to wash it off clean with Ambrosia.

[He flies to heaven.

Sofia. I never knew a god more a devil than thou art, in my life. Heaven grant that you may not come near me again! Thy fury has been too violent for me.

SCENE THE LAST.

JUPITER, NAUCRATES, AMPHITRYON,
ARGATIPHONTIDAS, POLIDAS,
POSICLES, CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

JUPITER in a cloud, with a flash of lightning, upon
his eagle, armed with thunder.

Amphitryon, behold Jupiter appear in thy own
features, and know who has imposed upon thee.
You may easily know him by these signs, which I i-
magine is sufficient to re-instate thy mind in the situ-
ation it should be, and restore felicity to thy family.
The whole world adores my name: to share with Ju-
piter is an honour, and will stifle all reports that may
be spread. To rival the sovereign of the gods must
be glorious. I cannot see that love has any reason to
complain; it is I who should be jealous in this affair,
who am a god. Alcmena is thine unalterably, what-
ever endeavours one uses against it: it may transport
thee to see that there is no way to get into her favour,
but by taking the form of her husband. Jupiter, in
his immortal glory could not, in his own form, tri-
umph over her faithfulness, and whatever was given by
her fond heart was given to thee alone.

Sofia. Signor Jupiter knows very well how to gild
the pill.

Jupiter. Remove that melancholy from thy mind,
and let peace and serenity dwell there. In thy house
shall a son be born, who shall be called Hercules; the
whole earth shall resound with his praise. A glorious
fortune, attended with a thousand blessings, shall be a
glaring proof that I am thy support. I will make all

the world envy thy good fortune. Depend upon those promises, and esteem it a crime to doubt them; the promises of Jupiter are the decrees of fate.

Naucrates. Indeed, I am transported at these shining instances——

Sofia. I would have you to take my advice, gentlemen, and on no account engage in these congratulations; it is a sorry venture, and both sides are at a loss for words on the occasion. The goodness of the great god Jupiter is not to be equalled; he undoubtedly honours us greatly by it. He promises us real happiness, attended with a thousand blessings, and there will be born in our house a very stout-hearted son.

Let's therefore talk no more of this affair,
But ev'ry one to his own house repair,
Of such affairs as these, 'tis the best way
To mention nothing, but be blithe and gay.

T H E E N D.



THE

HUSBAND OUTWITTED.

A

COMEDY.

F 3

HUSBAND OF WILLIAM

C O M M I S S I O N E R



The HUSBAND OUTWITTED, a Comedy of three Acts, performed at Versailles the 15th of July 1668, and at Paris, at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal, the 9th of November the same Year.

NOtwithstanding it has been always shewn by experience; that a disproportion in rank and fortune, and the difference of humour and education, are inexhaustible sources of discord between two persons; to whom interest on the one side, and vanity on the other, have been the motives of marrying each other; yet this is still a very common error in society, and Moliere by this piece endeavours to reform it. The gross simplicity of the servants who deceived George Dandin, and the extravagant character of the country gentleman and his lady, are particulars happily inserted in this comedy to make that truth evident; but it would be vain to endeavour to excuse the character of Angelica, who without resisting her inclination for Clitander, lets her aversion to her husband appear too plainly, by giving into every thing that is suggested to her in order to deceive him, or at least to make him uneasy. Her proceedings, which could not be intirely innocent, if we accused them of nothing but giddiness and imprudence, turned always to her advantage, by means of the expedients she invented to extricate herself from perplexities, insomuch that people will sooner be tempted perhaps to imitate the conduct of the wife, who is always successful, though guilty, than to take example from the misfortune of the husband,

to avoid unsuitable matches; which made this comedy be censured by some, though but few criticized upon it.

A C T O R S.

GEORGE DANDIN, a rich yeoman, husband to Angelica.

ANGELICA, wife of George Dandin, and daughter of Mr. de Sotenville.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE, a country gentleman, father of Angelica.

Mrs. de SOTENVILLE.

CLITANDER, in love with Angelica.

CLAUDINA, waiting-woman to Angelica.

LUBIN, a peasant, servant to Clitander.

COLIN, George Dandin's valet.

SCENE before George Dandin's House in the Country.



T H E

HUSBAND OUTWITTED.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

GEORGE DANDIN.

A H! what a terrible thing it is to marry a gentlewoman! My marriage may be an instructive lesson to all yeomen, who, desirous of exalting themselves, marry, as I have done, into the family of a gentleman! Gentility, though good in itself, is attended with so many unhappy circumstances, that he who is wise had best never meddle with it. Experience, alas! has made me sensible what is the design of these gentry, when they take us tradesmen into their families. They are regardless of our persons, and only marry our money. Had I taken an honest peaceable country wench for my wife, I should have been much happier than I am at present with this lady I have gotten, who imagines herself dishonoured by being called Mrs. Dandin, and says that I have not paid dear enough for the honour of being her husband. Poor George Dandin, what a folly hast thou been guilty of! I can no longer go into my house, without being disturbed by somewhat or other; in short, it is quite hateful to me.

SCENE II.

GEORGE DANDIN, LUBIN.

GEORGE DANDIN *aside*, seeing Lubin come out of his house.

I Cannot understand what that comical looking fellow there wants at my house.

Lubin *aside*, seeing George Dandin.] That man looks stedfastly at me.

George Dandin *aside*.] He knows not who I am.

Lubin *aside*.] He is in doubt about something.

George Dandin *aside*.] Hey-dey! he will scarce bow to me.

Lubin *aside*.] I am afraid that he should tell, that he saw me come out there.

George Dandin. Good-morrow, friend.

Lubin. Your servant.

George Dandin. You do not belong to this town, I believe?

Lubin. No, I am come hither only to see the feast to-morrow.

George Dandin. But did not you come out of that house?

Lubin. Hush.

George Dandin. For what reason?

Lubin. Peace.

George Dandin. What is the matter?

Lubin. Nothing at all, only do not say that you saw me come out there.

George Dandin. Why?

Lubin. Hold your tongue, I tell you.

George Dandin. But why?

Lubin. Softly. I am afraid we should be heard.

George Dandin. No, no.

Lubin. Because I have been speaking with the mistress of that house, for a certain gentleman who is in love with her; but that is a secret. Do you understand?

George Dandin. Yes, yes.

Lubin. That is the reason. I was charged to take care that no body might see me, and therefore pray do not you say a word.

George Dandin. Never fear.

Lubin. I am mighty glad to do things secretly, as I was ordered.

George Dandin. That is well.

Lubin. The husband is reported to be a jealous fellow, that will not let people make love to his wife, and he would be very angry should he hear of it. You understand me?

George Dandin. Very right.

Lubin. This must be all kept from him.

George Dandin. Certainly.

Lubin. They would fain deceive him cleverly. You apprehend?

George Dandin. As well as possible.

Lubin. If you should say that you saw me come out of this house, you would spoil the whole business. You understand me?

George Dandin. Very well. But what do you call the gentleman who sent you thither?

Lubin. He is the lord of our manor: the viscount of——. Pox, I always forget how the duce they pronounce that name; Mr. Cli—— Clitander.

George Dandin. Is it the young courtier who lives——

Lubin. Yes: near those trees.

George Dandin aside.] That is the reason this fine fellow is lately come to lodge over-against me. I guessed right certainly, his neighbourhood made me before suspect him.

Lubin. You never saw a civiler man. He gave me three pieces, only to tell the lady that he is in love with her, and that he mightily desires the honour of speaking to her. Do you think I have had much trouble for so good pay? What is it to a day's work, for which I should have got no more than ten pence?

George Dandin. Well, have you delivered your message?

Lubin. Ay; I found one Claudina within there, who immediately understood my meaning, and got me to the speech of her mistress.

George Dandin aside.] O cursed maid!

Lubin. Odsbobs, Claudina is very pretty, she has gained my love, and she will be to blame if we are not married.

George Dandin. But what answer did the lady return to this gentleman the courtier?

Lubin. She bid me tell him—hold, I do not know if I can remember all of it:—that she is very much obliged to him for the affection he bears her, only he must be careful that it be kept a profound secret, as her husband, who is a jealous whimsical fool, would be very angry at it; and that they must contrive some way for them to discourse together.

George Dandin aside.] Ah! jade of a wife!

Lubin. In troth, it will be comical, for the husband will mistrust nothing of the intrigue, that is good; and he will be duped with his jealousy. Is not it so?

George Dandin. That is true.

Lubin. Your servant—But not a word: keep the secret, that the husband may not know it.

George Dandin. Trust me for that.

Lubin. For my part, I will seem as if nothing happened; I am a cunning dog, and it shall not be said that I have any thing to do in it.

SCENE III.

GEORGE DANDIN alone.

WELL, George Dandin, thou seest how thy wife treats thee. Behold now what it is to desire marrying a gentlewoman: she fits thee every way, without thy being able to revenge thyself, and gentility binds down thy hands. An equality of condition allows the husband, at least, the liberty of resentment, and if she had been a farmer's daughter, thou wouldst now be free to right thyself with a good cudgel. But thou wouldst be meddling with gentility, and wast weary of being master in thine own house. Ah! it vexes me to the very heart, and I could willingly thrash myself. What! to hearken impudently to the courtship of a spark, and, at the same time, promise him a correspondence! 'Sdeath, I will not let such an opportunity as this slip. I must go and complain immediately to her father and mother, and make them witnesses of what cause of vexation and resentment their daughter gives me. But here they both come mighty luckily.

S C E N E IV.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE, Mrs. de SOTENVILLE,
GEORGE DANDIN.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE.

WHAT disturbs you, son-in-law, you seem very much out of order?

George Dandin. Truly I have reason for it, and—

Mrs. de Sotenville. Laud, son-in-law, how ill-bred you are, not to bow to people when you come near them!

George Dandin. Faith, mother-in-law, it is because I have other things in my head, and——

Mrs. de Sotenville. Again? Is it possible, son-in-law, that you so little know what becomes you, and that there is no way of teaching you how to behave amongst persons of quality?

George Dandin. What do you mean?

Mrs. de Sotenville. Will you never leave off that familiar word Mother-in-law? Cannot you use yourself to call me Madam?

George Dandin. Why, I think, if you call me son-in-law, I may call you mother-in-law.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Much may be said against it, and the case is not the same. Be pleased to learn, that such as you ought not to use that word to a person of my rank; as much as you are our son-in-law, there is a wide difference between us and you, and you ought to know yourself.

Mr. de Sotenville. Enough of this, my dear, have done.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Indeed, Mr. de Sotenville, you are more indulgent than you ought to be, and do

not know how to make people give you what is your due.

Mr. de Sotenville. I beg your pardon: I know how to act on these occasions; I have shewn, by twenty vigorous actions in my life, I am not a man that will recede one jot from my pretensions. But it is sufficient that we have given him a slight intimation. Let us know, son-in-law, what perplexes you.

George Dandin. Then since I must tell you the truth, really, Mr. de Sotenville, I have room to——

Mr. de Sotenville. Softly, son-in-law. It is not respectful, remember, to call folks by their names, and to our superiors we should only say, Sir.

George Dandin. Well, Mr. Sir only, and no more Mr. de Sotenville, I must tell you that my wife gives me——

Mr. de Sotenville. Stop—— Learn also that you ought not to say my wife, when you speak of our daughter.

George Dandin. I am out of patience. What! is my wife not my wife?

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes, son-in-law, she is your wife; but you must not call her so; you could do no more had you married one of your equals.

George Dandin aside.] Ah! George Dandin, into what a condition hast thou brought thyself! [aloud.] But, pray now, lay aside your gentility a little, and allow me now to speak to you as well as I can. [aside.] The devil take the tyranny of these genealogies. [to Mr. de Sotenville.] I tell you then I am dissatisfied with my marriage.

Mr. de Sotenville. For what reason, son-in-law?

Mrs. de Sotenville. What! is this the way you talk of a thing from whence you have reaped such great advantages?

George Dandin. And what advantages, madam, since you are thereabouts, madam? That matter has not been amiss for you; for, with your permission, your affairs had not been in a very good way without me, and my money has served to stop up many a gap. But, for my part, what good have I got by it now, unless it be the lengthening out my name, and receiving from you the title of Mr. Dandiniere, instead of George Dandin?

Mr. de Sotenville. Son-in-law, do you put no value upon the advantage of being allied to the family of the Sotenvilles?

Mrs. de Sotenville. And to that of the Pruderies, from whence I have the honour to be descended; a family where the womb enobles, and which, by that honourable privilege, will make your sons gentlemen?

George Dandin. Ay, that is good indeed; my sons shall be gentlemen; but I am afraid I myself shall be a cuckold.

Mr. de Sotenville. What do you mean by that, son-in-law?

George Dandin. I mean by that, that your daughter does not live as a wife ought to live, and that her actions are contrary to honour.

Mrs. de Sotenville. What! Take care what you say. My daughter is of too virtuous a race to be inclined to do any thing contrary to honour; and as for the family of the Pruderies, there has not been known a woman amongst them, thank heaven, for more than three hundred years, that has been in the least suspected upon that head.

Mr. de Sotenville. Indeed, son-in-law, there never was a coquette in the Sotenville family; and valour is not more hereditary to the males than chastity to the females.

Mrs. de Sotenville. We had one Jacqueline Pruderie, who would not be mistress of a duke and peer, governor of our province.

Mr. de Sotenville. And there was one Mathurina de Sotenville refused twenty thousand crowns from one of the king's favourites, that desired only the favour of speaking to her.

George Dandin. Well, but your daughter is not so difficult as that comes to: she is grown tractable since I married her.

Mr. de Sotenville. Explain yourself, son-in-law: we are not people that will support her in evil actions; but her mother and I shall be the foremost to do you justice.

Mrs. de Sotenville. We do not understand jesting in matters of honour, and we brought her up with all imaginable strictness.

George Dandin. All I can say to you is, that here is a certain courtier, whom you have seen, who is fond of her, and has made protestations of love to her, which she has very tender-heartedly paid attention to.

Mrs. de Sotenville. If this were true, I would strangle her with my own hands, for degenerating from her mother's virtue.

Mr. de Sotenville. And I would run my sword through both her and her galant, should she have forfeited her honour.

George Dandin. I have told you what has passed, that I might expostulate with you; and I demand satisfaction in this affair.

Mr. de Sotenville. Do not you trouble yourself in the least, I will get it you from them both; I am a man that push matters home with every body. But are you very certain of what you tell us?

George Dandin. Most certain.

Mr. de Sotenville. Take good care however: for these are tender points among gentlemen; it is not a business to make a mistake about.

George Dandin. It is perfectly true, I tell you.

Mr. de Sotenville. My dear, do you go and talk about it to your daughter, whilst I, with my son-in-law, discourse the man.

Mrs. de Sotenville. It is impossible, child, that she should forget herself in this manner, after the prudent example which you yourself know that I have shewn her.

Mr. de Sotenville. We are going to clear up the matter. Come along with me, son-in-law, and give yourself no uneasiness: you shall see what mettle I am made of, when those that belong to me are meddled with.

George Dandin. Here comes the gentleman.

SCENE V.

MR. DE SOTENVILLE, CLITANDER,
GEORGE DANDIN.

MR. DE SOTENVILLE.

DO you know me, Sir?

Clitander. Not that I remember, Sir.

Mr. de Sotenville. My name is Mr. de Sotenville.

Clitander. I am very glad of it.

Mr. de Sotenville. I am very well known at court, and I had the honour in my youth, to distinguish myself amongst the foremost of the Arriere-Ban of Nancy.

Clitander. So much the better.

Mr. de Sotenville. My father, John Giles de Soten-

ville had the honour, Sir, to assist in person at the great siege of Montaubin.

Clitander. I am delighted to hear it.

Mr. de Sotenville. And I had a grandfather, Bertrand de Sotenville, who was so considerable in his time, that he was permitted to dispose of all his effects and go beyond sea.

Clitander. I am willing to believe it.

Mr. de Sotenville. Sir, I have been informed that you are enamoured with and follow a young person, who is my daughter; for whom I am interested, as well as for that man [pointing to George Dandin.] who has the honour to be her husband.

Clitander. Who, I?

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes; and am very glad to talk with you, to learn, by your favour, the meaning of this affair.

Clitander. What a falsehood! Sir, who told it you?

Mr. de Sotenville. A person that believes he very well knows it.

Clitander. That person is a liar. I am a man of honour: do ye think me capable of so base an action, Sir? What! I love a young and handsome person that has the honour to be the daughter of Mr. de Sotenville! I respect you too much for that, and am too much your obedient servant. Whoever told you so, is a fool.

Mr. de Sotenville. Come on, son-in-law.

George Dandin. What?

Clitander. He is a villain.

Mr. de Sotenville to George Dandin.] Answer him.

George Dandin. Answer him yourself.

Clitander. Did I know but who told you so, I would run him through before your face.

[Mr. de Sotenville to George Dandin.] Make out the thing.

George Dandin. It is fully made out. It is true.

Clitander. Did your son-in-law, Sir, tell——

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes it was he himself that complained to me of it.

Clitander. He may be thankful for the advantage of belonging to you; I should teach him else to talk in a different strain of such a person as I.

SCENE VI.

MR. DE SOTENVILLE, MRS. DE SOTENVILLE, ANGELICA, CLITANDER, GEORGE DANDIN, CLAUDINA.

MRS. DE SOTENVILLE.

JEALOUSY is indeed a terrible thing; and I have brought my daughter hither to clear up the affair before you all.

Clitander to Angelica. Did you, madam, tell your husband that I am in love with you?

Angelica. I! How could I tell him? Is it so then? upon my word, I would fain see you truly in love with me. Be at that sport, I beseech you, you shall find whom you speak to; it is a thing I advise you to undertake. Have recourse, by way of trial, to all the arts that lovers use: attempt a little, as a diversion, to send me messages, write love-letters to me privately, watch the times when my husband is not at home, or the time of my going abroad, to talk to me of your passion; you need only come hither, you shall be received as you ought, I promise you.

Clitander. Hey-day! you have no need, madam, to

give me so many instructions, or to be so much affronted: who told you I was in love with you?

Angelica. For my part, how can I account for the stories that were told me?

Clitander. Let them say what they please, but you are sensible whether or no I talked of love to you when I met you.

Angelica. You might have done it; you would have been very welcome.

Clitander. I assure you, you have nothing to fear from me; I am not a man that will make ladies uneasy; and I have too much respect for you, and the gentlemen your relations, to have the thought of being in love with you.

Mrs. de Sotenville to George Dandin.] Well, you see.

Mr. de Sotenville. Son-in-law are you satisfied? what do you say to this?

George Dandin. I say it is an idle story. I know very well what I know; and since I must tell the truth, she just now received a message from him.

Angelica. What! did I receive a message?

Clitander. Did I send a message?

Angelica. Claudina?

Clitander to Claudina.] Is this true?

Claudina. Indeed it is a great lie.

George Dandin. Hold your tongue, hussy: I know your tricks; it was you brought in the messenger just now.

Claudina. Who, I?

George Dandin. Ay, you. Do not look so demurely.

Claudina. Good-lack! how full of wickedness is the world now-a-days, to suspect me thus, me who am innocence itself!

George Dandin. Peace, varlet; you pretend to be a saint, but I have known you a long while, and you are an hypocritical flut.

Claudina to Angelica.] It is, madam, because—

George Dandin. Hold your tongue, I tell you; you may pay for your pranks dearer than the rest. For you have not a father that is a gentleman.

Angelica. It is so gross a falshood, and what touches me so sensibly, that I can scarce have strength to answer it. It is horrible to be accused by an husband, when one has done nothing to him which one should not do. Alas! if I am to blame, it is for treating him too well.

Claudina. Indeed you are.

Angelica. All my misfortune is regarding him too much; would to heaven I was capable of permitting, as he talks, the address'es of a gentleman! I should not then have so much reason to complain. Adieu! I cannot bear to be so grossly injured.

S C E N E VII.

MR. DE SOTENVILLE, MRS. DE SOTENVILLE, CLITANDER, GEORGE DANDIN, CLAUDINA.

MRS. DE SOTENVILLE to George Dandin.

AH! son-in-law, so virtuous a wife was never created for such a one as you.

Claudina. By my faith, he deserves to have her do as he says; and was I in her place, I should be in no suspence about it. [to Clitander.] Yes, Sir, you ought to make love to my mistress, to punish him. Put yourself forward, I tell you, it will be worth your while,

and I will assist you in it, since he has already taxed me with so doing. [Claudina goes out.]

Mr. de Sotenville. Son-in-law, you deserve to have all this said to you; and your behaviour sets every body against you.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Come, mind to treat a well-born gentlewoman better, and take care for the future not to make any such blunders.

George Dandin aside.] How vexed am I, to be found fault with when I am not to be blamed.

SCENE VIII.

MR. DE SOTENVILLE, CLITANDER,
GEORGE DANDIN.

CLITANDER to Mr. de Sotenville.

AS you are acquainted with the punctilios of honour, and see how grossly I have been affronted, I hope you will give me satisfaction for the affront that has been offered me.

Mr. de Sotenville. It is but reasonable; it is the right way of proceeding. Come, son-in-law, give satisfaction to this gentleman.

George Dandin. How, satisfaction?

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes; it must be done according to the rules of honour, for having accused him wrongfully.

George Dandin. Indeed I have not accused him wrongfully: I know very well what to think of it.

Mr. de Sotenville. No matter; whatever you may think, he has denied it; that is satisfactory, and there is no pretence to complain of any man that disowns a thing.

George Dandin. Then, according to that, if I should

find him in bed with my wife, he would clear himself by denying it.

Mr. de Sotenville. No disputing; make your excuses to him as I instruct you.

George Dandin. What, do you think I shall excuse myself to him after——

Mr. de Sotenville. Come, I tell you: there is no occasion for consideration; you need not be afraid of overdoing the matter, when you are under my direction.

George Dandin. I cannot——

Mr. de Sotenville. I beg, son-in-law, that you would not make me angry; I shall take his part against you. Come, suffer yourself to be governed by me.

George Dandin aside.] Ah! George Dandin!

Mr. de Sotenville. Pull off your hat first, he is a gentleman, and you are not so.

George Dandin aside, his hat in his hand.] How mad I am at it!

Mr. de Sotenville. Repeat after me. Sir,

George Dandin. Sir,

Mr. de Sotenville. I beg pardon [seeing George Dandin not very ready in obeying him.] Hah!

George Dandin. I beg pardon

Mr. de Sotenville. For the bad opinion I had of you;

George Dandin. For the bad opinion I had of you;

Mr. de Sotenville. It was because I had not the honour to know you,

George Dandin. It was because I had not the honour to know you,

Mr. de Sotenville. And I desire you to believe

George Dandin. And I desire you to believe

Mr. de Sotenville. That I am your servant.

George Dandin. Do you think I am such a fool as

to say that I am the servant of a man that wants to cuckold me?

Mr. de Sotenville threatens him again.] Ha!

Clitander. Sir, it is sufficient.

Mr. de Sotenville. No, I will have him go through with it, and everything shall be done agreeable to form. That I am your servant.

George Dandin. That I am your servant.

Clitander to George Dandin.] Sir, I am sincerely yours, and shall forget what has passed. [to Mr. de Sotenville.] As for you, Sir, I wish you a good morning, and am sorry for the little uneasiness you have had.

Mr. de Sotenville. I am glad that matters are so well adjusted, and will entertain you with courting a hare whenever you please.

Clitander. Sir, you confer too great an honour upon me. [Goes out.]

Mr. de Sotenville. See, son-in-law, how matters must be managed. Farewel. Be assured you are got into a family that will support you, and not suffer any affront to be put upon you.

SCENE IX.

GEORGE DANDIN alone.

I Wish that I had——But thou wouldst do it, thou wouldst do it, George Dandin, thou wouldst do it. Thou hast received thy just reward; thou art rightly served; thou hast exactly what thou deservest. Come, I have nothing now to do but to disabuse her father and mother, and perhaps I may find out some way or other by which I may succeed in it.



ACT I. SCENE I.

CLAUDINA, LUBIN.

CLAUDINA.

I Knew very well that it could be nobody but you who told it to some person, from whom my master heard it.

Lubin. Indeed I never told it to any one but a man by the by, that he might not say he had seen me come out of your house; the people in this country must certainly be great tell-tales.

Claudina. The viscount has undoubtedly made a noble choice, to take you for his ambassador; he has employed a very cunning person on this occasion truly.

Lubin. Pooh! I shall be more cunning another time; and I will be more cautious.

Claudina. It is full time indeed.

Lubin. Let us talk no more of that. I have something to tell you.

Claudina. What is it?

Lubin. Turn your face a little towards me.

Claudina. Well, what is it?

Lubin. Claudina.

Claudina. What?

Lubin. Alas! do you not know what I want to say to you?

Claudina. No.

Lubin. To tell you the truth then, I am very much in love with you.

Claudina. In good earnest?

Lubin. The duce take me if I am not. You may believe me now I swear to it.

Claudina. Much good may it do you.

Lubin. I feel my heart go pit-a-pat when I look at you.

Claudina. I am very glad of it.

Lubin. What do you do to be so pretty?

Claudina. I do like other people.

Lubin. It is needless to spend many words on the bargain. If you chuse, you shall be my wife, I shall be your husband, and we two shall be husband and wife.

Claudina. Perhaps you will be jealous like our master.

Lubin. Indeed I will not.

Claudina. For my part, I hate your suspicious husbands, and would have one that is alarmed at nothing; one so full of confidence, and so secure of my chastity, that he could see me in the midst of thirty men without the least uneasiness.

Lubin. Well, such a one I shall be.

Claudina. It is the most foolish thing imaginable, to mistrust a wife and torment her. The truth of the matter is, no good comes on it; it makes us think of naughty things; and husbands with their nonsense often make themselves what they are.

Lubin. Well, I will allow you to do every thing in please.

Claudina. That is the way not to be deceived. When a husband relies on our discretion, we take no liberties but what we ought, and it happens to him as it does to those that open their purse to us, and cry, take; we give it modestly, and are contented with what is reasonable. But those that are close-fisted towards us, ob-

lige us to fleece them, and we do not in the least spare them.

Lubin. Pooh! I shall be one of those that open their purse, and you need only marry me.

Claudina. Well, well, we shall see.

Lubin. Come hither then, Claudina.

Claudina. What do you want?

Lubin. Come, I tell you.

Claudina. O! fair and softly; I do not like your palmers.

Lubin. Ah! a little bit of love.

Claudina. Let me alone, I tell you, I do not understand joking.

Lubin. Claudina?

Claudina pushing Lubin away.] Hah!

Lubin. Ah! how ill-natured you are to poor folks! Fye upon it, how rude that is to deny people! Are not you ashamed to be handsome and not willing to be carefessed?

Claudina. I will give you a slap on the face.

Lubin. O the wild creature! fye for shame! how cruel she is!

Claudina. You take too great liberty.

Lubin. What would it cost you to let me do it?

Claudina. You must not be in such a hurry.

Lubin. Only one little kifs, to be abated upon our marriage.

Claudina. I am your humble servant for that.

Lubin. Come now, Claudina, be it ever so little.

Claudina. O! hy no means, I have been catched that way already. Adieu. Go tell the viscount, I will take care to give my mistress his letter.

Lubin. Farewell, dearee.

Claudina. That is an amorous word.

Lubin. Good b'ye, rock, flint, free-stone, and every thing in the world that is hardest.

Claudina alone.] I will go deliver it to my mistress;
—But here she comes with her husband, let us retire,
and wait until she be alone.

SCENE II.

GEORGE DANDIN, ANGELICA.

GEORGE DANDIN.

INDEED, Angelica, I have but too much reason
to believe what is told me to be true. I am not so
blind and thick-skulled as people imagine.

SCENE III.

CLITANDER, ANGELICA, GEORGE
DANDIN.

CLITANDER at the farther part of the stage.

AH! there she is. But that devil of a husband
is with her.

George Dandin not perceiving Clitander.] Through
all your pretences, I have found the truth of what was
told me, and the little respect you have for the tie that
binds us. [Clitander and Angelica bow and curtsy to
one another.] Alas! have done with your curtsies;
they do not mean that kind of respect, and you have no
occasion to make your jests.

Angelica. I make my jests? I have not the least
thought of such a thing.

George Dandin. I know your meaning, and under-
stand—[Clitander and Angelica bow and curtsy again.]

What, again? Ah! no more of your jeering. I am
not ignorant that you think me much below you be-
cause of your gentility, but the respect I mean has no-

thing to do with my person. I speak of what you owe to such sacred ties as those of wedlock. [Angelica makes a sign to Clitander.] No shrugging up your shoulders, I do not talk nonsense.

Angelica. I see no body shrugging up shoulders.

George Dandin. But I see too plainly. I tell you once again, that marriage is an obligation which ought to be very much respected, and that it is very ill done of you to use it as you do. [Angelica makes a sign with her head.] Ay, indeed, ill done of you; and you need not noddle your head and make game of me.

Angelica. I do not know what you mean.

George Dandin. But I know very well, and I know your contempt of me too. 'Though I am not nobly born, I am of a family however that is without reproach; and the race of the Dandins——

Clitander behind Angelica, without being seen by George Dandin.] One moment's discourse.

George Dandin not perceiving Clitander.] Hey?

Angelica. What? I do not say a word.

[George Dandin goes round his wife, and Clitander retires, making a low bow to George Dandin.]

SCENE IV.

GEORGE DANDIN, ANGELICA.

GEORGE DANDIN.

SEE, there he is that dangles after you. Angelica. Well, am I to blame for that! what would you have me do in it?

George Dandin. I would have you do like a wife that desires to please no-body but her husband. Let

them say what they will of it, galants never form a siege but when they are encouraged: there is a certain languishing air that draws them, as honey does the flies, and modest women have a behaviour that presently drives them away.

Angelica. And why would you have me drive them away? I am not affronted but pleased, when people say I am handsome.

George Dandin. Ay! but what part would you have an husband act during this gallantry?

Angelica. The part of an honest man, that is glad to see his wife respected.

George Dandin. Your servant: that is not my opinion; the Dandins are unaccustomed to that fashion.

Angelica. O, the Dandins may accustom themselves to it, if they please. But I declare, for my part, that I do not intend to renounce the world, and bury myself alive with an husband. What! because a man takes it in his head to marry us, must we immediately lay aside all intercourse with the world? The tyranny of these husbands is wonderful; it is mighty fine of them, to desire we should be dead to all diversions, and only live for them. To me it is all a jest, and I will not die so young.

George Dandin. Do you perform your public vows in this manner?

Angelica. I did not make them to you voluntarily, but you forced them from me. Did you, before the wedding, ask my consent, or if I loved you? You advised about it with my father and mother only; it is they, properly speaking, that married you, and therefore you will do well to make your complaints always to them of the wrongs that may be done you. For my part, who did not tell you that I would marry you, and

whom you took without consulting my inclinations, I do not think I am bound to submit, like a slave, to your will; but will enjoy, by your leave, those happy days which youth offers me, make use of such dear liberties as the age permits, go to the public places, and indulge the pleasure of hearing fine things said to me. Prepare then for your punishment, and thank heaven that I am incapable of doing any thing that is worse.

George Dandin. Ay! is that your way! I am your husband, and I tell you, I do not understand this.

Angelica. As for my part, I am your wife, and I tell you, I do understand it.

George Dandin *aside*.] I have a great inclination to beat that face of thine to a jelly, and make it in a condition never more to charm those complimenting sparks. Ah! come along George Dandin, I cannot command myself, and it is better for me to begone from this place.

SCENE V.

ANGELINA, CLAUDINA.

CLAUDINA.

I Thought he would never have gone away, and was impatient to give you this letter from you know who.

Angelica. Let us see.

Claudina *aside*.] As far as I can observe, she is not much displeased at what he writes to her.

Angelica. O! Claudina, in what a gallant style is this letter written! what an agreeable air have people about the court in all their words and actions! and what a difference there is between them and our folks in the country!

Claudina. I believe, after seeing them, you are not much charmed with the Dandins.

Angelica. Stay here, I will go write an answer.

Claudina alone.] I do not need, I suppose, to desire it may be favourable. But here comes——

SCENE VI.

CLITANDER, LUBIN, CLAUDINA.

CLAUDINA.

I Must own, Sir, you made choice of a mighty clever person to carry your message.

Clitander. I durst not send any of my own servants. But, dear Claudina, I must make you amends for the good offices which I know you have done me.

[He feels in his pocket.

Claudina. Oh! Sir, do not trouble yourself, there is not the least occasion for it: I do you service because you merit it, and I feel at my heart an inclination for you.

Clitander giving some money to Claudina.] I am obliged to you.

Lubin to Claudina.] Since we are to be married, give it me, that I may put it to mine.

Claudina. I will keep it for you as well as the kiss.

Clitander to Claudina.] Did you give my letter to your fair mistress?

Claudina. Yes; and she is just now writing an answer to it.

Clitander. But, Claudina, can you contrive no way for me to speak to her?

Claudina. Yes, come along with me, and I will bring you to the speech of her.

Clitander. But will she take it well, and is there no danger in it?

Claudina. No, no, her husband is abroad; besides, it is not he chiefly she has to manage, it is her father and mother; and provided they are but prepossessed, you have nothing else to be afraid of.

Clitander. Well, I shall trust the whole affair to you.

Lubin alone.] Odsbudikins, what a smart wife I shall have! She has the wit of four people.

SCENE VII.

GEORGE DANDIN, LUBIN.

GEORGE DANDIN aside.

HERE comes my informer again. I wish he could be brought to bear witness to her father and mother, of what they will not believe!

Lubin. What, is that you, Mr. Tell-Tale, whom I so strictly charged not to mention a word of what I told you?

George Dandin. Did I?

Lubin. Yes. You have told the husband every word, and you are the cause of his making a clatter about it. I am glad to know what a tongue you have got, and this shall teach me never to tell you any thing more.

George Dandin. But hear me, friend.

Lubin. If you had not tattled, I would have told you what is now going on; but, for your punishment, you shall know nothing at all.

George Dandin. How? what is going on now?

Lubin. Nothing, nothing. See now what you get by tattling: you shall find out no more, and so I leave your mouth to water.

George Dandin. Stay a little.

Lubin. No.

George Dandin. I will say but one word to you.

Lubin. No, no, forsooth; you have a mind to pump something out of me.

George Dandin. Nay, it is not for that.

Lubin. Eh! some nonsense or other. I see what you want.

George Dandin. It is something else. Do but hear me.

Lubin. No more of the matter. You would have me tell you that the viscount has been giving money to Claudina, and that she has carried him to her mistress. But I am not such a fool.

George Dandin. Pray now——

Lubin. No.

George Dandin. I will give you——

Lubin. A fiddle-stick.

SCENE VIII.

GEORGE DANDIN alone.

THIS fellow is not so easily to be wrought upon as I imagined; but however, the fresh intelligence that has escaped him shall serve the same purpose; and if the gallant is at my house, that will be a plain case to her father and mother, and fully convince them of their daughter's baseness. The mischief is, I do not know how to make my advantage of this notice. If I go home, I shall drive the spark away; and whatever I to my dishonour may see myself, will not be believed, even though I should swear to it; but they will say I rave. On the other side, if I fetch my father-in-law and mother-in-law, without a certainty of finding

the galant there, it will be the same thing, and I shall fall again into the trouble I did before. Cannot I go softly and inform myself whether he is still there? [after looking through the key-hole.] Ah! heaven! nothing is more certain: I perceived him through the key-hole! Fate gives me now an opportunity of putting them to confusion, and to put an end to the matter, I must bring hither immediately her father and mother.

S C E N E IX.

MR. DE SOTENVILLE, MRS. DE SOTENVILLE, GEORGE DANDIN.

GEORGE DANDIN.

YOU disbelieved me just now, and said that your daughter could not be guilty of what I accused her; but I am, at present, prepared to shew you how she uses me; and thank heaven, my dishonour is now so plain, that you can no longer doubt it.

Mr. de Sotenville. How, son-in-law! are you again upon that matter?

George Dandin. Indeed I am: and I never had so much cause for it.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Do you still come to trouble us with your nonsense?

George Dandin. It is not nonsense, madam, but real truth.

Mr. de Sotenville. Are not you weary of being troublesome?

Mrs. de Sotenville. Will you never get rid of your chimeras?

George Dandin. No, madam; but I wish I was rid of a wife that disgraces me.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Prithee, son-in-law, learn how you ought to speak.

Mr. de Sotenville. I beg that you would use words less affronting than those.

George Dandin. The loser cannot laugh.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Remember that you have married a gentlewoman.

George Dandin. I remember it well enough, and shall have occasion to remember it.

Mr. de Sotenville. Then if you remember it, think to speak more respectfully of her.

George Dandin. But why does not she think rather of treating me more decently? What! Because she is a gentlewoman, must she have the liberty to use me as she pleases, and I not dare to breathe?

Mr. de Sotenville. What would you be at? What can you say? Did not you see this morning how she cleared herself of knowing the person you came to me to speak about?

George Dandin. Ay, but for your part, what could you say, should I shew you that the gentleman is now with her?

Mrs. de Sotenville. With her?

George Dandin. Ay, with her, and in my house.

Mr. de Sotenville. In your house.

George Dandin. Yes, in my own house?

Mrs. de Sotenville. If it is so, we shall take your part against her.

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes. The honour of our family is dearer to us than life; and if what you say be true, we shall disown her for our daughter, and abandon her to your resentment.

George Dandin. You need only follow me.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Take care you are not mistaken.

Mr. de Sotenville. Do not do as you did before.

George Dandin. Alas! come and see. [pointing to Clitander, who goes out with Angelica.] There, have I told any thing but the truth?

SCENE X.

ANGELICA, CLITANDER, CLAUDINA, MR. DE SOTENVILLE, and MRS. DE SOTENVILLE, with GEORGE DANDIN, at the farther part of the stage.

ANGELICA to Clitander.

A DIEU—I am afraid you should be found here; and I must be upon my guard.

Clitander. Then, madam, promise that I shall speak with you at night.

Angelica. I will do my utmost endeavours.

George Dandin to Mr. and Mrs. de Sotenville.] Let us get behind them softly, and try not to be seen.

Claudina. Ah! madam, we are undone!—Here is your father and mother, and your husband with them.

Clitander aside.] Lack-a-day!

Angelica aside to Clitander and Claudina.] Take you no notice, but leave it both of you to me. [alone to Clitander.] What! can you have the presumption to treat me in this manner, after the late affair? and is it thus you disguise your sentiments? I was informed you was in love with me, and that you formed designs of visiting me: I shewed my displeasure at it, and publicly expressed my meaning to you plain enough. You denied the thing stoutly, and assured me you had no intention of offending me; and yet the very same day have you the assurance to come to my house and visit me? to tell me you are in love with me, and say an hundred silly things to persuade me to answer your

extravagances? As if I was a woman that would violate the vow I have made my husband, or ever depart from that virtue my parents taught me. Should my father know it, he would teach you to behave better; but a modest woman does not like to make a bustle. [Making a sign to Claudina to bring a stick.] I do not care to tell him of it, but will shew you, though I am a woman, that I have courage enough to revenge myself for the affronts that are offered me. What you have done is not the action of a gentleman, and therefore I shall not use you like one.

[Angelica takes the stick, and goes to strike Clitander, who shifts his posture in such a manner that the blow falls upon George Dandin.

Clitander crying out as if he had been hurt.] Oh, oh, oh, oh! softly.

SCENE XI.

MR. DE SOTENVILLE, MRS. DE SOTENVILLE, ANGELICA, GEORGE DANDIN, CLAUDINA.

CLAUDINA.

WELL done, madam, strike boldly. Angelica pretending to speak to Clitander.] If you have any thing lies at heart, I am ready to answer it.

Claudina. Learn who it is you meddle with.

Angelica seeming surprised.] Ah! father, are you there?

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes, daughter; and I find that, in discretion and courage, thou provest thyself a worthy branch of the Sotenville family. Come hither to me that I may embrace thee.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Embrace me too, daughter. Alas! I weep for joy, and discover my own blood in what thou hast been doing.

Mr. de Sotenville. How delighted ought you to be, son-in-law! and what abundance of satisfaction must this accident afford you! You had just cause to be alarmed, but your suspicions are extremely well cleared up.

Mrs. de Sotenville. No doubt, son-in law, you ought now to be the most contented man living.

Claudina. Indeed he ought. What a wife is here! you are too happy in having her: and you ought to kiss the ground she treads on.

George Dandin aside.] O traitress!

Mr. de Sotenville. What is the matter, son-in-law? do not you thank your wife at all for the affection you see she shews for you?

Angelica. No, no, father, that is needless. He is under no obligation to me for what he saw: all I did was for my own sake only.

Mr. de Sotenville. Whither are you going, daughter?

Angelica. I will withdraw, father, that I may not be forced to receive his compliments.

Claudina to George Dandin.] She has reason to be displeased. She is a wife that deserves to be adored, and you do not treat her as you should do.

George Dandin aside.] Cunning slut!

S C E N E XII.

MR. DE SOTENVILLE, MRS. DE SOTENVILLE,
GEORGE DANDIN.

MR. DE SOTENVILLE.

IT is a slight resentment for the late affair, and it will go over with fondling her a little. Farewell, son-in-law: you have now no more reason to be uneasy. Go, be reconciled to one another, and endeavour to pacify her by excusing your passion to her.

Mrs. de Sotenville. You should consider she is a woman brought up to virtue, who has not been accustomed to be suspected of any base action. Adieu: I am glad to see your uneasiness at an end, and the transports of joy which her conduct must afford you.

S C E N E XIII.

GEORGE DANDIN alone.

I Hear them all, but say not a word; for I should get nothing by speaking. Never was any disgrace like mine. Indeed, I wonder at my misfortune, and the subtle contrivance of my confounded jade of a wife to make herself seem always in the right, and me in the wrong. Is it possible that I shall always be thus outwitted by her, that appearances will always turn against me, and that I shall never be able to convict her? Favour my designs, just heaven, and vouchsafe to let people see how much I am duped by this devil of a wife.



ACT III. SCENE I.

CLITANDER, LUBIN.

CLITANDER.

I Wish it is not too late, for the night is now far spent. I do not know which way to go. Lubin. Lubin. Sir.

Clitander. Are we on the right road?

Lubin. I believe we are. It is a plaguy foolish night to be so dark as this.

Clitander. It is undoubtedly in the wrong. But if on the one hand it prevents our seeing, on the other hand it hinders our being seen.

Lubin. You are in the right: it is not so much in the wrong. I wish you would inform me, Sir, you who are a scholar, what is the reason it is not day at night.

Clitander. That is a great question, and what is difficult. Thou art curious, Lubin.

Lubin. Ay, if I had studied, I should have thought of things that were never thought of.

Clitander. So I imagine. Thou hast the appearance of a subtle penetrating mind.

Lubin. That is true. Hold. I can explain Latin, though I never learnt it. For the other day seeing *collegium* written over a great gate, I guessed that it meant *college*.

Clitander. That is surprising! Thou canst read then, Lubin?

Lubin. Ay, I can read print; but I never could learn to read writing.

Clitander. We are now at the house; [after clapping his hands.] That is the signal Claudina gives me.

Lubin. O' my faith, that it a girl worth gold, and I love her with all my heart.

Clitander. And I brought you here to talk with her.

Lubin. Sir, I am——

Clitander. Hush, I hear somebody.

SCENE II.

ANGELICA, CLAUDINA, CLITANDER,

LUBIN.

ANGELICA.

CLAUDINA.

Claudina. Madam.

Angelica. Leave the door a-jar.

Claudina. I have done so.

[They search about as in the dark for each other.

Clitander to Lubin.] It is them. St.

Angelica. St.

Lubin. St.

Claudina. St.

Clitander to Claudina, whom he takes for Angelica.] Madam.

Angelica to Lubin, whom she takes for Clitander.] How now?

Lubin to Angelica, whom he takes for Claudina.]

Claudina?

Claudina to Clitander, whom she takes for Lubin.]

Who are you?

Clitander to Claudina, imagining he is speaking to Angelica.] Ah! madam, what joy I have!

Lubin to Angelica, supposing he is speaking to Claudina.] Claudina, my dearest Claudina.

Claudina to Clitander.] Softly, Sir.

Angelica to Lubin.] Hold, Lubin.

Clitander. Is it you, Claudina?

Claudina. Yes.

Lubin. Madam, is it you?

Angelica. Yes.

Claudina to Clitander.] You mistook me for the other.

Lubin to Angelica.] I'troth, a black is as beautiful as a white in the dark.

Angelica. Clitander, is it not you?

Clitander. Yes, madam.

Angelica. My husband is fast asleep, and I have taken this opportunity for us to talk here.

Clitander. Let us find some place to sit down.

Claudina. That is well thought of.

[Angelica, Clitander, and Claudina sit down at the farther part of the stage.

Lubin feeling about for Claudina.] Claudina, where are you?

SCENE III.

ANGELICA, CLITANDER, and CLAUDINA, sit at the farther end of the stage, GEORGE DANDIN, partly undrest, LUBIN.

GEORGE DANDIN aside.

I Heard my wife go down, and hurried on my clothes to follow her. Where can she be gone? Did she go out of doors?

Lubin still feeling about for Claudina.] Where art thou, Claudina? [taking George Dandin for Claudina.] O! here you are. O! my faith thy master's finely tricked, and I think this as comical as the beating-bout I

heard of. He is now fast sleeping, your mistress says, and little thinks the viscount and she are together whilst he naps it. I would fain know what he is dreaming of now. It is perfectly comical. How comes it in his head to be so jealous of his wife, and want to keep her to himself? He is a saucy fellow, and the viscount does him too great honour. You do not speak, Claudina. Come, let us follow them; give me your pretty little fist that I may kiss it. Ah! how sweet it is! methinks I am eating sugar-plumbs. [To George Dandin, whom he takes for Claudina, and who pushes him roughly.] Udsbud, what is it you do? That little pretty fist is woundy hard.

George Dandin. Who is there?

Lubin. No-body.

George Dandin. He runs off, but leaves me informed of my jade's fresh treachery. Well, I will send immediately for her father and mother, that this affair may be the means of getting me a separation from her. Soho, Colin, Colin.

SCENE IV.

ANGELICA and CLITANDER, with CLAUDINA and LUBIN, sit at the farther part of the stage, GEORGE DANDIN, COLIN.

COLIN at the window.

SIR.

George Dandin. Come down here quickly.

Colin leaping out of the window.] Here I am. No-body can come more quick.

George Dandin. Are you there?

Colin. Ay, Sir.

[Whilst George Dandin goes to speak to him on one side, Colin goes to the other and falls asleep.

George Dandin turning to the side where he thinks Colin is.] Softly. Speak low. Hark ye. Run to my father and mother-in-law, and tell them I intreat them to come here directly. Do you hear? heh? Colin? Colin?

Colin from the other side wakening.] Sir.

George Dandin. Where the devil are you?

Colin. Here.

George Dandin. Plague on the booby for rambling from me. [As they hunt for one another, George Dandin crosses over to one side, and Colin to the other side.] I tell you, fly instantly to my father and mother-in-law, and tell them I conjure them to come here immediately. Do you understand me? Answer; Colin, Colin?

Colin on the other side wakening.] Sir.

George Dandin. This rascal will make me mad. Come to me, I tell you. [They run against one another, and both fall.] O the villain! he has crippled me! Where is it you are? Come here that I may drub you heartily. I think he avoids me.

Colin. Certainly.

George Dandin. Will you come?

Colin. No, faith I will not.

George Dandin. Come, I tell you.

Colin. No, you will beat me.

George Dandin. No indeed, I will not touch you.

Colin. Upon your word you will not?

George Dandin to Colin, whom he holds by the arm.] Ay. Come hither. Right. It is happy for thee that I want thee. Go quickly to my father and mother-in-law, and desire them from me to come here as fast as they possibly can, and tell them it is about a matter of the greatest importance. And should they

scruple on account of the time of night, be sure to press them to it, and assure them it is very necessary they should come, in whatever condition they may be. Do you understand me now?

Colin. Yes, Sir.

George Dandin thinking [himself alone.] Get you gone quickly, and make haste back again; for my part, I will get into the house and wait 'till—But I hear somebody. Is it not my wife? I must listen, and take the advantage of this darkness.

[Standing close to the door of his house.]

SCENE V.

ANGELICA, CLITANDER, CLAUDINA, LUBIN, GEORGE DANDIN.

ANGELICA to Clitander.

FAREWEL. It is time to go.

Clitander. What! so soon?

Angelica. We have talked enough.

Clitander. Madam I can never have enough of talk with you; it would take whole days to tell you all I feel. You have not yet heard the half I would say. I cannot find words sufficient for my purpose in so short a time.

Angelica. I will hear more at another time.

Clitander. Alas! You pierce my soul when you speak of going; how miserable I will be when you are gone!

Angelica. We shall contrive to see each other again.

Clitander. Ay, madam, but I consider that when you leave me, you go to a husband. That thought kills me; and the privileges husbands have, are cruel things to a fond lover.

Angelica. Are you so weak to be uneasy on that

account: or do you suppose it possible to love all sorts of husbands? We marry to please our parents, who only consider riches: but it is an easy matter to be even with them; it would be a great joke to esteem them more than they deserve.

George Dandin aside.] These are our jades of wives.

Clitander. Ah! it must be owned, that the person they have chose for you does not deserve that honour; it is certainly a most extraordinary match.

George Dandin aside.] Thus it is poor husbands are treated.

Clitander. Heaven never intended you for the wife of a yeoman; you deserve a very different fate.

George Dandin. You would talk a very different language were she yours; would to heaven she were! I have enough of it; I will go in. [He goes in and shuts the door in the inside.

SCENE VI.

ANGELICA, CLITANDER, CLAUDINA,
LUBIN.

CLAUDINA.

MADAM, it is late, therefore if you have any thing to say against your husband, dispatch quickly.

Clitander. How cruel you are, Claudina!

Angelica to Clitander.] She is in the right. Let us part.

Clitander. As you will have it so, I must submit; but I intreat you at least to pity me for the terrible moments that I have to pass.

Angelica. Farewell.

Lubin. Where are you, Claudina, let me bid you good night?

Claudina. Go, go, I will receive it at a distance, and return it you so too.

S C E N E VII.

ANGELICA CLAUDINA.

ANGELICA.

LET us go in softly.

Claudina. The door is fast.

Angelica. I have the master-key.

Claudina. Then open it without noise.

Angelica. It is fastened on the inside, what shall we do?

Claudina. Call the boy that lies there.

Angelica. Colin, Colin, Colin.

S C E N E VIII.

GEORGE DANDIN, ANGELICA, CLAUDINA.

GEORGE DANDIN above at the window.

COLIN, Colin. O! have I caught you then, madam wife: you go a caterwawling whilst I am asleep. I am very glad of it, and to find you abroad at such an hour as this.

Angelica. Well, and what harm is there in taking the cool night-air?

George Dandin. Yes, yes, it is a fine time to take the cool air in. But it is a heat rather, madam jade: I know the whole intrigue between you and your spark. We have heard your pretty conversation, and the fine

things you have said to each other, in my commendation. But it is my comfort, that I shall now be revenged, and your father and mother will be now convinced of the justice of my complaints, and of your disorderly behaviour. I have sent to bring them, and they will be here immediately.

Angelica aside.] Heavens!

Claudina. Madam.

George Dandin. It is my turn to triumph now. This is a blow you did not expect. I have got enough now to pull down your pride, and destroy your contrivances. You have blinded your parents all this time, and made a jest of my complaints; all I could say had no effect; your-cunning has always found out some way to get the better of me, but thank heaven your impudence will now be confounded: Matters will now be made plain.

Angelica. But pray let the door be opened to me.

George Dandin. No, no; the persons I have sent for must be here first, to see you abroad at this fine hour. And in the mean time, you may be contriving some method to bring you out of this scrape: invent some means to excuse your wild pranks; find out some pretty artifice to deceive people, and appear innocent, some specious pretence of a nocturnal pilgrimage, or a friend in labour that you went to assist.

Angelica. Nay, I do not intend to conceal any thing from you. I do not pretend to vindicate myself, or deny things to you, as you are acquainted with them.

George Dandin. That is because you find all means of doing so are debarred you, and that you cannot contrive any excuse for this business, but what may easily be proved false.

Angelica. I confess that I have done wrong, and you have very good reason to complain; but I beg you

will open the door for this time, and not expose me to the displeasure of my parents.

George Dandin. I am your humble servant for that.

Angelica. Ah, dear husband! I beg you will.

George Dandin. Ah, dear husband! Now I am your dear husband! because you find you are caught. I am greatly pleased at that, for you never before thought proper to use such kind expressions to me.

Angelica. Hold. I assure you that I will never again give you any occasion to be uneasy: and of me——

George Dandin. All that signifies nothing. I am determined to have your behaviour discovered for once; I will not lose the advantage of this adventure.

Angelica. I beg of you to hear me one moment. Pray let me speak to you.

George Dandin. Well, what have you to say?

Angelica. I again confess that your resentment is just, and I have been in the fault, that whilst you were asleep, I took the opportunity of getting out. I had an assignation with the person you speak of, but when you consider my age, you should forgive things of this nature: a young person, who is just entered upon the world, and knows nothing, gives into these liberties without thinking any ill.

George Dandin. Ay, so you say, and this is one of those things that you want me so piously to believe.

Angelica. I do not pretend that I have not been blameable in my behaviour to you, I only desire you to forget one fault, for which I sincerely beg your pardon; and at this time save me from the cutting reproaches I may have from a father and mother. If you generously grant my request, your obliging conduct will intirely win me; it will affect my heart, and produce there what the bonds of marriage and all the power of my parents could not. In short, it will induce

me to lay aside all gallantry, and respect you alone. I promise that for the future you shall find me the best of wives, and I will shew you so much affection and friendship that you will be quite satisfied with it.

George Dandin. Ah! crocodile that fawns on people on purpose to murder them.

Angelica. Grant me this favour.

George Dandin. No more of the matter. I am not to be moved.

Angelica. Shew yourself generous.

George Dandin. No.

Angelica. I beg you will.

George Dandin. No, no.

Angelica. I heartily intreat you, do.

George Dandin. No, no, no: your shame shall appear publickly, and I will have them undeceived.

Angelica. Well then, if you do drive me to despair, I forewarn you that a woman in this condition is capable of any thing, and that I shall here do something for which you will repent.

George Dandin. And pray, what will you do?

Angelica. My heart will give itself up even to the most desperate resolutions, and with this dagger here I will kill myself upon this spot.

George Dandin. Ha! ha! very good.

Angelica. Not so good for you as you may suppose. All the neighbours know our quarrels, and the continual ill-will you bear me. When I am found dead, there is not a soul will doubt but that it was you who murdered me, and my parents, you may assure yourself, are not people that will let my death go unpunished, but will inflict upon you for it the severest punishment that the prosecution of justice, and the warmth of their own resentment can afford. This will be a way of revenging myself upon you; and I am not the

first of those that have made no difficulty of killing themselves, to destroy those that had the cruelty to drive them to despair.

George Dandin. I am your humble servant for that. It is long since killing was out of fashion; people are wiser now.

Angelica. If you do not open the door, but persist in your refusal, assure yourself that I will immediately convince you how far the resolution of a person in despair can go.

George Dandin. Fiddle faddle, fiddle faddle, it is only to frighten me.

Angelica. Well, since it must be so, here is what will content us both, and prove if I am in jest. [pretending to kill herself.] Ah! it is done. Heaven grant my death may be revenged according to my wishes, and that he who is the cause of it may meet with a just punishment for his cruelty to me!

George Dandin. Hah! could she be so revengeful as to kill herself to make me be hanged? Let us take a candle and go see.

SCENE XI.

ANGELICA, CLAUDINA.

ANGELICA to Claudina.

HUSH. Softly. Let us place ourselves immediately at the door, you on one side, and I on the other.

S C E N E X.

ANGELICA and CLAUDINA, entering the house the moment George Dandin comes out, and shutting the door in the inside, GEORGE DANDIN with a candle in his hand.

GEORGE DANDIN.

IS it possible for a woman to carry her malice this far? [after looking about every where.] There is no body here. Well, I really suspected it: the hussy is gone away, finding she could gain nothing upon me, either by intreaties or threats. So much the better; it will make matters still worse on her side, and her father and mother, who are coming, will be the more sensible of her guilt by it. [Returning to the gate of his house, trying to enter.] Ah! la! the door is shut. Soho there, somebody open the door to me immediately.

S C E N E XI.

ANGELICA and CLAUDINA at the window,
GEORGE DANDIN.

ANGELICA.

WHAT! is it you? Where have you been, you villain? Is this an hour to come home at, just at day-break? And is this the way of life an honest husband should follow?

Claudina. Is it not very pretty to go sotting the whole night, and leave a poor young wife at home all alone?

George Dandin. How! you have——

Angelica. Go, traitor! I am tired of your behaviour: and will immediately complain of it to my father and mother.

George Dandin. And is it thus you dare——

S C E N E XII.

MR. DE SOTENVILLE and MRS. DE SOTENVILLE, in their night-gowns, COLIN carrying a lantern, ANGELICA, and CLAUDINA at the window, GEORGE DANDIN.

ANGELICA to Mr. and Mrs. de Sotenville.

I Conjure you come here, and do me justice for the greatest insolence that ever was offered by a husband, whose brain is so disordered by wine, and jealousy, that he neither knows what he says, or does, but has sent for you himself to be witnesses of the strangest extravagance that ever was heard of. Here he is come, in the manner you see, after making me wait the whole night for him; and if you will hearken to him, he will tell you that he has the most grievous complaints in the world against me; that whilst he was asleep I stole from him to go a rambling; and an hundred other stories of the like nature which he raves about.

George Dandin aside.] Here is a wicked wretch.

Claudina. He has got such a whim into his head; he would have us believe that we are abroad, and he in the house.

Mr. de Sotenville. How! What does all this mean?

Mrs. de Sotenville. Here is an outrageous piece of impudence, to send for us!

George Dandin. Never——

Angelica. Father, I can no longer bear such a huf-

band, my patience is quite worn out; he has been giving me such injurious words.

Mr. de Sotenville to George Dandin.] S'heart, thou art a sad fellow.

Claudina. It is a matter of conscience to see a poor young woman treated so, it cries to heaven for vengeance.

George Dandin. Can one——

Mr. de Sotenville. Go, you should die with shame.

George Dandin. Let me only speak two words to you.

Angelica. You need only listen to him, he will tell you a fine heap of stories.

George Dandin aside.] I am quite out of patience.

Claudina. He has drank so much, I do not think we could stay near him; the scent of the wine he breathes reaches us here.

George Dandin. Sir, father-in-law, I intreat you—

Mr. de Sotenville. Keep at a distance, your breath stinks of wine.

George Dandin. Madam, I conjure you——

Mrs. de Sotenville. Fogh, stand off, your breath is infectious.

George Dandin to Mr. de Sotenville.] Allow me—

Mr. de Sotenville. I tell you, keep at a distance, there is no bearing you.

George Dandin to Mrs. de Sotenville.] Pray now allow me to——

Mrs. de Sotenville. Fye for shame, you turn my stomach: if you will speak, stand at a distance.

George Dandin. Well then, I speak at a distance. I protest to you I have not stirred out of the house, but it was she that went abroad.

Angelica. Is not this what I told you.

Claudina. You see how probable this is.

Mr. de Sotenville to George Dandin.] Go, you make fools of people. Come down here, daughter.

S C E N E XIII.

MR. DE SOTENVILLE, MRS. DE SOTENVILLE, GEORGE DANDIN, COLIN.

GEORGE DANDIN.

I Call heaven to witness that I was in the house, and that——

Mr. de Sotenville. Hold your peace, it is an extravagance that is unsupportable.

George Dandin. May I be this moment thunder-struck if——

Mr. de Sotenville. Think of asking pardon of your wife, and do not disturb your brains any more.

George Dandin. I ask pardon!

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes, pardon, and upon the spot.

George Dandin. What! I——

Mr. de Sotenville. S'heart, if you dispute with me, I will teach you what it is to make your sport of us.

George Dandin. Ah! George Dandin.

S C E N E XIV.

MR. DE SOTENVILLE, MRS. DE SOTENVILLE, ANGELICA, GEORGE DANDIN, CLAUDINA, COLIN.

MR. DE SOTENVILLE.

COME hither, daughter, that your husband may ask you pardon.

Angelica. I pardon all he has said to me? No, no, father, I cannot bring myself to that; and I desire you

to separate me from a husband who I cannot live with.
 Claudina. How can you refuse it?

Mr. de Sotenville. Such separations, daughter, will be much censured: you should shew yourself wiser than he, and bear it patiently once more.

Angelica. How can one bear such affronts? No, father, I cannot consent to it.

Mr. de Sotenville. I command you to do it, daughter.

Angelica. You have such a power over me, that I can refuse you nothing.

Claudina. What an obliging temper!

Angelica. It is my duty to be obedient to you, but it is disagreeable to be obliged to forget injuries.

Claudina. Poor dear!

Mr. de Sotenville to Angelica.] Come hither.

Angelica. All you prevail upon me to do will be to no purpose; it will be all to do again by to-morrow.

Mr. de Sotenville. We will take care of it. [To George Dandin.] Come, down upon your knees.

George Dandin. Upon my knees?

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes, upon your knees immediately.

George Dandin kneels down with the candle in his hand.] O heaven! [aside.] [To Mr. de Sotenville.] What am I to say?

Mr. de Sotenville. Madam, I beg you will forgive me

George Dandin. Madam, I beg you will forgive me

Mr. de Sotenville. The extravagance I have been guilty of,

George Dandin. The extravagance I have been guilty of, [aside.] in marrying you;

Mr. de Sotenville. And I promise you to behave better for the future.

George Dandin. And I promise you to behave better for the future.

Mr. de Sotenville to George Dandin.] See you do so, and believe this will be the last of your insolence that will be suffered.

Mrs. de Sotenville. If you behave in this manner again, we will teach you the respect due to your wife, and those she is related to.

Mr. de Sotenville. The day begins to appear. [To George Dandin.] Adieu. Get you in, and learn to be prudent. [To Mrs. de Sotenville.] And for our parts, my dear, let us return home to bed.

SCENE THE LAST.

GEORGE DANDIN alone.

OH! I give it up intirely; I can see no remedy for it. The best method a man can take is to blow out his brains, when he has married such a devilish wife.

THE END.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE
CUCKOLD IN CONCEIT.

A
COMEDY.

THE

BOOK OF CONCEPTS

C O M M O N D Y



*The CUCKOLD in CONCEIT, a Comedy of Three Acts,
performed at Paris at the Theatre of Little Bourbon,
March 28th, 1660.*

IT is very perceptible in the following comedy, that the author has greatly improved his stile since his being settled at Paris. The CUCKOLD in CONCEIT is more correctly written than his two first comedies; but if you see Moliere in some passages of it, it is not the Moliere of the ROMANTICK LADIES. The title of the piece, the principal character, the nature of the intrigue, and the kind of comic humour which prevails in it, seem to declare that it was less intended for the amusement of people of delicacy than to make the vulgar laugh; notwithstanding this, we cannot avoid discovering at the same time a very moral intention in it, which is to make us sensible how dangerous it is to judge too precipitately, especially in those circumstances where passion may either augment or diminish the objects. This truth supported by a fund of gay humour, and a sort of interesting subject, drew a prodigious number of spectators for forty nights together, although the marriage of the king kept the court from Paris. Some authors would fain have criticised upon it, but no attention was paid to them.

A C T O R S.

GORGIBUS, a citizen.

CELIA, daughter of Gorgibus.

LELIUS, in love with Celia.

GROS-RENARD, valet of Lelius.

SGANAREL, a citizen.

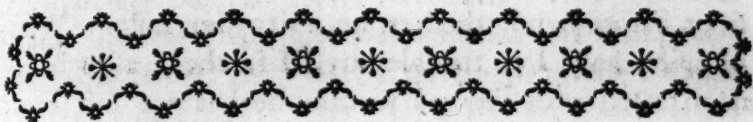
SGANAREL'S WIFE.

VILLEBREQUIN, father to Valere.

WAITING-WOMAN of Celia.

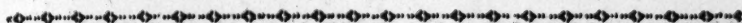
A RELATION of Sganarel's Wife.

SCENE a public Place.



T H E

CUCKOLD IN CONCEIT.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

GORGIBUS, CELIA, CELIA'S WAITING-WO-
MAN.

CELIA coming out in tears.

EVER, never, Sir, shall I consent to it.
N Gorgibus. Mrs. Impudence, what do you
say? will you presume to oppose what I am
resolved upon? have I not an entire power
over you, and will your childish pate, with its vain
whims, pretend to rule my fatherly discretion? I beg
to know in your wise opinion which of us two have
the best right to command the other, and which is most
capable of judging what is most for your advantage? I
advise you to take care how you inflame my rage, or,
s'death! you shall soon feel the weight of this old arm.
Your best way will be to take the husband intended for
you, madam, without more to do: but you say you are

uncertain what disposition he is of, and would consider before-hand whether he suit your taste. What occasion have I to trouble myself further, after being acquainted with the vast fortune he has got left him? Come, come, let him be what he will, with this fortune, I will engage he is a worthy man. Is it possible for a man with twenty thousand ducats to want any accomplishments?

Celia. Oh! oh!

Gorgibus. Oh! oh! what do you mean by that? do you observe the fine oh! oh! which she expresses? but, you flut, if you provoke me, I will make you cry oh! oh! in a different manner. You see what effect your studying-romances has; your head is so stuffed with foolish amours, that you converse of Clelia oftener than of God. But I will throw all these dangerous books into the fire, which only corrupt young minds, and give you in place of them, Bunyan's Heavenly Footman, and Flavel's Saint indeed, two excellent books. Such writings as these instruct people how to spend their time well. If you had read only these pieces of morality, you would have submitted to my commands more chearfully.

Celia. Good Sir, can you imagine I can ever forget that unchangeable affection which I owe Lelius? I would do wrong to marry without your consent; but it was yourself who engaged us to each other.

Gorgibus. I own Lelius is a handsome fellow; but, madam, I would have you to learn, that every thing should give way to riches. Were those engagements much stronger than they are, this man's fortune is sufficient to annul them. Riches will make the most ordinary person handsome, and without them matrimony is very uncomfortable. I do not imagine that you are extremely fond of Valere, yet, notwithstanding he is not

the most agreeable lover, he will make a very good husband. The very name of husband has something very endearing in it, and love is often the blessed consequence of marriage. But I am a fool to stand reasoning, while it is in my power to command. Truce with your impertinences, for I will have no more of your foolish complaints. Valere intends to pay you a visit this afternoon, and you may give him a cold reception if you please; but if I perceive that you do not put on a very chearful countenance, I will say no more about the affair, depend upon it.

SCENE II.

CELIA, CELIA'S WAITING-WOMAN.

WAITING-WOMAN.

WHAT, madam, and do you stubbornly refuse what many people would with all their hearts accept of? To weep when a good husband is offered, and dislike to say Yes, and such a charming one too? Well, I wish any man would marry me! I assure you I would not take much intreating; I would say Yes a dozen times instead of once. Your brother's tutor is a sensible man, and as we were talking about worldly affairs one day, he said, a woman was like ivy, which while it twines round some sturdy tree appears green and beautiful, but when separated from it, is good for nothing. Indeed nothing is more true, dear lady; I a poor sinner find it so. When my poor Martin was alive (heaven rest his soul!) my complexion was like a cherubim's; I was comely and plump, my eyes glanced with pleasure, and my heart was chearful; and to this minute I bewail my loss of him. In those joyful days, which quickly passed away, I never warm-

ed my bed, even in the severest weather; I even thought it foolish to air the sheets: and now I tremble with cold even in the dog-days. Depend upon it, madam, there is nothing so comfortable as having a husband to lie by one's side at night, if it was only to say God bless you, if you happen to sneeze.

Celia. And would you advise me to do such a wicked thing, as to take up with this ugly fellow, and forsake Lelius?

Waiting-Woman. Indeed Lelius is a mere brute, to stay away at this unseasonable time; his long absence makes me very much suspect his constancy.

Celia shewing her the picture of Lelius.] O! do not sink me quite by such a dire presage! observe attentively the features of this face, they swear eternal, mutual, fervent passion, and, after all, I would not willingly believe them liars, but that he is such as art here represents, and preserves an unchangeable affection for my love.

Waiting-Woman. Really these features speak a deserving lover, and you have good reason to love him tenderly.

Celia. And yet I must—Ah! support me.

[Dropping the picture of Lelius.

Waiting-Woman. Madam, what is the meaning of this?—O heavens! she faints. Help there, somebody.

SCENE III.

CELIA, SGANAREL, CELIA'S WAITING WOMAN.

SGANAREL.

WHAT makes you cry out so?

Waiting-Woman. O! Sir, my lady is dying.

Sganarel. What! is that all? You made such a noise, I thought the sun had fallen from the skies. Let us see, however. Madam, are you dead? um! she is silent.

Waiting-Woman. Do you support her, and I shall go bring somebody to carry her in.

SCENE IV.

CELIA, SGANAREL, SGANAREL'S WIFE.

SGANAREL passing his hand over Celia's bosom.

SHE is as cold as clay, and I know not what to say to it: let me come near and try whether she breathes or not. Faith, I cannot tell! But, I perceive some tokens of life there.

Sganarel's Wife looking from the window.] Ah! what do I see? my husband, holding in his arms—I will run down and learn the meaning of it: he is false to me most certainly, and I should be glad to catch him.

Sganarel. Some speedy method must be taken for her assistance; she would be in the wrong to die certainly. As long as one can stay in this world, it is very foolish to take a journey into the next. [He carries her in.]

S C E N E V.

S G A N A R E L ' S W I F E alone.

HE has left the place so suddenly, that my curiosity is disappointed: but I make no doubt of his baseness; the little I have seen discovers all to me. I now no longer wonder at that strange indifference with which he returns my modest love: the ungrateful wretch reserves his fondness for others, and feeds their pleasures by starving mine. But it is the common way of husbands to become indifferent towards what is in their power. At the beginning they all do wonders, and seem to have a most violent passion for us; but the traitors soon grow weary of our fondness, and carry elsewhere what is due to us alone. O how it vexes me, that the laws will not permit a body to change one's husband as often as one does one's shift. That would be mighty convenient; and I know some people would be as glad as myself if this were the case. [Taking up the picture which Celia had dropt.] But what fine thing is this that fortune here presents me? The enamel is delicate, the engraving excellent; I will open it.

S C E N E VI.

S G A N A R E L, S G A N A R E L ' S W I F E.

S G A N A R E L thinking himself alone.

THEY thought her dead; there was nothing in it though, for she is now very well again. But, I see my wife.

Sganarel's wife thinking herself alone.] O heaven!

it is in miniature, a charming picture of a handsome man.

Sganarel aside, and looking over his wife's shoulder.] What is this that she examines with so much earnestness? This picture bodes my honour no kind of good: a very ugly jealousy begins to work within my bosom.

Sganarel's wife not perceiving her husband.] Never did I see any thing more beautiful! The workmanship is much more valuable than the gold. O how sweet it smiles!

Sganarel aside.] Duce take her, she kisses it too! Nay, then I have it.

Sganarel's wife talks on.] I protest it would be a charming thing to have such a sweet man at a body's feet. If he should make his addresses pressingly, the bias would be very strong on the side of the temptation. Heavens! why had not I such a handsome man as this for my husband, instead of my clownish——

Sganarel snatching the picture from her.] Have I surprized you in the very act of rebellion, hussy, blaspheming the honour of your own dear husband? Pray, my dear wife! according to your calculation, and all things well considered, is not my lord as good as my lady? In the name of Belzebub (who is welcome to fly away with you) what more extraordinary match could you have wished for? Who can find any thing in me to find fault with? This shape! This air! admired by every body; this face! so adapted to inspire love! for which a thousand beauties sigh both night and day. And yet there is not, it seems, about all my charming person a morsel that can please you: but to cram your ravenous appetite, the ragoo of a galant must be added to an husband.

Sganarel's wife. I understand by half a word the drift of your raillery; you suppose by this means——

Sganarel. Try to impose on others, I beseech you: the fact is evident; and I have in my hands here a certain proof of the injury I complain of.

Sganarel's wife. My anger is already but too outrageous without being increased by any new affront. But, hark'e, do not imagine you shall keep my pretty thing: pray, consider a little——

Sganarel. I am considering how to break your neck. I wish I had but the original at my mercy, as much as I have the copy!

Sganarel's wife. What would you do with him?

Sganarel. O nothing at all, my love! Thou dear object of my vows! I am greatly to blame for chiding, when my brows ought to thank you for the favours you bestow upon them. [Looking at the picture of Lelius.] This is your pretty man, your darling bed-fellow, the wicked incentive of your secret flames, the handsome fellow with whom——

Sganarel's wife. Well, go on.

Sganarel. With whom, I tell you——I am ready to die with the vexation of it.

Sganarel's wife. What would the blockhead have me understand by this?

Sganarel. Good Mrs. Pert, you know but too well. My name no longer will be Sganarel; every body will call me Signior Cornutus: I am so to my honour; but I shall let you, who take it from me, feel the weight of my arm.

Sganarel's wife. Do you know, fellow, whom you are talking to?

Sganarel. Dare you play me these devilish pranks?

Sganarel's wife. What devilish pranks? I do not understand you.

Sganarel. Oh! it is not worth complaining of: this

stag's topknot provided for my head, is, indeed, a very pretty thing.

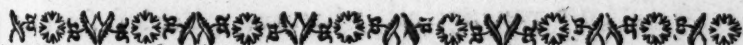
Sganarel's wife. Then after having given me the greatest provocation that can possibly excite a wife's revenge, dost thou imagine, by the foolish artifice of pretending to be angry, to prevent the effects of my resentment? Sure such insolence was never heard of before upon the like occasion! He that commits the fault is the person that begins the quarrel.

Sganarel. What effrontery! to see this confident behaviour, would not any one suppose her to be one of the most virtuous women breathing?

Sganarel's wife. Away, begone out of my sight; wheedle your whores, pay your vows to them, and let them have your embraces; but give me my picture, and do not make your jest of me.

[She snatches the picture from him and runs away.]

Sganarel. You may run where you please with it, but I assure you you shall not keep it long.



ACT II. SCENE I.

LELIUS, GROS-RENARD.

GROS-RENARD.

HEIGH-HO! Well, we are at last got to this devilish place: but, Sir, if I may be so bold, I will ask you a particular question.

Lelius. Well, what is it?

Gros-renard. Is the devil in that body of yours, not to sink under such fatigues as these? for eight whole days together, riding long stages, whip and spur, upon confounded scrubs, whose cursed trot shook us so dam-

nably, that, for my part, every limb of me, I am sure, is out of joint; without complaining of a worse accident that troubles me very much in a certain place. And yet no sooner are you arrived, but out you go fresh and well, without taking any rest, or eating the least morsel.

Lelius. This great earnestness is not certainly to be blamed. My soul is alarmed with the report of Celia's marriage: you know how much I love her, and I must learn what this tormenting rumour means ere I admit of any other care.

Gros-renard. Ay, Sir, but a good meal would be very serviceable to you in the clearing up of this matter; your resolution, doubtless, would become thereby much more able to withstand the strokes of fate. I judge of it by my own self, for when I am hungry, the least disappointment seizes me, and pulls me down; but when I have eat a hearty meal, my soul is fortified against every thing, and the greatest misfortunes have but little weight. Trust to my advice, Sir; drink freely, to support you against whatever mischief fortune can do, and float your heart all round with wine, that sorrow may find no entrance to it.

Lelius. I cannot eat.

Gros-renard aside.] Let me die, if that means me any good. [aloud.] For all that your dinner shall soon be ready.

Lelius. Hold your peace, you blockhead.

Gros-renard. How barbarous is that order!

Lelius. I am not hungry, but dissatisfied.

Gros-renard. And, for my part, I am hungry, and dissatisfied besides; to find that a foolish love-affair employs all your thoughts.

Lelius. Leave me to inform myself about the mi-

strefs of my soul, and without pressing me any more,
go satisfy your own appetite.

Gros-renard. I chearfully obey whatever a master
commands.

S C E N E II.

L E L I U S alone.

NO: no: my soul admits unreasonable fears: I
have the father's promise, and the daughter has
shewn such proofs of love as may support my hopes.

S C E N E III.

S G A N A R E L, L E L I U S.

Sganarel not perceiving Lelius, and holding the
picture in his hand.

I Knew very well I should presently get it: and now
at pleasure I can examine the countenance of that
rascal who causes my dishonour. I do not know who
it is.

Lelius aside.] Heavens! what is it that I see? If
that be my picture, what ought I not to dread?

Sganarel not perceiving Lelius.] Ah! poor Sgana-
rel! to what a fate is thy reputation doomed? must—

[Seeing Lelius, who observes him, he turns to
the other side.

Lelius aside.] This pledge cannot be gone from those
fair hands to whom I gave it, without startling my be-
lief.

Sganarel aside.] Must people point at thee with two
fingers from this time forwards? Must songs be made

about thee? and, at every turn must the scandalous affront be flung in thy teeth which a wicked wife has printed upon thy forehead?

Lelius aside.] Can I believe my own eyes?

Sganarel. Oh! jade! hast thou the impudence to make me a cuckold in the flower of my age? The wife too of an husband that may be reckoned handsome; and must a monkey, a cursed owl——

Lelius aside, looking still at the picture in Sganarel's hand.] I can no longer doubt it; it is my very picture.

Sganarel turning his back towards him.] This man seems very inquisitive.

Lelius aside.] It greatly surprises me.

Sganarel aside.] What can he want?

Lelius aside.] I will speak to him. [aloud.] May I——[Sganarel going farther off.] Nay, one word, I beseech you.

Sganarel aside, shunning him again.] What story would he tell me now?

Lelius. May I be so bold as ask by what accident that picture came into your hands?

Sganarel aside.] What makes him ask that question? but I am apt to think here——[examining Lelius and the picture in his hand.] O! by my faith, the reason of his concern is plain enough, and I no longer wonder at his surprise. This is my man, or rather my wife's man.

Lelius. I beg you would keep me no longer in suspense, but tell me how you came by——

Sganarel. Thank heaven, I know what you are disturbed at: this picture, Sir, that vexes you, is your own dear resemblance, and was found in a certain acquaintance's hands of yours: the soft endearments between that lady and yourself need not be made a se-

cret to me. I know not whether I have the honour to be known to your worship in this piece of galantry; but, from this time, do me the favour to break off an intrigue which an husband may think very much amiss, and consider that the sacred ties of wedlock——

Lelius. What! she, say you, from whom you had this pledge——

Sganarel. Is my wife, and I am her husband.

Lelius. Her husband!

Sganarel. Yes: her husband, I tell you: her very unhappy husband: you, Sir, know the reason of it, and I am this moment going to let her relations know the whole affair.

SCENE IV.

LELIUS alone.

WHAT a thunderstroke is this to me! It was truly enough reported, that the ugliest of all his sex was the man she had made her husband. Tho' a thousand vows from thy unfaithful lips had never promised me eternal love, the very scorn of such a base and shameful choice, might have sufficiently secured, one would have thought, the interest of my passion. Ungrateful girl! However well——But this afflicting injury and the fatigue of a long journey, give me so violent a shock together, that I am become very weak.

SCENE V.

LELIUS, SGANAREL'S WIFE.

SGANAREL's wife thinking herself alone.

NOtwithstanding all I can say, my hang-dog—
[Seeing Lelius.] Good-lack! what is the matter with you? I perceive, Sir, you are just ready to faint away.

Lelius. I am suddenly seized with a dizziness, madam.

Sganarel's wife. I am much afraid you will have a swooning fit: pray, Sir, step in here, and stay 'till it be over.

Lelius. For a moment or two I will accept of your kindness.

SCENE VI.

SGANAREL, A RELATION OF SGANAREL'S WIFE.

RELATION.

A Husband is to be esteemed for his concern in such a case: but this is putting yourself in a passion somewhat too hastily; for, kinsman, all that I have heard you alledge against her does not afford the least proof that she is criminal. It is a very ticklish affair, and such failings as these, unless fully proved, should never be charged upon any body.

Sganarel. That is to say, there must be a demonstration of the thing.

Relation. We are apt to be deceived by being too hasty. Who can tell how this picture came into her hands, and after all, whether the man be known to

her? Enquire a little further into the affair, and if it proves as you suspect, you shall not find me hindmost in punishing her offence.

S C E N E VII.

S G A N A R E L alone.

I Very much approve of what he says; it is, really, the best way to proceed calmly. Perhaps I have brought these visions of horns into my head without a cause, and my brows are put in a sweat too soon. In short, my dishonour is not fully proved by that picture which so much disturbs me. I will therefore use the utmost precaution to——

S C E N E VIII.

SGANAREL, SGANAREL'S WIFE at the door of her house, conducting out LELIUS.

SGANAREL aside, seeing them.

WHAT do I see? s'death! there can now be no longer doubt about the picture; for by my faith here is the original.

Sganarel's wife. You hurry away too fast, Sir, and your illness, if you go out so soon, may, perhaps, return upon you.

Lelius. No, no, I am greatly obliged to you for the kind assistance which you have given me.

Sganarel aside.] He still makes civility his pretence.

[Sganarel's wife goes into the house again.

SCENE IX.

SGANAREL, LELIUS.

SGANAREL aside.

HE observed me: let us see now what he can say to me.

Lelius aside.] Oh! my soul is moved! and that object inspires me—but I ought to disapprove this unjust resentment, and only impute my sufferings to the unkindness of my destiny: yet I must envy his successful passion. [Approaching Sganarel.] What a happy man you are in having so handsome a wife!

SCENE X.

SGANAREL, CELIA at her window seeing
Lelius walk away.

SGANAREL alone.

THIS is explaining himself in no ambiguous terms: his speech surprises me as much as if he had already placed the horns upon my head. [Looking at the side where Lelius went off.] Get thee gone; this is a very dishonourable way of proceeding.

Celia aside entring.] How! was that Lelius I just now saw? what can be the reason I have not been informed of his return?

Sganarel not seeing Celia.] I am rather unhappy in having such an infamous minx, whose guilty passion, which is now but too apparent, without any respect has made a cuckold of me. But do I suffer him to go away after such a discovery, and stand with my arms across, like a hen-peckt fellow? I ought at least to beat

his hat off, or throw stones at him, or bedaub his clothes; and to satisfy my anger bravely, I should do the rascal the honour to raise the mob upon him.

[During the discourse of Sganarel, Celia comes towards him by little and little, and waits till his transport be over, that she may speak to him.

Celia to Sganarel.] Pray, Sir, how came you acquainted with that gentleman who passed by just now and talked to you?

Sganarel. Indeed, madam, it is not me, but my wife, who is acquainted with him.

Celia. What uneasiness thus perplexes you?

Sganarel. Do not blame me as if my sorrows were unseasonable, but permit me to sigh abundantly.

Celia. What can be the occasion of this uncommon grief?

Sganarel. If I am afflicted, it is not for trifles: and I defy other people to find themselves in my condition without disturbance. Here, madam, you see the model of an unhappy husband: poor Sganarel is stripped of his honour! but the loss of my honour is the least part of my uneasiness, for I am deprived of my reputation also.

Celia. In what manner?

Sganarel. That spark (with reverence be it spoken) has taken the liberty, madam, to make a cuckold of me, and this very day my own eyes have been witness of the private intercourse between my wife and him.

Celia. He who just now——

Sganarel. Yes, yes, it is he that dishonours me; he loves my wife, and my wife loves him.

Celia. Ah! I judge rightly that his coming back thus secretly could only be to conceal from me some base design; and I trembled at the sight of him from a sad foreboding of what would happen.

Sganarel. You espouse my cause with too much kindness, but all people have not the same charity; for many that have already heard my sufferings, so far from taking my part, have only thought fit to laugh at them.

Celia. Is there any thing more black than this vile action? Or can a punishment be found severe enough for him? Polluted as thou art with such base treachery, dost thou not think thyself unfit to live? Good gods! is it possible?

Sganarel. It is but too true for me.

Celia. O traitor! villain! deceitful faithless wretch!

Sganarel. Good-natured creature!

Celia. No, no, hell has not a torment but what is much too gentle for his guilt.

Sganarel. How excellently she talks!

Celia. Thus to abuse both innocence and goodness.

Sganarel *sighing aloud.*] Ah!

Celia. A heart that never did the least thing to deserve those affronts which thy contempt has exposed it to.

Sganarel. True.

Celia. Who very far—but it is too much; nor can this heart endure the thought without a killing anguish.

Sganarel. My dear lady, do not vex yourself in this manner: you are too much affected with my misfortune, and pierce the very soul of me.

Celia. But do not deceive thyself so far as to fancy that I will sit down satisfied with fruitless complaints; my heart is not ignorant how it must deal with thee to avenge itself: that I now hasten to, and nothing can divert me from it.

S C E N E XI.

S G A N A R E L alone.

WHAT a good creature this is! How much she interests herself in my cause! Really her anger, which my disgrace excites, plainly teaches me what I must do myself: nobody should ever bear such affronts as these quietly, unless he were a fool indeed. I will therefore go immediately to seek out this rascal that abuses me, and prove my courage by revenging my dishonour. I will teach you, you rogue, to laugh at my cost, and cuckold people in this manner. But softly, if you please, [after going three or four steps, he comes back again.] this man has very much the look of one whose blood is boiling, and his temper passionate, and he may, perhaps, heaping one affront upon another, even drub my back as well as horn my head. I very much hate these fiery tempers. I am no fighter, for fear of being beaten, and a gentle disposition is my great excellence. But my honour whispers me, that for such an affront as this, it is absolutely requisite I should take my revenge. Faith, let it say so as much as it pleases, the devil take him for all that who will put up nothing. Suppose now I should assume the hero, and have for my pains a piece of cold iron with a villainous thrust pass quite through my guts: when the news of my death gets all the city over, tell me then, my honour, shall you be the fatter for it? The grave is too melancholy a lodging, and too unwholesome for people that are afraid of the cholic: and I find, for my own part, that considering every thing, it is better to be even a cuckold than to be dead. What

harm is there in it? After all, do one's legs become more crooked by it, or one's shape less handsome? A plague take him that first found out the way to afflict his mind about such a phantom, and link the honour of the wisest man to things an unconstant woman can do. Since every crime, with good reason, is held to be merely personal, how comes our honour, in this case, to be in the fault? The blame is laid on us for the actions of other people. If our wives, unknown to us, engage in an infamous affair, all the mischief must fall upon our backs: They commit the folly, and we are reckoned the fools. It is a vile abuse, and indeed the government should regulate such injustice. Have we not other accidents enow that will happen to us, notwithstanding our utmost efforts to prevent them? Quarrels, law-suits, hunger, thirst, and sickness, do not they sufficiently disturb the quiet of our lives, without going, over and above, stupidly to create uneasiness out of what has no foundation? Let us make a jest of it, despise these fancies, and cast tears and sighing under our feet. If my wife has done amiss, let her be sorry for it, but why should I weep when I have done no wrong? However it be, I have this comfort, that I am not the only one in this condition. To see one's wife courted, and take no notice of it, is practised now-a-days by several people of quality. Do not let me, then, seek to make a quarrel for such a trifling affront. They will call me fool for not avenging myself; but I should be greatly so to rush on my own destruction. [Putting his hand upon his stomach.] I perceive, however, my choler rises here, and would persuade me to some manly action. Ay, anger seizes me: it is being too much a coward: I will revenge myself bravely upon the rogue. To begin this instant; in the passion which now in-

flames me I will go and proclaim to the world, that this spark lies with my wife.



ACT III. SCENE I.

GORGIBUS, CELIA, WAITING-WOMAN to Celia.

CELIA.

DISPOSE of your daughter now, dear father, as you please; and let us sign the contract immediately; for I am now determined to perform my duty; I intend to get the mastery of my inclinations, and submit to your commands intirely.

Gorgibus. How delighted I am to hear her talk in this manner! Odsbubs! I am so transported with joy at present, that I should immediately cut capers, were we not seen by people that would laugh at it. Come hither, Celia, come hither, I say, that I may embrace thee: such an action is not indecent; a father may kiss his daughter when he chuses, without any room for scandal. Well, the satisfaction of seeing you so dutiful will make me young again ten times a year.

SCENE II.

CELIA, WAITING-WOMAN to Celia.

WAITING-WOMAN.

WHAT a wonderful alteration is here!

Celia. When you know from what motive I act, you will commend me for it.

Waiting-woman. Probably I may.

Celia. Know then, that Lelius has been capable of wounding my heart by his falshood, and has been in these parts without so much as——

Waiting-woman. But I see him coming to us.

SCENE III.

LELIUS, CELIA, WAITING-WOMAN
to Celia.

LELIUS.

I AM come to reproach you, madam, before I bid you an eternal adieu.

Celia. What! hast thou the impudence to speak to me again?

Lelius. I own it is great, and such thy choice that I should be to blame to reproach thee with any thing. Live, live contented, and brave my memory with that worthy husband who heaps up honours on you.

Celia. Yes, false man, I will live so; and I wish nothing more than that it may rack thy soul.

Lelius. Whence then proceeds this furious rage against me?

Celia. What! dost thou pretend ignorance, and ask thy crimes?

SCENE IV.

CELIA, LELIUS, SGANAREL armed from
head to foot, WAITING-WOMAN to Celia.

SGANAREL.

WAR, mortal war to this plunderer of honour, who has atrociously contaminated our reputation.

Celia to Lelius, shewing him Sganarel.] Turn, turn away thy eyes, and speak not to me again.

Lelius. Ah, I see——

Celia. That object is enough to confound thee.

Lelius. It should much rather force a blush from you.

Sganarel. My wrath, at present, is in an active disposition, my courage at the tip-top, and if I meet him, slaughter shall be seen. Yes, I am determined to kill him, and nothing can restrain me: wherever I find him I will dispatch him: [drawing his sword and approaching Lelius.] I will give him such a push in the centre of his heart, that——

Lelius returning.] Who do you mean?

Sganarel. I do not intend it to any body.

Lelius. What means this armour?

Sganarel. It is a dress I put on against the rain. [aside.] Ah! what a satisfaction it would be to run him through! let us take courage to do it.

Lelius returning again.] Heh?

Sganarel. I do not say a word. [aside, beating himself to raise his courage.] Ah! simple weak-hearted coward!

Celia to Lelius.] This object that seems offensive to thy sight, might say enough to thee.

Lelius. Yes, by him I know you guilty of the most unpardonable falshood that could ever possibly abuse a lover's constancy.

Sganarel aside.] Why have not I a little more courage?

Celia. Ah! traitor! cease, before me, the cruel insolence of this discourse.

Sganarel aside.] Thou seest, Sganarel, she takes part in thy quarrel: courage, my lad, and be more bold.

Now; try to make one generous effort, and kill him while his back is to you.

Lelius moving two or three steps without design, makes Sganarel return, who was going towards him to kill him.] Since such discourse incenses you, madam, I ought to shew that I am content with what your heart approves, and here applaud the lovely choice which it has made.

Celia. Yes, yes, my choice is such as cannot be found fault with.

Lelius. You are right in defending it.

Sganarel. She does well, no doubt, to defend my rights; this action, Sir, is not according to the laws; I have reason to complain of it; and was I not discreet, strange slaughter would be seen to ensue.

Lelius. Whence does your complaint arise? and what unaccountable uneasiness——

Sganarel. Very well, you know where the saddle galls me. But conscience and the care of your own soul should make you consider that my wife is my wife; and to carry on your affair under my very nose, is acting very unlike a good christian.

Lelius. What an absurd supposition! I beg you would entertain no scruples as to that point: I know she belongs to you, and very far from being inflamed——

Celia. Oh! traitor! how well thou canst dissemble!

Lelius. What! do you imagine me to have a thought which need disturb his mind? Would you think me guilty of such a baseness?

Celia. Speak, speak to himself, he can best inform you.

Sganarel to Celia.] No, no, you talk much better than I am capable, and understand the affair perfectly.

SCENE V.

CELIA, LELIUS, SGANAREL, SGANAREL'S
WIFE, WAITING-WOMAN to Celia.

SGANAREL'S WIFE.

I AM not in a humour to discover against you a temper that is over jealous: but, madam, I am no fool, and I see what passes. There are certain passions of a very ill appearance, and your thoughts should be employed better than to seduce a heart which ought to belong to none but me.

Celia. A very plain declaration truly!

Sganarel to his wife.] No-body sent for you, you baggage; because she speaks for me, here you come to scold, and tremble for fear your galant should be taken from you.

Celia. Well, do not imagine any body has a mind to him. [Turning towards Lelius.] You see whether this be a falsity, and I am very glad of it.

Lelius. I cannot comprehend all this.

Waiting-woman. I do not know when one shall see an end of these perplexities; I have endeavoured long enough to understand them, but the more I hear, the less I comprehend. I find, at last, that I must interpose. [placing herself between Lelius and her mistress.] Pray, give me leave to speak, and reply to me in order. [to Lelius.] Sir, what do you reproach this lady with?

Lelius. That the faithless creature could forsake me for another; and that, when upon the report of her unhappy nuptials, I hurried hither, transported intirely by an unequalled passion, the violence of which would not

admit a belief that I could be forgotten, at my arrival I found her married.

Waiting-woman. Married! to whom?

Lelius pointing to Sganarel.] To him.

Waiting-woman. To Sganarel?

Lelius. Yes, indeed.

Waiting-woman. Who told you so?

Lelius. Himself this very day.

Waiting-woman to Sganarel.] Is this true?

Sganarel. It was to my own wife I told you I was married.

Lelius. Under the greatest agony of my soul, I saw my picture in your possession.

Sganarel. True, here it is.

Lelius to Sganarel. You likewise told me, that she, from whose hands you received this pledge, was lawfully married to you.

Sganarel. No doubt of it, [pointing to his wife.] for I forced it out of her hands, and should not have found out her wickedness without it.

Sganarel's wife. What do you mean by your groundless complaint? I accidentally found it on the ground: and even when after your causeless fury, [pointing to Lelius.] I desired this gentleman to come in when he was fainting, I discovered not the features of his picture.

Celia. It was I occasioned the adventure of the picture. I let it fall in that fainting fit, [to Sganarel.] which made me want your assistance to carry me back into the house.

Waiting-woman. You find without my help you had still been at a loss, and that you had some need of my little understanding.

Sganarel aside.] Shall we take all this for current

coin? My forehead though had a very warm effect upon my mind.

Sganarel's wife. My fear, however, is not so soon dissipated, and small as the mischief may seem, I dread the being deceived.

Sganarel to his wife.] Well, let us mutually suppose ourselves to be people of honour. I hazard more on my side than you on yours; accept, therefore, without ceremony, the agreement proposed.

Sganarel's wife. Be it so, but wo be to you if I discover any thing.

Celia to Lelius after whispering together.] Heavens! if it be so, what have I done? How ought I to dread the effect of my own fury! imagining you false, I, to be revenged, took the unhappy method of complying with my father, and not long since, came from accepting a match, which my heart before had always reason to refuse. I have made a promise to my father, and what afflicts me—but I see him coming.

Lelius. He shall keep his promise to me.

SCENE VI.

GORGIBUS, CELIA, LELIUS, SGANAREL'S WIFE, WAITING-WOMAN to Celia.

LELIUS.

SIR, you see me returned hither, inflamed with the same love; and now I presume my ardent passion shall find that promise fulfilled which gave me the hopes of marrying Celia.

Gorgibus. You, Sir, whom I see returned hither inflamed with the same love, and whose ardent passion shall now, you presume, find that promise accomplish-

ed, which gave you hopes of marrying Celia: I am your worship's most obedient servant.

Lelius. What! Sir, do you betray my hopes in this manner?

Gorgibus. Ay, Sir, it is thus I do my duty, and my daughter follows the directions of it.

Celia. My duty engages me, my dear father, to make good your promise to him.

Gorgibus. Is this submitting to my commands like a daughter? You quickly degenerate from your good inclinations for Valere just now—— But here comes his father, who is undoubtedly come to conclude the affair.

SCENE THE LAST.

VILLEBREQUIN, GORGIBUS, CELIA, LELIUS, SGANAREL, SGANAREL'S WIFE,
WAITING-WOMAN to Celia.

GORGIBUS.

UPON what business are you come hither, Mr. Villebrequin?

Villebrequin. A secret of importance that I have learned this morning, has brought me hither, which absolutely breaks the promise I have given. My son, whom your daughter should be married to, deceiving every body by a private marriage, has lived for four months past with Lucia as her husband; and as her parents, her fortune, and her birth, make it impossible for me to break off the alliance, I am come to—

Gorgibus. No more of that; if your son Valere, without your leave, has engaged himself elsewhere, I must tell you, that for a long while past, my daughter Celia has, by myself, been promised to Lelius, and

that his return to-day, enriched with every virtue, restrains me from consenting to any other match.

Villebrequin. I greatly approve of your choice.

Lelius. And this honest intention will crown my days with everlasting joy.

Gorgibus. Let us go and appoint the wedding-day.

Sganarel alone.] If ever a man had reason to think himself a cuckold, I had: but we ought to be very cautious in judging of such affairs as these; for I, who really did think myself dishonoured, find my wife to be a very virtuous woman.

T H E E N D.



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FORCED MARRIAGE.

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The FORCED MARRIAGE, a Comedy of One Act, performed at the Louvre the 9th of January 1664, and at Paris at the Theatre of the Palace-Royal, with Alterations, the 15th of November the same Year.

THIS comedy, which had a distant kind of relation to a real adventure, gave it a relish at that time, which it has since lost. It made its appearance at Paris under the title of a Comedy with Alterations, the most considerable of which is the addition of the scene betwixt Doriména and Lycasto, which Sganarel overhears, and which supplies the place of a singing magician, who diverted Sganarel from his intended marriage.

A C T O R S.

SGANAREL, lover of Dorimena.

GERONIMO, friend to Sganarel.

DORIMENA, daughter to Alcantor.

ALCANTOR, father of Dorimena.

ALCIDAS, brother of Dorimena.

LYCASTO, lover of Dorimena.

PANCRATIUS, an Aristotelian doctor.

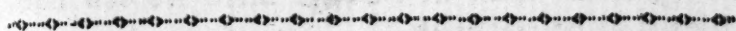
MARPHURIUS, a Pyrrhonian doctor.

TWO BOHEMIANS.

SCENE the Street.



T H E
FORCED MARRIAGE.



S C E N E I.

S G A N A R E L, G E R O N I M O.

SCANAREL speaking to the people in the house.



TAKE great care of the house, and have every thing put in order, for I shall return in a moment. If any body brings me money, send for me to Mr. Geronimo's directly; but if any body come to ask it of me, say I am gone abroad, and will not return to-day.

Geronimo. A very prudent order indeed!

Sganarel. Mr. Geronimo, you are come very seasonably, I was just going in search of you.

Geronimo. What was your business pray?

Sganarel. To ask your advice about an affair I have in my head.

Geronimo. I am extremely glad to have got this opportunity; here we may talk freely.

Sganarel. It is not good to do any thing without advising with one's friend. The matter in question is an affair of consequence which is proposed to me.

Geronimo. You need only tell me what it is. I am obliged to you for chusing me on this occasion.

Sganarel. But tell me freely what you think, and by no means flatter me.

Geronimo. As you desire it, I shall be plain with you.

Sganarel. There is nothing more blameable than a friend who will not speak his sentiments.

Geronimo. You are certainly right.

Sganarel. And now-a-days there are few sincere friends to be met with.

Geronimo. Very true.

Sganarel. Then make me a promise, Mr. Geronimo, to speak to me with all manner of freedom.

Geronimo. I really will.

Sganarel. Swear on your faith.

Geronimo. Well, on the faith of a friend. Do but tell me your business.

Sganarel. I beg your advice if I would do right to marry.

Geronimo. Who, you?

Sganarel. Yes, I myself. What do you think of it?

Geronimo. I beg you will tell me one thing first.

Sganarel. What is that?

Geronimo. What age may you really be of?

Sganarel. I?

Geronimo. Yes.

Sganarel. Really I do not know; but I am very well.

Geronimo. How! do you not know your age within a little?

Sganarel. No: Is that a thing of any consequence?

Geronimo. Humph! pray now, do but tell me: how old were you when we got acquainted first?

Sganarel. I was then twenty years old.

Geronimo. How long were we at Rome together?

Sganarel. Eight years.

Geronimo. How long did you stay in England?

Sganarel. Seven years.

Geronimo. And in Holland, where you were afterwards?

Sganarel. Five years and a half.

Geronimo. How long is it since you came back here?

Sganarel. I returned in fifty-two.

Geronimo. From fifty-two to sixty-four, that is twelve years, I think; five years in Holland make seventeen; seven years in England make twenty-four; eight years we were at Rome make thirty-two, and twenty, which was your age when we became acquainted, make exactly fifty-two. So that, Mr. Sganarel, according to your own confession, you are about your fifty-second or fifty-third year.

Sganarel. Who, I? It cannot be.

Geronimo. Troth, the calculation is exact; and I must tell you thereupon sincerely, and as a friend (as you made me promise you I would) that matrimony is not for you. It is what young people should think seriously of before they enter upon it; but folks of your age should not think of it at all. And if it is said, that the greatest of all follies is that of marrying, I know nothing more absurd than to commit this folly in an age when we should be most discreet. I will give you my opinion freely. I advise you not to think of matrimony: and I should take you for the most ridiculous mortal upon earth, if you should now load yourself with the heaviest of all chains, after being so long at liberty.

Sganarel. But I am certain I shall not be at all ri-

diculous in marrying the girl I propose; I tell you I am determined to marry.

Geronimo. That is another affair: You did not inform me of that.

Sganarel. It is a girl I love sincerely.

Geronimo. You love her sincerely?

Sganarel. Indeed I do, and have asked her father's consent.

Geronimo. You have asked his consent?

Sganarel. Yes, and have promised to conclude the nuptials this evening.

Geronimo. I say no more then; marry directly.

Sganarel. Must I give up my intention? Mr. Geronimo, do you suppose I am not fit for a wife? Do not let us speak of what age I may be, but regard things only. Do you see a man of thirty appear more strong and healthy than I am? I am as clever as ever I was; I require neither chair nor coach. Are not my teeth quite perfect. [shewing his teeth.] I eat four meals a-day with a good appetite, and can you do more? Hem, hem, hem. Well, what do you say to it?

Geronimo. You are quite right; you will do well to marry. I was mistaken.

Sganarel. I formerly had an aversion to it, but now I have strong reasons for it. Besides the pleasure I shall have in possessing a pretty woman that will fondle me, and cocker me up, and come clap me when I am tired: I say, besides that pleasure, I consider, that remaining as I am, I shall suffer the race of the Sganarels to be extinct; but that by marrying, I shall see myself revive in other Sganarels; I shall have the pleasure of seeing creatures spring from me, little babies that will be as like me as two drops of water; that will always be playing about the house, will call me their

papa when I come back out of the city, and will talk their little nonsense to me in the most pleasant manner imaginable. Hold, methinks I already see half a dozen about me.

Geronimo. There is nothing more agreeable than that, and I desire you to marry with all the haste imaginable.

Sganarel. Indeed! And would you advise me to it?

Geronimo. Certainly. You cannot do better.

Sganarel. Really, I am delighted that you give me this advice as a sincere friend.

Geronimo. Well, who is the person, pray, that you intend to marry?

Sganarel. Dorimena.

Geronimo. What! young Dorimena, that is so gay and so charming?

Sganarel. Yes.

Geronimo. Mr. Alcantor's daughter?

Sganarel. The same.

Geronimo. And sister to one Alcidas, who takes upon him to wear a sword?

Sganarel. That is she.

Geronimo. Mercy on me!

Sganarel. What think you of it?

Geronimo. An excellent match! Marry immediately.

Sganarel. Have I not made a good choice?

Geronimo. Certainly. Ah! how happily you will be married! Lose no time.

Sganarel. You give me pleasure by saying so; I am obliged to you for your advice: pray favour me with your company at my wedding this evening.

Geronimo. Depend upon me; and to honour it the more, I will come in masquerade.

Sganarel. Farewel.

Geronimo aside.] Young Dorimena, Mr. Alcantor's daughter, with Mr. Sganarel, who is but fifty-three years of age. Oh! a fine match truly!

[This he repeats several times in going off the stage.

SCENE II.

SGANAREL alone.

THIS marriage must certainly be a happy one, for it pleases every body; and I make every one merry that I speak of it to. I am now the most satisfied creature in the world.

SCENE III.

DORIMENA, SGANAREL.

DORIMENA to the page who bears up her train.

COME, boy, hold up my train genteelly, and do not amuse yourself with playing tricks.

Sganarel aside, seeing Dorimena.] Here comes my mistress. O! how charming she is! What an air! What a shape! can any man see her, and not wish to be married? [to Dorimena.] Where art thou going, sweet creature, dear future spouse of thy future husband?

Dorimena. I am going to buy some things.

Sganarel. Well, my sweet creature, both of us are now going to be made happy. You will no longer have a right to refuse me any thing, and I may do whatever I please with you, without offending any body. You are going to be mine from head to foot, and I

shall be master of you all; of your little twinkling eyes, of your little roguish nose, of your provoking lips, of your amorous ears, of your little handsome chin, of your little round bubbies, of your—In short, your whole person will be at my pleasure, and I shall have it in my power to fondle you as I please. Are not you very glad of this marriage, my dear creature?

Dorimena. I declare I am quite overjoyed; for my father has kept me under such terrible subjection. I have wished a thousand times that I were married, to get free of him. Thank God, you are come very seasonably for that purpose, and I shall for the future make amends, by taking all the pleasure I can, to make up for the time I have lost. As I understand the proper way of living in the world, and you are a very polite man, we shall manage very well together. I dare say you will not be one of those impertinent husbands, who would have their wives look like owls? that would by no means suit me. Solitude makes me mad. I am fond of plays, assemblies, visits, entertainments, walking, in short, every diversion; you will be transported with a wife of this turn. We shall never differ, for I will put no restraint upon your actions, nor do I expect you will put any on mine. There should be a mutual complaisance, and people should not marry to vex each other, In short, when we are married, we will live together like two people who know the world. Our brains shall not be racked by jealousies; you will be assured of my fidelity, and I persuaded of yours. But I perceive your countenance is quite altered, what is the matter?

Sganarel. Vapours afflict my head.

Dorimena. Many people are troubled with that disorder now-a-days; but all that will vanish when we marry. Farewel. I long to have a proper dress, that I

may throw off these rags immediately. I am going now to make an end of buying all the things I want, and I will send the tradesmen to you.

S C E N E IV.

GERONIMO, SGANAREL.

GERONIMO.

O! Mr. Sganarel. I am rejoiced to find you are still here: for I have met with a goldsmith, who upon hearing that you were wanting a fine diamond ring, to make a present of to your spouse, has earnestly requested me to come and speak to you for him, and to tell you he has one to sell, the finest imaginable.

Sganarel. Bless me! there is no hurry for that.

Geronimo. How! What do you mean? Where is the eagerness you discovered just now?

Sganarel. Some scruples have come into my head about this marriage within these few minutes. I would gladly see thoroughly into the matter before I proceed any further; and I have just recollected a dream I had last night, which I wish somebody would interpret. Dreams you know are sometimes like mirrors, wherein one discovers what is to happen. I thought that I was in a ship upon a stormy sea, and——

Geronimo. I understand nothing of dreams, Mr. Sganarel, and I cannot now stay to hear you, as I have some other business on hands; and as to reasoning about matrimony, you have two philosophers your neighbours, learned men, who will give you all possible information upon the subject; they are of different sects, and you may consider their different opinions of

the matter. I shall say no more upon the occasion than what I said just now: so your servant.

Sganarel alone.] He is right. I will consult these people a little, upon the uncertainty I am in.

S C E N E V.

PANCRATIUS, SGANAREL.

PANCRATIUS turning towards the side where he entered, and not perceiving Sganarel.

BEGONE, friend, thou art an impertinent fellow, a man ignorant of all good discipline, who should be banished from the republic of letters.

Sganarel. O! good, here is one of them come very seasonably.

Pancratius does the same again, not seeing Sganarel.] Ay, I will maintain to thee by strong reasons, I will shew thee by Aristotle, the philosopher of philosophers, that thou art an *ignorans*, *ignorantissimus*, *ignorantificans*, and *ignorantificatus*, through all the cases and moods imaginable.

Sganarel aside.] He is quarreling with somebody. [To Pancratius.] Sir,—

Pancratius does the same again, not seeing Sganarel.] Thou wilt be attempting to reason, and thou dost not know the very elements of reason.

Sganarel aside.] His passion will not let him see me. [To Pancratius.] Sir,—

Pancratius does the same again, not seeing Sganarel.] It is a proposition to be condemned in all the regions of philosophy.

Sganarel aside.] Somebody must have vexed him greatly. [To Pancratius.] I—

Pancratius does the same again, not seeing Sganarel.] *Toto coelo, tota via aberras.*

Sganarel. Good-morrow, master doctor.

Pancratius. Your servant.

Sganarel. May a body—

Pancratius returning to the place where he entered.]
Dost thou know what thou hast done? A syllogism in *balordo!*

Sganarel. I tell you—

Pancratius. The major is stupid, the minor impertinent, and the conclusion absurd.

Sganarel. I—

Pancratius. I would die rather than vindicate what thou say'st; and I will maintain my opinion to the very last drop of my ink.

Sganarel. May I.——

Pancratius. Yes, I will defend that proposition, *Pugnis et calcibus, unguibus et rostro.*

Sganarel. Mr. Aristotle, may one ask what puts you in such a fury.

Pancratius. The justest reason in the world.

Sganarel. What is it, pray?

Pancratius. An ignorant wretch would maintain to me a proposition that is false; an hideous, frightful, execrable proposition.

Sganarel. May I ask what it is?

Pancratius. Ah! Mr. Sganarel, every thing, now-a-days, is turned upside down, and the world is fallen into a general corruption. An horrible license prevails every where; and the magistrates, who are set up to preserve order in the state, should die with shame, for suffering such an intolerable scandal as that I am going to tell you.

Sganarel. What is it?

Pancratius. Is it not a terrible thing, a thing, that

cries to heaven for vengeance, to allow any person to say publicly, the form of a hat?

Sganarel. How is that?

Pancratius. I maintain that one should say, the figure of a hat, and not the form. Forasmuch as there is this difference between the form and the figure: the form is the exterior disposition of bodies that are animated; and the figure is the exterior disposition of bodies that are not animated; therefore, as a hat is a body not animated, one should say the figure of a hat, and not the form: [returning to the place where he entered.] Yes, ignorant mortal as you are, thus it is you should express yourself; and these are the express terms of Aristotle in his chapter of Qualities.

Sganarel aside.] I imagined we had been all undone. [to Pancratius.] Think no more of that, master doctor. I—

Pancratius. I am in such a fury, I do not know what I do.

Sganarel. Let the form and the hat alone: I have something to consult with you about. I—

Pancratius. Ridiculous!

Sganarel. Pray now, be calm. I—

Pancratius. Intolerable!

Sganarel. Good Lord! I—

Pancratius. To think I would bear such a proposition!

Sganarel. He was certainly wrong. I—

Pancratius. A proposition condemned by Aristotle.

Sganarel. That is true. I—

Pancratius. In express terms.

Sganarel. You are in the right. [turning himself to the side where Pancratius entered.] To be sure thou art a fool, and an impertinent rascal, to pretend to dispute with a doctor that can read and write. There is

an end of that affair: now pray hear me. I am come to advise with you about an affair that puzzles me. I have a design to take a wife, to bear me company in house-keeping. The person is handsome, and well-shaped: I like her extremely, and she is very fond of marrying me. Her father consents to it: but, I am a little afraid of you know what; that disgrace for which nobody pities one; and I beg of you, as a philosopher, to give me your opinion. Heh! What think you of it?

Pancratius. Rather than allow that one should say the form of a hat, I would allow that *datur vacuum in rerum natura*, and that I am a fool.

Sganarel aside.] The devil is in the man! [to Pancratius.] Pray, master doctor, give a little attention. One talks to you for an hour, and you give no answer to what one says.

Pancratius. I ask your pardon. A just anger took up my thoughts.

Sganarel. Well, have done with all that, and take patience to hear me.

Pancratius. Come then; let me hear, what have you to say to me?

Sganarel. I would talk to you about an affair that—

Pancratius. And what tongue will you make use of with me?

Sganarel. What tongue?

Pancratius. Yes.

Sganarel. Bless my soul! Why the tongue I have in my mouth: I dare say I shall not borrow another person's.

Pancratius. I ask you what idiom, what language?

Sganarel. Oh! that is a different affair.

Pancratius. Will you speak Italian to me?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Spanish?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. High Dutch?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. English?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Latin?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Greek?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Hebrew?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Syriac?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Turkish?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Arabic?

Sganarel. No, no: French, French, French.

Pancratius. Oh! French.

Sganarel. Yes.

Pancratius. Go to the other side then: for this ear is destined for the learned and foreign languages; and the other is for the vulgar and mother tongue.

Sganarel aside.] One must use great ceremony with these kind of people.

Pancratius. What is your business?

Sganarel. To consult you upon a little difficulty.

Pancratius. Ay, ay, upon a difficulty in philosophy, undoubtedly?

Sganarel. Forgive me. I—

Pancratius. You would know, perhaps, whether substance and accident are terms synonymous, or equivocal with regard to entity?

Sganarel. No, no. I—

Pancratius. Whether logic is an art, or a science?

Sganarel. Not at all. I—

Pancratius. If it has for its object the three operations of the mind, or the third only?

Sganarel. No. I—

Pancratius. Whether there are ten categories, or only one?

Sganarel. No. I—

Pancratius. Whether the conclusion be of the essence of the syllogism?

Sganarel. No, no. I—

Pancratius. Whether the essence of good be placed in the appetibility, or in the congruity of it?

Sganarel. No. I—

Pancratius. Whether good reciprocates with its end?

Sganarel. Oh! no. I—

Pancratius. Whether the end can affect us by its real, or by its intentional being?

Sganarel. No, no, no, no, no; by all the devils, no.

Pancratius. I cannot guess your meaning, explain it.

Sganarel. I will explain it to you, but then you must hear me. The business I have to communicate to you is, that I have an intention to marry a girl that is young and handsome. I love her extremely, and have asked her of her father: but as I fear—

Pancratius speaks at the same time without hearing Sganarel.] Speech was given to man to express his thoughts: and as thoughts are the portraits of things, even so are our words the portraits of our thoughts.

[Sganarel being impatient, stops the doctor's mouth with his hand several times, and the doctor still talks as soon as Sganarel takes his hand away.

But these portraits are different from other portraits, because other portraits are distinguished every where by their originals, but speech includes its original in itself; since it is nothing else but thought expressed

by an interior sign; whence it comes to pass, that those who think well are likewise those who speak the best. Wherefore express to me your thought by speech, which is the most intelligible of all signs.

Sganarel pushes the doctor into his house, and shuts the door to prevent his coming out.] Pox o' the man !

Pancratius within the house.] Yes, speech is *Animi index, et speculum*; it is the interpreter of the heart, it is the image of the soul. [Pancratius gets up to the window, and goes on.] It is a mirror that plainly represents to us the most hidden secrets of us individuals. Then since you have the faculty of ratiocinating and talking both together, how comes it you do not make use of speech to make me understand your meaning?

Sganarel. That is my intention; but you will not hear me.

Pancratius. I attend: speak.

Sganarel. I say then, master doctor, that——

Pancratius. But above all things, be brief.

Sganarel. I will.

Pancratius. Avoid prolixity.

Sganarel. Oh! Sir——

Pancratius. Abridge me your discourse into a Laconic apothegm.

Sganarel. I——

Pancratius. No round-about talk, no circumlocution.

[Sganarel, so provoked that he is not able to speak, gathers up stones to throw at the doctor's head.

Pancratius. What? Do you fall into a rage, instead of explaining yourself! Go, you are more impudent than he that would maintain to me that one should say the form of a hat; and I will prove to you upon all occasions, by reasons demonstrative and convincing, and by arguments in *barbara*, that you are not, nor shall e-

ver be any other than a loggerhead, and that I am, and shall be always, *in utroque jure*, doctor Pancratius.

Sganarel. What a foolish babbler is this!

Pancratius. *coming upon the stage.*] A man of letters, a man of erudition.

Sganarel. Again?

Pancratius. A man of sufficiency, a man of capacity. [Going away.] A man perfect in all the sciences, natural, moral, and political. [Coming back.] A man learned, perfectly learned, *per omnes modos et casus*. [Going away.] A man that possesses, *superlative*, fables, mythologies, and histories. [Coming back.] Grammar, poesy, rhetoric, dialectics, and sophistries. [Going away.] Mathematics, arithmetic, optics, onirocritics, physics, and metaphysics. [Coming back.] Cosmometry, geometry, architecture, speculative, and speculative. [Going away.] Physic, astronomy, astrology, physiognomy, metapsophy, chiromancy, geomancy, and all the rest of the arts and sciences in the world.

SCENE VI.

SGANAREL alone.

DUCE take these learned people, that will not hear one. I was rightly told that his master Aristotle was only a boaster. I must go find the other, he perhaps will be more composed and reasonable. Soho there!

SCENE VII.

MARPHURIUS, SGANAREL.

MARPHURIUS.

WHAT is your business with me, Mr. Sganarel?

Sganarel. Master doctor, I stand in need of your advice about a little affair in hand, and am come here upon that account. [aside.] Oh! this goes well. This man hears people.

Marphurius. Mr. Sganarel, be pleased to alter that manner of speaking. Our philosophy commands, not to express one's self upon a proposition decisively; but to speak of every thing with uncertainty; always to suspend one's judgment; and by that rule, you should not say, *I am come*, but, *I think that I am come*.

Sganarel. I think?

Marphurius. Yes.

Sganarel. S'bud! I must really think so, because it is so.

Marphurius. That is not a consequence, for you may think so, without the thing's being really so.

Sganarel. How! am I not come?

Marphurius. That is uncertain, and we should doubt of every thing.

Sganarel. What! am I not here? and do not you talk to me?

Murphurius. It appears to me that you are there, and I think that I talk with you; but it is not certain that it is so.

Sganarel. Heh! What the devil, you jest. I am here, and you are there, very plainly, and there is nothing to doubt in all that. Pray let us have done

with these subtilties; and talk of my affair. I am come to tell you that I have an inclination to marry.

Marphurius. I know nothing of the matter.

Sganarel. I tell it you.

Marphurius. That may be.

Sganarel. The girl that I would marry is very young and handsome.

Marphurius. It may be so.

Sganarel. Shall I do well or ill in marrying her?

Marphurius. Either one way or the other.

Sganarel aside.] Hey-day! here is another fiddle to the same tune. [To Marphurius.] I ask you whether I shall do well to marry the girl I speak of?

Marphurius. Just as it happens.

Sganarel. Shall I do ill?

Marphurius. Perhaps you may.

Sganarel. Good now, answer me properly.

Marphurius. That is my intention.

Sganarel. I have a great inclination for the girl.

Marphurius. Very possible.

Sganarel. The father has given me his consent.

Marphurius. So he might.

Sganarel. But I am afraid of being a cuckold by marrying her.

Marphurius. The thing is very probable.

Sganarel. What do you think of it?

Marphurius. There is no impossibility in it.

Sganarel. But what would you advise me to do?

Marphurius. I cannot say.

Sganarel. What would you do were you in my place?

Marphurius. I do not know.

Sganarel. I am vexed.

Marphurius. I will have nothing to say to it.

Sganarel. The devil take the old dotard.

Marphurius. That shall be as it will.

Sganarel aside.] Plague on the tormenting devil! I will make you change your tune, you mad dog of a philosopher. [Beating Marphurius.

Marphurius. Oh! oh! oh!

Sganarel. There is payment for thy nonsense, and now I am contented.

Marphurius. How now? What insolence to affront me in this manner! to have the impudence to beat a philosopher like me!

Sganarel. Pray then correct that way of speaking. One should doubt of every thing; and you ought not to say, that I have beat you, but that you think that I have beat you.

Marphurius. Ay, ay, I will go and complain to a justice of peace, of the blows which you have given me.

Sganarel. I deny it.

Marphurius. The marks of them upon my body will answer for it.

Sganarel. That is possible.

Marphurius. It is thou hast treated me in this manner.

Sganarel. Very probably.

Marphurius. I will get a warrant against thee.

Sganarel. I know nothing of the matter.

Marphurius. And the law shall punish thee.

Sganarel. That shall be as it may.

Marphurius. Trust me for that.

SCENE VIII.

SGANAREL alone.

HOW is this? One cannot get one word from that dog of a fellow there! and a body is as wise at the end, as at the beginning! What shall I do under this uncertainty of the consequence of my marriage? Never man was more puzzled than I am. Oh! here are Bohemians, I must make them tell me my good fortune.

SCENE IX.

TWO BOHEMIANS, SGANAREL.

Enter two Bohemians with their tabors, singing and dancing.

SGANAREL.

THEY are joyous folks. Hark'e, you there, cannot you tell me my fortune?

1. Bohemian. Yes, my good master, both of us will tell it you.

2. Bohemian. Do but give us thy hand, with a cross in it, and we will tell thee something for thy good profit.

Sganarel. Hold, there are both of them, with what you demand.

1. Bohemian. Thou hast a good physiognomy, my good master, a good physiognomy.

2. Bohemian. Yes, a good physiognomy. The physiognomy of a man that one day will be something.

1. Bohemian. Thou shalt be married soon, my good master; thou shalt be married soon.

2. Bohemian. Thou shalt marry an accomplished woman, an accomplished woman.

1. Bohemian. Yes, a woman that will be carested and esteemed by every body.

2. Bohemian. A woman that will get thee many friends, my good master; that will get thee many friends.

1. Bohemian. A woman that will bring great plenty to thy house.

2. Bohemian. A woman that will get thee a great character.

1. Bohemian. Thou shalt be respected on her account, my good master; thou shalt be respected on her account.

Sganarel. That is well; but inform me a little, am I threatened to be a cuckold?

2. Bohemian. A cuckold?

Sganarel. Ay.

1. Bohemian. A cuckold?

Sganarel. Ay, if I am threatened to be a cuckold?

[The two Bohemians sing and dance.

Sganarel. What the devil! this is not making me an answer. Come here. I ask you both whether I shall be a cuckold?

2. Bohemian. A cuckold? you?

Sganarel. Yes, whether I shall be a cuckold?

1. Bohemian. You a cuckold?

Sganarel. Yes, whether I shall be one, or not?

[The two Bohemians go off singing and dancing.

SCENE X.

SGANAREL alone.

PLAGUE on the baggages for leaving me in this perplexity! I must absolutely know the fate of my marriage: and for that purpose I will go in search of that famous conjuror whom every body talks so much about, and who, by his surprising art, shews every thing one can wish for. O' my conscience, I believe I have no occasion to go to a conjuror, here is one tells me all that I can inquire about.

SCENE XI.

DORIMENA, LYCASTO, SGANAREL retires unseen to the corner of the stage.

LYCASTO.

WELL, fair Dorimena, do you speak in earnest? Dorimena. In earnest.

Lycasto. Do you really intend to marry?

Dorimena. Really.

Lycasto. And this evening too?

Dorimena. Yes.

Lycasto. And can you cruelly forget in this manner the love I have for you, and the obliging promises which you gave me?

Dorimena. Far from it; I do not forget them. I respect you as much as ever, and this marriage should not discompose you. I do not marry this man for love, but riches. Consider, neither you nor I have any fortune, and without money one does but poorly in this world; for which reason one must acquire it at any

rate. I marry to make myself easy, and hope to be soon delivered from this old creature. He will not live above six months. I will not have to pray long for the happy state of widowhood. [To Sganarel, seeing him.] Oh! I have been saying all the pretty things imaginable of you.

Lycasto. Is that gentleman there——

Dorimena. This is the gentleman that is to marry me.

Lycasto. Sir, I congratulate you upon your marriage, and offer my most humble services. I assure you that you are going to possess a virtuous lady; and, madam, it gives me pleasure that you have made so good a choice; the gentleman promises to make a good husband. Upon my word, Sir, I would chuse to commence a friendship with you, and settle a commerce of diversions and visits together.

Dorimena. You do us both great honour. But come, the time presses, and we shall have many opportunities of conversing together.

SCENE XII.

S-GANAREL alone.

I Am now quite disgusted with my match, and think I should not do amiss to go and disengage myself from my promise. It has been some expence, but it is even better to lose that than to expose myself to something worse. I must endeavour to disengage myself from this affair cleverly. Soho!

[Knocking at Alcantor's door.]

SCENE XIII.

ALCANTOR, SGANAREL.

SGANAREL.

O! You are welcome, son-in-law.
Sganarel. Sir, your servant.

Alcantor. You are come to conclude the marriage?

Sganarel. Forgive me, Sir.

Alcantor. Believe me, I am as impatient for it as you.

Sganarel. I am come hither upon another score.

Alcantor. I have given orders about every thing that is necessary for the entertainment.

Sganarel. That is not the affair.

Alcantor. The musicians are bespoke, the entertainment ordered, and my daughter ready drest to receive you.

Sganarel. I am not come on that account.

Alcantor. In short, you are going to be satisfied, and nothing can delay your happiness.

Sganarel. Alas! It is another matter.

Alcantor. Come, walk in then, son-in-law.

Sganarel. I want to speak a word with you.

Alcantor. Pray do not stand upon ceremony, but walk in directly.

Sganarel. No, I tell you. I would talk with you first.

Alcantor. Would you say something to me?

Sganarel. Yes.

Alcantor. And what may it be?

Sganarel. It is true, Mr. Alcantor, I have asked your daughter in marriage, and you have given your consent; but I begin to consider I am not a proper match for her, I am too old.

Alcantor. Sir, I beg your pardon. I am certain my daughter will be very well satisfied with you, and she has no objection to your age.

Sganarel. No; I have sometimes terrible whimsies; and it would be too much for her to bear my ill temper.

Alcantor. You will find my daughter will conform entirely to your way. She is very complaisant.

Sganarel. I have some infirmities of body which might disgust her.

Alcantor. That is nothing. A virtuous woman is never disgusted with her husband's infirmities.

Sganarel. I really advise you not to give her to me.

Alcantor. You are in jest sure: I would rather die than not perform my promise.

Sganarel. Alas! I will dispense with you for that, and I——

Alcantor. Not at all. You shall have her, in spite of all who pretend to her, as I have promised her to you.

Sganarel aside.] The devil I shall!

Alcantor. Believe me, I have a very particular friendship for you; and I would refuse my daughter to a prince, on your account.

Sganarel. I thank you for the honour you intend me, Mr. Alcantor, but I must tell you I will not marry.

Alcantor. Not marry?

Sganarel. No.

Alcantor. For what reason?

Sganarel. I will follow the example of my father, and other relations, who did not marry: and besides, I find myself unfit for it.

Alcantor. Hark you. Will is free; and I am a man that never forces any body. You are engaged with me to marry my daughter, and every thing is

prepared for it; but since you will break your word, I will see what is to be done in the affair, and you shall hear from me soon.

S C E N E XIII.

SGANAREL alone.

I Did not expect he would have been so reasonable; I thought to have found more difficulty in getting myself disengaged. Upon reflexion, I have acted very wisely, to free myself from this affair. I was going to engage in a thing which I should have repented of all my life. But here comes the son to give the answer.

S C E N E XIV.

ALCIDAS, SGANAREL.

ALCIDAS speaking all the while in a mild tone.

SIR, I am your most obedient humble servant.
Sganarel. Sir, I am yours sincerely.

Alcidas. My father acquaints me, Sir, that you are come to disengage yourself from your promise.

Sganarel. Yes, Sir, it is with regret; but——

Alcidas. Oh! Sir, there is no harm in that.

Sganarel. I assure you it gives me uneasiness; and I could have wished——

Alcidas. That is nothing, I tell you, [presenting two swords to Sganarel.] Sir, take the trouble of chusing which of these two swords you like best.

Sganarel. Of these two swords?

Alcidas. Yes, if you please.

Sganarel. For what purpose?

Alcidas. Sir, as you refuse to marry my sister ac

cording to your promise, I believe you will not take amiss the small compliment I am come to pay you.

Sganarel. How?

Alcidas. Some people would have made more noise, and put themselves into a passion at you; but we are people that do things in a calm way, and I am come to tell you mildly, that if you think proper, we must cut one another's throats.

Sganarel. That is a very ill-turned compliment.

Alcidas. Come, Sir, pray chuse.

Sganarel. I am your servant, I have no throat to be cut. [aside.] What a confounded way of talking is this!

Alcidas. Sir, it must be so, by your leave.

Sganarel. Oh! Sir, forbear the compliment, I desire you.

Alcidas. Let us dispatch, Sir, quick. I have a little business that waits for me.

Sganarel. I am for nothing of this, I tell you.

Alcidas. Will not you fight?

Sganarel. No, upon my word, will not I.

Alcidas. Really?

Sganarel. Really.

Alcidas after beating him with his cane.] However, Sir, you have no reason to complain: you see I do things in order. You break your word with us; I would fight you: you refuse to fight; I beat you: all this is according to the rules: and you are a man of too much honour to disapprove of my behaviour.

Sganarel aside.] What a devil of a fellow this is!

Alcidas presenting him the fwords again.] Come, Sir, do things in a gallant manner, without making me pull you by the ears.

Sganarel. What, again?

Alcidas. Sir, I do not force any body; but you must either marry my sister or fight.

Sganarel. Sir, I will do neither the one, nor the other, I protest.

Alcidas. Positively?

Sganarel. Positively.

Alcidas. With your leave then——

[Beating him again with his cane.

Sganarel. Oh! oh! oh!

Alcidas. Sir, it gives me great pain to be under a necessity of using you in this manner, but you must either consent to marry my sister, or fight.

[He lifts up the cane.

Sganarel. Then I will marry, I will marry——

Alcidas. Sir, I am rejoiced that you are come to yourself, and have put things to rights, for, I declare, I esteem you more than any man alive; and if you had obliged me to use you ill, it would have given me great concern. I will go and acquaint my father that all affairs are settled.

[Going to knock at Alcantor's door.

SCENE THE LAST.

ALCANTOR, DORIMENA, ALCIDAS,
SGANAREL.

ALCIDAS.

FATHER, the gentleman has recovered his reason again; you may give him my sister, for he is ready to do every thing you think proper.

Alcantor. There is her hand, Sir, give her yours. Thank God, I am relieved from it: from this time you must look to her conduct. Let us go celebrate this happy marriage cheerfully.

T H E E N D.

THE
MAGNIFICENT LOVERS.

A
COMEDY.

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*The MAGNIFICENT LOVERS, a Comedy of Five Acts,
performed at St. Germain in February 1670, under
the Title of The ROYAL DIVERSION.*

THE subject of the following comedy, which is two rival princes contending for the esteem of a young princess by galant and sumptuous entertainments, was given by the king. The part of Sostratus is the character of a lover which had never been brought on the stage; Clitidas, the court buffoon, is more delicate than Moron in *The PRINCESS of ELIS*. The introducing an astrologer, the unmasking of whose artifice serves to undeceive the great of a folly which does no great honour to their understandings, may in some degree apologize for the unlikely singularity of unravelling the plot by machinery. The author, who by solid reflexion and his own experience had learnt to distinguish what was suitable to the different theatres for which he composed, would not venture this comedy on the stage at Paris, nor even so much as print it; though it will certainly be found to have its beauties, by those who can transport themselves in imagination to the places, times, and circumstances for which these sort of entertainments are esteemed.

A C T O R S.

ARISTIONE, a princess, mother to Eriphila.

ERIPHILA, daughter to the princess.

IPHICRATES, a prince in love with Eriphila.

TIMOCLES, a prince in love with Eriphila.

SOSTRATUS, the general of the army, in love with
Eriphila.

CLEONICE, Eriphila's confident.

ANAXARCHUS, an astrologer.

CLEON, his son.

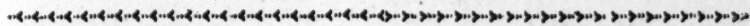
CHOREBUS, one of the princess's servants.

CLITIDAS, a court jester.

A false VENUS, Anaxarchus's correspondent.



T H E
MAGNIFICENT LOVERS.



F I R S T I N T E R L U D E.

The stage represents a vast sea, bordered on each side with four high rocks, on the side of each whereof is a River-god leaning on an urn. At the foot of these rocks are twelve Tritons, and in the middle of the sea four Cupids upon dolphins; behind is Æolus raised above the waters on a cloud.

S C E N E I.

ÆOLUS, RIVER-GODS, TRITONS, CUPIDS.

ÆOLUS.

RETIRE, ye winds, into your caves,
Ye who spoil the clearest days;
And leave to reign among the waves
The Zephyrs and the Loves.

S C E N E II.

The sea grows calm, and a city is seen to rise out of the middle of the waves. Eight Fishermen rise from the bottom of the sea with mother-of-pearl and branches of coral.

ÆOLUS, RIVER-GODS, TRITONS, CUPIDS, CORAL-FISHERS.

A TRITON.

WHAT lovely eyes have pierc'd our moist abodes?
Hide yourselves, Nereids, come ye watry gods.

CHORUS OF TRITONS.

Come, let's approach these fair divinities,
And in soft strains pay homage to their eyes.

A CUPID.

Ah! how fair these queens appear!

ANOTHER CUPID.

What hearts but must their charms obey.

ANOTHER CUPID.

The fairest of the immortal fair,
Our mother, boasts less charms than they.

CHORUS.

Come, let's approach these fair divinities,
And in soft strains pay homage to their eyes.

FIRST ENTRY.

The Fishermen form a dance, at the end of which they place themselves each upon a rock under a River-god.

A TRITON.

WHAT noble figure bends this way?
Great Neptune, with majestic port,
To honour this illustrious day
Approaches here with all his court.

CHORUS.

Redouble our concerts, and let our joys fly
On the wings of the winds to the echoing sky.

SCENE III.

NEPTUNE, SEA-GODS, ÆOLUS, TRITONS,
RIVER-GODS, CUPIDS,
FISHERMEN.

SECOND ENTRY.

NEPTUNE dances with his attendants. The Tritons, River-gods, and Fishermen accompany his steps with variety of gestures, and the sound of their pearl shells.

END of the FIRST INTERLUDE.

Verſes for the KING, repreſenting Neptune.

HEAV'N, 'mongſt the chief of the immortal gods,
Has plac'd me in a rank of no ſmall note,
And, giving me the empire of the ſeas,
Makes the whole univerſe adore my power.

No regions of the earth who mark my force,
But tremble leſt I overflow their ſhores:
No ſtate but in an inſtant I can drown
With the impetuous ſurges I command.

Nothing their fierce invaſion can reſiſt,
And triple dikes in vain their force oppoſe;
The firm reſiſtance boldly they ſurmout,
And gain in ev'ry place an eaſy paſſage.

Yet I can curb the fury of theſe waves
By the wiſe equity that guides my power,
And leave to all who plough the watry plain
The lovely liberty of peaceful commerce.

'Though rocks may ſometimes in my realms be found,
And veſſels periſh by the tempeſt's rage,
Yet no one ever murmurs at my ſway,
For virtue knows no ſhipwreck where I reign.

For Mr. LE GRAND, repreſenting a Sea-god.

RE P L E T E with treaſures is this empire where
we live,
And crouds of mortals to our ſhores reſort;
Whiſt to acquire with ſpeed an ample fortune,
We need but to obtain great Neptune's favour.

For the Marquis of VILLEROI, representing a Sea-god.

TRUST in this monarch of the floating sea,
And you may still with confidence embark.
The waves are guilty of inconstancy,
But Neptune in himself is always constant.

For the Marquis of RASSENT, representing a Sea-god.

WOULD you desire to purchase Neptune's favour,
Launch out into this deep with dauntless zeal.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SOSTRATUS, CLITIDAS.

CLITIDAS aside.

I WONDER what can make Sostratus so pensive.
Sostratus imagining himself alone.] I see nothing
you can have recourse to, Sostratus; thy misfortunes
are of such a nature, that they leave thee no prospect
of a deliverance from them.

Clitidas aside.] He talks to himself.

Sostratus imagining himself alone.] Alas!

Clitidas aside.] I believe my conjecture will prove
true; these sighs mean something.

Sostratus imagining himself alone.] Tell me upon
what thou foundest thy hopes. Canst thou expect any
thing but the disagreeable length of an unhappy life,
and miseries which can be put to an end by nothing
but death?

Clitidas aside.] That head is much more confused than mine.

Sostratus imagining himself alone.] Oh! my heart! my heart! what have you driven me to?

Clitidas. Your most obedient, Lord Sostratus.

Sostratus. Clitidas, whither art thou going?

Clitidas. Nay, rather acquaint me what secret melancholy induces you to remain in these woods, when every body is gone to the grand entertainment which Prince Iphicrates has given to the princesses upon the water, where they were amused with music and dancing; and the rocks and waves adorned themselves with deities to honour their charms?

Sostratus. I can figure to myself what this grandeur was without going to see it; and a croud of people make such confusion at these great entertainments, that I had not an inclination to enlarge the company.

Clitidas. You are always welcome, go where you will; your presence never does mischief; your face is none of those which are ill received by sovereigns, it will pass every where. You enjoy the favour of both the princesses; and both the mother and the daughter make you sensible of the regard they have for you; so that you need not be afraid of being thought troublesome; and I see it was not that prevented you from going.

Sostratus. I own I have no great curiosity for these things.

Clitidas. If you had no curiosity for the things, yet the pleasure of seeing the company is a great inducement; and you may say what you please, but it is not common for people to think amongst trees in the time of a festival, without something disturbs their repose.

Sostratus. Why, what think you I have in my head?

Clitander. I know not from whence it proceeds, but

here is a strong scent of love. Faith it is you, for it is not me.

Softratus. You are a great fool, Clitidas.

Clitidas. I am not a fool; I have a nice nose and smell it quickly; you certainly are in love.

Softratus. Why do you imagine so?

Clitidas. Would you not be very much surpris'd if I should tell you the person you are in love with?

Softratus. I?

Clitidas. Yes: I will wager that I tell you who is the object of your passion. I understand some secrets as well as our astrologer; with whom the princess Aristione is so taken; and if he has the art of reading men's fortunes in the stars, I have the art of reading the names of the people men love in their eyes. Open your eyes. E, by itself, e; r, i, ri, Eri; p, h, i, phi, Eriphi; l, a, la, Eriphila. You love the princess Eriphila.

Softratus. Ah! Clitidas, I own I cannot hide my concern; you thunderstrike me.

Clitidas. You see whether I am learned or not.

Softratus. Alas! if you have discovered the secrets of my heart by any accident, I intreat you not to tell it to any one, and especially to conceal it from the fair princess you mentioned just now.

Clitidas. But to be serious, if I have been able to discover your passion, which you have attempted to keep secret, do you imagine the princess Eriphila was so blind as not to see it? Depend upon it, the ladies are always the quickest to perceive the love they occasion; the language of the eyes and sighs is sooner understood by those it is address'd to than any body else.

Softratus. Well, Clitidas, let us see if she can read the passion she inspires me with in my sighs and looks; but let us be careful not to let her know any thing of it in any other manner.

Clitidas. What do you fear? Is it possible that this Sostratus, who was afraid neither of Brennus nor all the Gauls, and whose arm helped so gloriously to rid us of that deluge of Barbarians who ravaged Greece; can it be possible, I say, that a man so stout in war should be such a coward in love, and tremble only to say he loves?

Sostratus. Ah! Clitidas, I do not tremble without a cause; and all the Gauls in the world are much less to be feared than two beautiful eyes so full of charms.

Clitidas. I am quite of a different opinion; and for my part, one single Gaul, with sword in hand, would make me tremble much more than fifty of the most charming eyes in the world. But pray what is your intention?

Sostratus. To die without declaring my passion.

Clitidas. A fine intention truly! Go, go; you are deceived; a little boldness always succeeds in lovers, only the bashful are lost; and if I were in love with a goddess, I should presently tell her my passion.

Sostratus. Alas! too many things condemn my flames to an eternal silence.

Clitidas. What things?

Sostratus. The smallness of my fortune, by which heaven is pleased to humble the ambition of my love; the princess's rank, which sets between her and my desires so mortifying a distance; the rivalry of two princesses who are supported by all the great titles that can sustain the pretensions of their passion; two princes who, by numberless magnificencies, are continually disputing the glory of her conquest, and whose love is daily expected to be decided by her choice; but most of all, Clitidas, the inviolable respect to which her beautiful eyes subject the violence of my love.

Clitidas. Respect is not always so agreeable as love, and I am greatly deceived if the young princess does not

already know of your passion, and is not insensible to it.

Softratus. O! for pity sake, do not flatter a miserable wretch.

Clitidas. My conjecture is well founded. She is very much for deferring the choice of an husband, and I will look a little further into this affair. You know I am in a sort of favour with her, have free access to her, and have gained a privilege to throw in a word now and then, and to speak at random to any thing. Sometimes this does not succeed as I would have it; and sometimes it does. Let me alone, I am your friend, I love men of merit, and will take an opportunity to talk to the princefs——

Softratus. O! for heaven's sake, however you may pity my misfortune, do not mention my passion to her. I would rather die than be accused by her of the least temerity; and the profound respect which her celestial charms——

Clitidas. Hush, here they all come.

SCENE II.

ARISTIONE, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES,
SOSTRATUS, ANAXARCHUS,
CLEON, CLITIDAS.

ARISTIONE to Iphicrates.

I MUST tell you, prince, that no spectacle in the world can dispute it for magnificence with this you just now gave us. The entertainment had ornaments which certainly gain the day from all that can be seen; and it shewed us something so noble, so great, and so majestic, that heaven itself cannot out-do it; and I may with great safety say, that nothing in the world can equal it.

Timocles. These are ornaments which cannot be expected in all entertainments, and I should tremble, madam, for the little diversion I am preparing to give you in Diana's wood.

Aristione. I dare say it will be very agreeable; and it must be owned, that the country should appear very beautiful to us, and that we have no time to be uneasy in this agreeable habitation, which the poets have celebrated by the name of Tempe. For, not to mention the pleasures of hunting which we are continually taking, and the solemnity of the Pythian games which are to be celebrated presently, you take care to supply us with diversions that might charm the anxieties of the most melancholy. How comes it, Sostratus, that we did not meet you in our walks?

Sostratus. A little indisposition, madam, prevented me.

Iphicrates. Sostratus is one of those men, madam, who think it does not look well to be curious like others; and that it is noble to affect not to run where every body else does.

Sostratus. My lord, affectation has no part in what I do, and without paying you a compliment, there were things to be seen in this feast which might have attracted me, if some other motive had not retained me.

Aristione. And did not Clitidas see this?

Clitidas. Yes, madam, from the shore.

Aristione. Why from the shore?

Clitidas. Faith, madam, I was afraid of one of those accidents that are common in such confusions. I dreamed of dead fish and broken eggs last night, and I have learned of Anaxarchus, that broken eggs and dead fish bode ill luck.

Anaxarchus. I observe that Clitidas has nothing to say if he does not speak of me.

Clitidas. That is because there is so much room to talk of you, that one can never say enough of you.

Anaxarchus. You might take some other subject, as I have desired it of you.

Clitidas. How is that possible? Do not you say that the ascendant is stronger than any thing, and if it is written in the stars that I shall talk of you, how can I resist my destiny?

Anaxarchus. With all the respect I owe you, madam, there is one thing in your court that I do not approve of, that is, every body make free to talk, and the honestest man is exposed to the raillery of the first rascally buffoon.

Clitidas. I thank you for the honour——

Aristione to Anaxarchus.] What a fool you are to be angry at what he says!

Clitidas. With all the respect I owe you, madam; there is one thing that amazes me in astrology; how people who know all the secrets of the gods, and who possess such lights as ought to set them above all mankind, should have need to make their court to any body, and ask for any thing.

Anaxarchus. You ought to earn your money better, and give your mistress better jests.

Clitidas. Faith, I give her as good as I can. You speak of it with a great deal of ease; the trade of a jester is not like that of an astrologer. To lie well, and to joke well, are two very different things, and it is much more easy to deceive people than to make them laugh.

Aristione. Ha? What is the meaning of that?

Clitidas talking to himself.] Hold your peace, Impudence; do not you know that astrology is a state affair, and that you must not touch upon that string? I have often told you, that you take such liberties as will

one day bring some ugly business or other upon your head. You will see that you will be kicked out of doors some time or other for a knave; hold your tongue if you are wise.

Aristione. Where is my daughter?

Timocles. Madam, she is alone somewhere; I presented her my hand, which she refused.

Aristione. Princes, since your love for Eriphila consents to submit to the laws I have imposed; since you have promised me to be rivals without being enemies, and since, with a full submission to my daughter's sentiments, you wait for a choice which I have made her sole mistress of: disclose to me, both of you, the bottom of your heart, and tell me sincerely what progress you each of you think you have made on her heart.

Timocles. Madam, I will not flatter myself; I have done all I could to affect the heart of the princess Eriphila, and I think I have gone about in all the tender methods a lover could use: I made her submissive homages of all my vows; I have shewn assiduities, I have paid her obedience daily; I have caused my passion to be sung to her by the most tender voices, and expressed in verse by the nicest pens; I have complained of my sufferings in passionate terms; I have expressed the despair of my love, as well by my eyes as by my tongue; I have fetched languishing sighs at her feet; I have even shed tears; but all this was in vain, and I cannot find that she has any sense of my flame in her breast.

Aristione. Now, prince, what have you to say?

Iphicrates. Madam, for my part, being sensible of the indifference with which she receives the homage paid to her, I did not chuse to complain, sigh, or cry to no purpose. I know she submits entirely to your will in every thing, and from your hand alone will take a husband; so it is to you only I address myself, to ob-

tain her; and would to God that you would determine to take her place, and enjoy the conquests you make for her, and receive yourself the addresses you transfer to her.

Aristione. Your compliment, prince, is like a cunning lover; I have determined to leave her to her own inclination. You have heard that mothers must be flattered to gain the daughters, but it is not the case here.

Iphicrates. Whatever power you give her for this choice, what I say to you, madam, is no compliment. I court the princess Eriphila only because she is of your family; I think her charming in that she inherits from you, and it is you that I admire in her.

Aristione. Very well.

Iphicrates. Yes, madam, all the earth sees in you charms and attractions, which I——

Aristione. Pray no more of these charms and attractions, prince; you know these are words I prohibit in the compliments that are made me. I can endure to be praised for my sincerity, to have it said that I am a good princess, that I speak to every body, that I have warmth for my friends, and esteem for merit and virtue; I can taste all this; but for the sweetness of charms and attractions, I do not care to have people go that way to work; and what truth soever may be in it, one should make a scruple of relishing being praised for it, when one is mother of such a daughter as mine.

Iphicrates. Ah! madam, it is you will be her mother in spite of all the world; there is nobody but opposes it; and if you have a mind to it, the princess Eriphila shall be only your sister.

Aristione. Prince, I will be a mother because I am so: I do not like the flattery which most of my sex are

so fond of. There is nothing in the name of mother so shocking to me, as I received it by my own consent. It is a weakness in our sex, which, thank God, I am free from; and disputes concerning age, which many people give themselves so much trouble about, gives me no concern. But let us return to our conversation. Could you never discover where Eriphila's inclination tends?

Iphicrates. It is unknown to me.

Timocles. It is a profound secret to me.

Aristione. Probably modesty prevents her from telling her intentions to you and me; and we may find some other person who may discover the secrets of her heart. Pray, Sostratus, do this piece of service to the princes, and endeavour by your art to discover which of the two my daughter thinks most favourably of.

Sostratus. Madam, I am not fit for that purpose; there are a thousand people in your court on whom you had better bestow the honour of such an employment.

Aristione. Sostratus, your merit is not confined to the business of war alone, you have address, conduct and wit, and my daughter esteems you.

Sostratus. She esteems another more than me, madam.

Aristione. Your excuses are to no purpose.

Sostratus. Madam, you shall be obeyed, as you will have it so; but I declare you could not have chosen one in your court but what would have been more able to acquit himself of such a commission than I.

Aristione. You always acquit yourself well in every thing you take in hand: but your modesty is too great. Remind Eriphila that she must be at Diana's wood early, and do you endeavour to discover her sentiments.

SCENE III.

IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, SO-
STRATUS, CLITIDAS.

IPHICRATES to Sostratus.

YOU may be assured that I am glad of the esteem the princess shews for you.

Timocles to Sostratus.] You may assure yourself I am rejoiced at the choice she has made of you.

Iphicrates. You now have it in your power to serve your friends.

Timocles. You may now assist whom you please.

Iphicrates. I do not recommend my interests to you.

Timocles. I do not desire you to speak for me.

Sostratus. My lords, it would be to no purpose if you did; I should be in the wrong to exceed my commission, and you will excuse me if I speak for neither of you.

Iphicrates. I leave you to do as you please.

Timocles. You may use your pleasure.

SCENE IV.

IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, CLITIDAS.

IPHICRATES whispering Clitidas.

CLITIDAS remembers he is one of my friends; I request that he will always take my part with his mistress against my rival.

Clitidas whispering Iphicrates.] Let me alone; there is a mighty difference betwixt him and you; he is a fine prince indeed to dispute with you!

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Iphicrates whispering Clitidas.] I will acknowledge this service.

SCENE V.

TIMOCLES, CLITIDAS.

TIMOCLES.

MY rival pays his court to Clitidas, but Clitidas knows that he has promised to support the pretensions of my love against him.

Clitidas. Certainly, and he jests to think to carry it from you; he is a pretty snotty-nosed prince indeed to you.

Timocles. I am ready to do any thing for Clitidas.

Clitidas alone.] Fair promises on all sides. Here comes the princess, we will take our time to accost her.

SCENE VI.

ERIPHILA, CLEONICE.

CLEONICE.

YOUR avoiding every body in this manner will be thought very odd, madam.

Eriphila. How pleasant is it to converse with one's thoughts after an hundred impertinent conversations! Leave me, Cleonice, to walk here alone. Oh how agreeable is a little solitude to us who are tired with multitudes!

Cleonice. Will you not, madam, see a little essay of the activity of those admirable people who wish to serve you? By their appearance they express every thing that is called Pantomime. I speak that word

with fear, and there are some people in your court who would not forgive me if they knew it.

Eriphila. You seem to have a desire to amuse me with some trifling diversion; you have an affability which rejects nothing; and never fail to introduce all that present themselves to you. You are the grand protectress of poor merit: it is to you all the necessitous muses have recourse.

Cleonice. You need not see them, madam, except it be agreeable.

Eriphila. Come, come, let me see them.

Cleonice. They may perhaps dance ill, madam.

Eriphila. Well, but I had as good have it over; ill or not, we must see them; and it would only be delaying the thing with you.

Cleonice. Madam, another time will be as well; for this will be but an ordinary dance.

Eriphila. No apology, Cleonice, let them come in.

SECOND INTERLUDE.

E N T R Y.

Three Pantomimes dance before Eriphila.



ACT II. SCENE I.

ERIPHILA, CLEONICE.

ERIPHILA.

THEY dance admirably well! I am glad I have them, for no body can dance better.

Cleonice. It gives me pleasure, madam, that you do not find my taste so poor as you expected.

Eriphila. Do not triumph so much, it will not be long before you give me my revenge. Leave me.

SCENE II.

ERIPHILA, CLEONICE, CLITIDAS.

CLEONICE going up to Clitidas.

THE princess chuses to be alone, Clitidas.

Clitidas. Hold your peace, I know my business.

SCENE III.

ERIPHILA, CLITIDAS.

CLITIDAS singing.

FAL, la, deral. [Pretending to be astonished at seeing Eriphila.] Ah!

Eriphila to Clitidas, who pretends to make off.] Clitidas.

Clitidas. I saw you not.

Eriphila. Whence come you?

Clitidas. I left the princess, your mother, who was

going towards the temple of Apollo, accompanied by a vast concourse of people.

Eriphila. Is not this the most delightful place you ever beheld?

Clitidas. Indeed it is. The princes, your lovers, were along with her.

Eriphila. What beautiful meanders the river Peneus makes!

Clitidas. Very agreeable. Sostratus also was there.

Eriphila. Why was not he with us to-day?

Clitidas. He has something in his head that prevents him from taking the least pleasure in all these fine treats. He wanted to talk with me; but you had so expressly forbidden me interceding to you for any thing, that I would not pay any attention to him, but told him plainly that I was not at leisure to hear him.

Eriphila. You were to blame for telling him that, you should have heard him.

Clitidas. I at first told him I was not at leisure to hear him, but afterwards I gave him audience.

Eriphila. You were in the right.

Clitidas. Indeed he is a man I like, a man made as I would have men made, not assuming any boisterous airs, or deafning tone; wise and sedate in every thing; never speaking but when necessary; not hasty in deciding; no troublesome exaggerator; and whatever fine verses our poets have repeated to him, I never heard him say, this is finer than any thing Homer ever did. In short, he is a man I greatly esteem, and were I a princess, he should not be unhappy.

Eriphila. He undoubtedly is a worthy man; but what did he talk to you of?

Clitidas. He asked me, if you seemed mightily pleased at the magnificent treat that was given you; spoke to me of your person with the greatest extacies ima-

ginable; extolled you to the skies, and gave you all the encomiums that could be given to the most accomplished princess in the universe, mixing with this several sighs which discovered more than he was willing they should. At length, after various shifts and enquiries into the cause of this profound melancholy, which is taken notice of by all the court, he owned to me, that he was in love.

Eriphila. How! in love! What rashness is this! I will never see him again.

Clitidas. What vexes you so, madam?

Eriphila. That he should have the boldness to love me, and what is more, to have the boldness to tell it.

Clitidas. He is not in love with you, madam.

Eriphila. Not me?

Clitidas. No, madam, he has more respect for you than that comes to; he is too wise to think of any such thing.

Eriphila. Who with then, Clitidas?

Clitidas. With one of your maids, the young Arsinoë.

Eriphila. Is she so beautiful, that he could think none but her worthy of his love?

Clitidas. He loves her to distraction, and begs that you would honour his flame with your protection.

Eriphila. I?

Clitidas. No, no, madam, I perceive you are not well pleased at this. Your anger obliged me to use that shift, and to tell you the truth, it is you he is in love with.

Eriphila. You are an impudent fellow to come and surprize my sentiments thus. Be gone, you pretend to read people's thoughts, and penetrate the secrets of a princess's heart! Away this moment, and let me never see you again. Clitidas.

Clitidas. Madam?

Eriphila. Come hither. I forgive you.

Clitidas. You are very good, madam.

Eriphila. But mind what I say, it is only on condition that you never open your mouth about it to any body, upon pain of death.

Clitidas. You need say no more.

Eriphila. Sostratus told you then that he loved me?

Clitidas. No, madam; I must tell you the truth; I got from him by surprize a secret he intended to have concealed from every body, and which, he said, he intended should die with him. He was very sorry I had stolen it from him, and far from desiring me to discover it to you, he earnestly begged that I would not let you know any thing of it; and I have committed a piece of treachery against him by disclosing it to you.

Eriphila. So much the better, it is by his respect alone that he can please me; and if he were so bold as to declare his passion to me, he would for ever forfeit both my presence and esteem.

Clitidas. Do not fear, madam—

Eriphila. Here he comes; if you are wise, remember the prohibition I have given you.

Clitidas. You need not be the least afraid, madam; it is not good to be an indiscreet courtier.

SCENE IV.

ERIPHILA, SOSTRATUS.

SOSTRATUS.

I COULD not have been so bold as to interrupt your solitude, madam, if I had not been authorized by a commission from your royal mother.

Eriphila. What commission, Sostratus?

Sostratus. To endeavour to learn of you, madam,

which of the two princes bears the most sway in your heart.

Eriphila. The princess, my mother, shews a judicious mind in the choice she has made of you for such an employment. This commission, Sostratus, was certainly agreeable to you, and you accepted it very joyfully.

Sostratus. I accepted it, madam, because my duty obliged me to obey; but if the princess would have received my excuses she would have honoured some other with this employment.

Eriphila. Wherefore did you refuse it, Sostratus?

Sostratus. I was afraid, madam, of acquitting myself ill of it.

Eriphila. Do you imagine I do not esteem you enough to open my heart to you, and give all the lights you would desire of me, about these two princes?

Sostratus. I desire nothing about that as from myself, madam, and I ask you no more than what you think you ought to grant to the commands that brings me hither.

Eriphila. Hitherto I have refused to explain myself. and the princess, my mother, has been so good as to suffer me to put off declaring this choice; but I shall be very glad to shew every body that I will do something for your sake, and if you press me to it, I will give you this long-expected sentence.

Sostratus. You shall never be importuned to do it by me, madam, and I cannot resolve to press a princess who knows too well what she has to do.

Eriphila. But this is what the princess, my mother, expects of you.

Sostratus. Did not I tell her that I should acquit myself but ill of this commission?

Eriphila. Such as you, Sostratus, have always pene-

trating eyes, and I believe there are but few things that can escape yours. Have not you discovered that which every body is so much in pain for; and have you had no glimpse of the inclination of my heart? You see the homage that is paid me, the officious ardour that is shewn me; which of these two princes do you think I should chuse?

Sostratus. The doubts that are formed upon such things are for the most part regulated only by the interest one has in them.

Eriphila. Whom would you chuse, Sostratus, that I should marry?

Sostratus. Ah! madam, your inclination, not my wishes, must decide it.

Eriphila. But what if I should be advised by you in this choice?

Sostratus. If you were to ask my advice, I should be very much perplexed.

Eriphila. Cannot you tell me which of them you would prefer?

Sostratus. If I were to be judge, no-body living were worthy that honour. All the princes in the world would be too mean to aspire to you, the gods alone can pretend to you, and you would have nothing from men but incense and sacrifice.

Eriphila. This is obliging, and I esteem you my friend: but pray tell me which of the two you are most inclined to; which is he you most esteem as a friend?

SCENE V.

ERIPHILA, SOSTRATUS, CHOREBUS.

CHOREBUS.

THE princess is coming hither, madam, to take you to Diana's wood.

[Sosttratus aside.] You are come very seasonably, my boy.

SCENE VI.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, SOSTRATUS, ANAXARCHUS, CLITIDAS.

ARISTIONE.

YOU are enquired after, daughter, and your absence makes some very uneasy.

Eriphila. I believe, madam, I am asked for out of compliment, and that they are not so uneasy as you say.

Aristione. So many diversions are made upon your account, that all our time is taken up, and we have not a moment to lose if we would have the pleasure of them all. Let us go immediately to the wood, and see what waits for us there; it is one of the most delightful places I ever beheld; let us seat ourselves.

THIRD INTERLUDE.

The stage represents a forest consecrated to Diana.

THE NYMPH OF TEMPE.

COME, great princess, with your charms,
Come view the innocent delights,
To which, with smiles, and open arms,
Our peaceful wilderness invites.

Here seek no grandeur of a court,
Love's alone our harmless sport;
Love crowns the night, love crown the day,
And love's the burthen of the lay.



PASTORAL.

SCENE I.

THYRSIS.

SWEET nightingales, replete with love,
Charm with their songs th' attentive grove;
And whilst their tender strains resound,
Awaken'd echoes bear the sound.
Alas! sweet warblers, did my evils sting
Your breasts, you would not so serenely sing.

SCENE II.

LYCASTUS, MENANDER, THYRSIS.

LYCASTUS.

WHAT, always with those downcast eyes?

MENANDER.

What! always full of tears and sighs?

THYRSIS.

Loving Calista's still my aim,
Yet still unfortunate my flame.

LYCASTUS.

Conquer, shepherd, thy confusion;

THYRSIS.

Ah! which way?

MENANDER.

By resolution.

THYRSIS.

Ah! which way, when 'tis too strong?

LYCASTUS.

'Twill find a remedy ere long.

THYRSIS.

Nought but death can cure my pain.

LYCASTUS and MENANDER.

Ah Thyrsis!

THYRSIS.

Ah shepherds!

LYCASTUS and MENANDER.

O'er thyself the empire gain.

THYRSIS.

Nothing can relieve my care.

LYCASTUS and MENANDER.

Too much by far, too much you yield.

THYRSIS.

O! 'tis too much, too much to bear.

LYCASTUS and MENANDER.

What weakness thus to quit the field?

THYRSIS.

O what cruel martyrdom!

LYCASTUS and MENANDER.

Take courage:

THYRSIS.

No, I'll meet my doom.

LYCASTUS.

No shepherdess was ever so severe,
Or cold, but if a lover persevere,
Will to repeated vows vouchsafe an ear.

MENANDER.

In love's mysterious course you find
Certain moments, when, if press'd,
The haughty fair one will be kind.
The suff'ring lover will be blest'd.

THYRSIS.

But see, the cruel fair draws nigh!
Guard me, guard me from her sight;
Th' ungrateful charmer let me fly,
My pain will else be her delight.

SCENE III.

CALISTA.

AH! how severe and cruel is the law?
By which stern honour keeps our hearts in awe?
I nought but scorn for Thyrsis e'er reveal,
Yet, conscious of his worth, his pain I feel:
In secret languish, sigh and grieve,
And wish his torment to relieve.

Ye trees and woods, to you alone,
Repeat it not, this truth I own.

Since heav'n for love has form'd our hearts,
What rigour with relentless hate
Arms us against such pleasing darts,
Or makes us fly so kind a fate?
Why can't we cherish without blame
A constant amiable flame?

Happy, ye harmless brutes, are you,
Who, free from all controul,
Fearless the impulse can pursue
Of an enamour'd soul.

Happy, ye little birds, are you,
Who, free from all controul,
Fearless the impulse can pursue
Of an enamour'd soul.

But slumber on my eye-lid steals,
And ev'ry drowsy sense
The soothing cool refreshment feels.
His poppies still dispense:
No rigid law forbids the heart
To taste the joys which they impart.

[She sleeps upon a bank of flowers.

SCENE IV.

CALISTA asleep, THYRSIS, LYCASTUS,
MENANDER.

THYRSIS.

SOFT advances let us make
Towards my lovely enemy;
Let us, let us not awake
Her sleeping cruelty.

ALL THREE.

Sleep on, and take your sweet repose,
Ye bright, victorious eyes,
Which the hard law that you impose,
To other hearts denies.

THYRSIS.

Silence, ye birds, ye Zephyrs, peace;
Ye purling streams, your murmurs cease;
Let all a sacred silence keep,
For 'tis Calista that's asleep.

ALL THREE.

Sleep on, and take your sweet repose,
Ye bright victorious eyes,
Which the hard law that you impose,
To other hearts denies.

CALISTA awakening, to Thyrsis.
O what cruelty you show,
To follow me where e'er I go?

THYRSIS.

Whom would you have me, fair, pursue,
But she, alas! I love—but you?

CALISTA.

What is it, shepherd, that you mean?

THYRSIS.

Fair shepherdess, I mean to die,
Die at your feet and end my pain,
Since at your feet in vain I sigh.

CALISTA.

Hence, Thyrsis, hence, I fear that I shall prove
Pity, within my breast, transform'd to love.

LYCASTUS and MENANDER together.

Or from pity, or from love

It is graceful to be tender;

Shepherdess, enough you've strove,

To his flame you must surrender.

Or from pity, or from love,

It is graceful to be tender.

CALISTA to Thyrsis.

Too long I've been, too long severe,

Your ardent vows have treated ill;

Here, take my heart, here, Thyrsis, here,

Of just revenge here take your fill.

THYRSIS.

O heavens! O shepherds! O Calista, why

Transport me thus! If joy can kill, I die.

LYCASTUS.

The prize is worthy thy fidelity.

MENANDER.

Thus blest'd, who must but envy thee!

SCENE V.

TWO SATYRS, CALISTA, THYRSIS,
LYCASTUS, MENANDER.

1. SATYR to Calista.

DO you fly me, ingrate! do I see
This shepherd preferr'd before me?

2. SATYR.

Have my vows then no other return?
And for this languid fop dost thou burn?

CALISTA.

Since fate so ordains,
Nought but patience remains.

1. SATYR.

Let despairing lovers sigh,
And pour out tears from ev'ry eye,
But that's what we despise;
The bottle, with its powerful charms,
Can quickly silence love's alarms,
And fill our breast with joys.

2. SATYR.

Our love indeed can't always boast
Its wish obtain'd, but oft is crost;
Yet we've a strong support,
For when they ridicule our flame,
Good wine shall make us laugh at them,
And scorn their wanton sport.

ALL.

Ye deities that haunt the launs,
Ye Dryades, and ye nimble Fauns,
Quit your calm retreat,
To trace upon the verdant fields,

The image which our music yields
Advance with sportive feet.

S C E N E VI.

CALISTA, THYRSIS, LYCASTUS,
MENANDER, FAUNS, DRYADES.

F I R S T E N T R Y.

A dance of Fauns and Dryades.

S C E N E VII.

CLIMENE, PHILINTAS, CALISTA,
LYCASTUS, MENANDER, FAUNS,
D R Y A D E S.

PHILINTAS.

WHILST I was lovely in thy eyes,
There's nought on earth could match my joys;
No monarch's lot could equal mine,
Nor envy'd I the pow'rs divine.

CLIMENE.

And when to ev'ry other, you
Vouchsaf'd my love the pref'rence due,
I look'd on sceptres with disdain,
O'er thy fond heart content to reign.

PHILINTAS.

Another now has purg'd my heart
Of fires it felt for thee.

CLIMENE.

Another has reveng'd the smart
Of thy inconstancy.

PHILINTAS.

Cloris the pride and boast of fame,
Now loves me with a faithful flame;
And if her eyes my death decreed,
For Cloris I would gladly bleed.

CLIMENE.

Myrtillo, ev'ry nymph's desire,
More than the light does me admire;
And I for him, to shew my love,
The pains of death would gladly prove.

PHILINTAS.

What if returning love once more
Should make me thy bright charms adore?
Should Cloris from my bosom chase,
And reinstate thee in her place?

CLIMENE.

Though fond Myrtillo, constant youth,
Lov'd me with tenderness and truth;
Yet I must own, might that e'er be,
I'd chuse to live and die with thee.

BOTH TOGETHER.

With love redoubled let us meet.
And live and die in bonds so sweet.

ALL THE ACTORS OF THE PASTORAL.

Ye lovers, such quarrels as these
Serve only to whet your desire;
Then wrangle as oft as you please,
To fan up the languishing fire.

S E C O N D E N T R Y .

The Fauns and Dryades begin their dance again, whilst three little Dryades and three little Fauns mimic at the farther part of the stage all that passes on the fore part of it. These dances are intermixed with songs from the shepherds.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

LET's enjoy, let's enjoy the gay harmless delights,
With which true love's fires crown our days and
our nights.

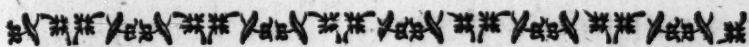
Who'd plague himself with being great,
When all the honours of that state
Increase our cares and not abate.

Let's enjoy, let's enjoy the gay harmless delights,
With which true love's fires crown our days and our
nights.

When we love, in life each thing
Is pleasant: when two hearts unite,
That ardour follow'd by delight
Makes one eternal spring.

Let's enjoy, let's enjoy the gay harmless delights,
With which true love's fires crown our days and our
nights.

END of the THIRD INTERLUDE.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

ARISTIONE, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES,
ANAXARCHUS, ERIPHILA,
SOSTRATUS, CLITIDAS.

ARISTIONE.

THIS, like all the rest, is admirable; nothing can be finer; it exceeds all that ever was seen.

Timocles. The commendation is too much, madam, for such trifles.

Aristione. Indeed, daughter, you are very much obliged to these princes; you cannot make a return for all this. Such trifles may agreeably engage the thoughts of the most serious people.

Eriphila. I am greatly obliged to them, madam, for their kindness.

Aristione. But you keep them long in suspense; their love presses you to declare yourself, and not defer the reward of their services. I have made a promise not to force your inclinations. I desired Sostratus to sound your heart, but I do not know if he has acquitted himself of this commission.

Eriphila. Yes, madam, he has, but I think I cannot defer this choice I am pressed to long enough, and that I cannot make it without deserving some blame. I find myself equally obliged to the love, ardour, and services of these two princes; and I think it would be a great piece of injustice to be ungrateful to either of them, by the refusal I must make of one by making choice of his rival.

Iphicrates. This is a very ingenuous compliment, madam, to refuse both of us.

Aristione. This scruple, daughter, should not disquiet you; and these princes have both long since agreed to submit to the preference your inclination may give.

Eriphila. Inclination, madam, is very liable to be deceived, and disinterested eyes are much more capable of making a just choice.

Aristione. You know I have promised not to determine any thing in this affair; your inclination cannot be deceived or make a bad choice here.

Eriphila. Madam, agree to a way I shall propose, neither to violate your promise, nor my scruple.

Aristione. What is it, daughter?

Eriphila. Let Sostratus decide this preference. You appointed him to discover the secret of my heart, let me pitch upon him to deliver me from the perplexity I am in.

Aristione. I willingly consent to this proposition. I have so great an esteem for Sostratus, that whether you mean to employ him to express your sentiments, or whether you absolutely give yourself up to his conduct, I agree to whatever he determines.

Iphicrates. That is, madam, we must pay our court to Sostratus?

Sostratus. No, my lord, you shall have no court to pay to me; and, with all the respect I owe the princesses, I renounce the glory they offer to advance me to.

Aristione. Why so, Sostratus?

Sostratus. I have reasons, madam, which do not allow me to receive the honour you confer on me.

Iphicrates. Are you afraid of making yourself an enemy, Sostratus?

Softratus. My lord, I am not much afraid of the enemy I may make myself in obeying my sovereigns.

Timocles. Why do you refuse to accept the power that is given you, and to gain the friendship of a prince who would be obliged to you for all his happiness?

Softratus. Because I am not in a situation to grant that prince what he would require of me.

Iphicrates. What can be the reason of that?

Softratus. Why do you press me so much about it? Perhaps, my lord, I have some secret interest that opposes the pretensions of your love. Perhaps I have some friend who burns, and is afraid to speak, with a respectful flame for the divine charms you are captivated with. Perhaps that friend makes me daily the confident of his sufferings, complains to me daily of his hard fate, and looks upon the princess's marriage, as a dreadful sentence that is to bring him to the grave; and if it be so, my lord, would it be reasonable that he should receive his death's wound from my hand?

Iphicrates. Softratus, you are very like to be that friend yourself whose interest you espouse.

Softratus. My lord, I know myself, and such wretched creatures as I are sensible what their fortune allows them to aspire to. Pray do not endeavour to render me odious to the persons that hear you.

Aristione. Let that point rest; we will find some method to determine my daughter's irresolution.

Anaxarchus. Can there be any better method, madam, to terminate things to every body's satisfaction than the lights heaven may give about this marriage? I have already begun, as I told you, to cast some mysterious figures of our art for that purpose, and hope soon to shew you what futurity has in store for this wished-for union. After that, will there be any more room for doubting? Will not the glory and prosperity

which heaven shall promise to either choice be sufficient to determine it, and can he that is excluded be offended, when it will be heaven that shall decide the matter?

Iphicrates. Indeed this way appears to me the most reasonable, and I submit to it readily.

Timocles. And I shall certainly subscribe without reluctance to whatever heaven determines.

Eriphila. But, Anaxarchus, pray who will give us security for this prosperity and glory which you say heaven promises us? May you not be deceived?

Aristione. Daughter, you have a little incredulity that will never leave you.

Anaxarchus. Madam, the proofs which the infallibility of my predictions have given to the whole world is security enough: but you may take the fortune of what choice you please, when I have shewn you what heaven guides you to.

Eriphila. Will heaven shew me, Anaxarchus, the two fortunes that attend me?

Anaxarchus. Yes, madam, the happiness that will follow you, if you marry the one; and the misfortunes that will attend you, if you marry the other.

Eriphila. But as I cannot marry both, it must therefore be written in heaven, not only what is to happen, but also what is not to happen.

Clitidas aside.] This will perplex my astrologer.

Anaxarchus. It would be necessary to make a longer discussion of the principles of astrology to make you understand that.

Clitidas. Well answered. Madam, I say nothing against astrology; it is a fine thing, and signior Anaxarchus is a great man.

Iphicrates. The truth of astrology is an incontest-

able thing, no body can dispute the certainty of its predictions.

Clitidas. No, certainly.

Timocles. I am pretty incredulous as to several things; but as for astrology, nothing is more certain than the success of its calculations.

Clitidas. O! they are the clearest things in the world.

Iphicrates. A thousand accidents that were foretold happen every day, which convince the most obstinate.

Clitidas. Very true.

Timocles. Can any body contradict the most famous incidents which history is full of?

Clitidas. No body of common sense. How should any thing be contested that is in print!

Aristione. What does Sostratus think about it? He says nothing.

Sostratus. Madam, all people are not born with the qualities necessary for the delicacy of these fine sciences, and some have such gross understandings, that they cannot understand what others find very easy. There is nothing more agreeable, madam, than the great promises of these sublime knowledges. To cause to live for ever, to transform every thing into gold, to make one's self beloved, to cure by words, to bring down from heaven at pleasure in meteors the impressions of good fortune, to command demons, to raise invincible armies, invulnerable soldiers! All this must be delightful, and some people easily comprehend the meaning of it; but I must own, I can hardly believe it. All these fair reasons of sympathy, magnetic force, and occult virtue, are so sublime and delicate, that they escape my material sense; and without saying any thing more, I could never imagine how any body should find written in heaven the least particulars of the fortune

of the meanest man. What correspondence can there be between us and globes at so great a distance from our earth, and how could mankind come by this fine science? What god revealed it, and what experience could form it from the observation of the great number of stars which are never seen twice in the same disposition?

Anaxarchus. It will not be difficult to make you understand it.

Sostratus. You must be more skilful than all the rest to do it.

Clitidas to Sostratus.] He will make you a discussion of all this, when you chuse.

Iphicrates to Sostratus.] If you cannot understand things, you may believe them upon what is seen daily.

Sostratus. As my sense is so gross that I could never understand any thing of it, so my eyes are so unfortunate that they never saw any thing of it.

Iphicrates. For my part, I have seen things entirely convincing.

Timocles. So have I.

Sostratus. You may believe, as you have seen, perhaps your eyes differ from mine.

Iphicrates. But, Sostratus, the princess, who has sense and wit, believes in astrology, and may not one after her do it?

Sostratus. The question is not quite fair, my lord, the princess's understanding may raise her to lights which my sense cannot reach, therefore her mind is no rule to mine.

Aristione. As for astrology, I have been told and shewn such positive things concerning it, that I cannot doubt of it; yet would say nothing about several things which I cannot believe more than you.

Sostratus. Madam, I have nothing to answer to that.

Aristione. Drop this conversation, and leave us a little while. Come, daughter, let us go towards that fine grotto, according to my promise. Ha! galantries at every step.

FOURTH INTERLUDE.

The scene is a Grotto.

E N T R Y.

Eight Statues, each bearing two flambeaux in its hands, form a dance diversified with several figures and various attitudes, in which they continue at intervals.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA.

ARISTIONE.

WHOEVER has given this, daughter, nothing could be better contrived, nor more galant. I parted from every body to have a little conversation with you, therefore, pray tell me, is there no secret inclination in your soul, which you do not chuse to discover to us?

Eriphila. Who, I, madam?

Aristione. Tell me, daughter, seriously; you should be plain with me, considering what I have done for you; to prefer your welfare to every thing else, and in my situation to be deaf to all the propositions which an hundred princesses in my place might have listened to with decency; all this should convince you that I

am a good mother, and may be intrusted with the secrets of your mind.

Eriphila. Madam, had I made so bad a use of your good example, as to allow myself to have any sentiments of inclination which I should conceal from you, I think I should have so much command over myself as to impose silence on that passion, and keep myself in a situation to discover nothing unworthy of your blood.

Arifione. Indeed, daughter, you may open your sentiments to me without any scruple. I have not bounded your inclination in the choice of two princes; you may extend it whither you will, and merit has so considerable a rank in your eye, that I equal it to every thing; and if you make a free confession to me, you shall see me very willingly subscribe to the choice you have made.

Eriphila. I can never be thankful enough for your goodness, madam, but I will not put it to the proof in what you mention; I only beg that you may not press me to a marriage which I have not yet determined upon.

Arifione. I have ever granted you all you wished, and the impatience of the princes your lovers—But hush! there is a noise. Ah! what spectacle is this? Some deity descends. It is the goddess Venus, who appears as if she would speak to us.

S C E N E II.

VENUS accompanied by four Cupids in a machine.
ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA.

VENUS to Aristione.

PRincefs, in you there fhines a fteady zeal,
Which the immortals mean to recompence:
That you may have a fon both great and happy,
Their hand will guide you in the choice you make.
They by my voice pronounce the glorious fortune
Your houfe by this illuftrious choice fhall gain.
Therefore conclude your doubts, and give your daughter
To him that fhall preferve your life in th'utmoft danger.

S C E N E III.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA.

ARISTIONE.

DAUGHTER, the gods impofe f Silence on all our
arguments. After this we have no more to do
but to receive what they prepare to give us; and you
diftinctly hear their pleafure. Let us go to the firft
temple to thank them for their favours, and affure
them of our obedience.

SCENE IV.

ANAXARCHUS, CLEON.

CLEON.

FATHER, there goes the princess; will not you speak to her?

Anaxarchus. Let us stay till her daughter leaves her; I am afraid of her; she will not be deceived as her mother is. At length, son, as we see by this discovery, our stratagem has succeeded; our Venus did wonders, and that admirable engineer who made this artifice, has so well disposed every thing, so cunningly cut the ceiling of this grotto, so well concealed his wires and all his springs, so well placed his lights and dressed his actors, that there is very few but what would have been deceived by it. And as the princess Aristione is very superstitious, she undoubtedly believes this deceit. I have been long preparing this machine, son, and now I am arrived at the end of my intentions.

Cleon. But which of the two princes did you prepare this artifice for?

Anaxarchus. Both begged my assistance, and I promised both of them the favour of my art; but the presents of the prince Iphicrates, and the promises he has made me, induce me to be his friend. Therefore he shall receive the favourable effects of all the engines I can play; and as his ambition will owe all its happiness to me, our fortune is made, son. I will go take my time to confirm the princess in her mistake, the better to prepossess her by the relation I will make of Venus's words, with the predictions of the celestial figures which I tell her I have cast. Do you be busy

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with the rest of the work; prepare our six men to hide themselves well in their boat behind the rock, to wait till the time that the princess Aristione comes to walk alone on the shore every evening, to attack her at a proper time like pirates, and give the prince Iphicrates an opportunity of lending that assistance which, according to the words of heaven, is to put the princess Eriphila into his possession. That prince is forewarned by me, and upon the credit of my predictions is to be in that little wood which is just by the shore. But let us leave this grotto. I will tell all that is to be observed as we go along. Here comes the princess Eriphila, we shall endeavour not to meet her.

SCENE V.

ERIPHILA alone.

ALAS! how hard is my fate! What have I done that the gods should interest themselves in my affairs?

SCENE VI.

ERIPHILA, CLEONICE.

CLEONICE.

HE is here, madam; the minute he heard your commands, he followed me.

Eriphila. Let him come near, and do you leave us.

S C E N E VII.

ERIPHILA, SOSTRATUS.

ERIPHILA.

DO you love me, Sostratus?
Sostratus. I, madam?

Eriphila. Deny it not, Sostratus; I know and approve it; and you may freely tell it me. Your flame appeared in my eyes with all the merit that could render it agreeable; and it would not have proved an unhappy passion, were it not for the rank heaven has placed me in. Often have I wished for such a support of fortune only as might put the secret sentiments of my heart upon it in full liberty. Not but that merit alone, Sostratus, finds in me the reward it deserves, and I sincerely prefer your virtues before all the magnificent titles which adorn the others. And indeed the princess, my mother, left me at free will to dispose of my desires, and I own it, I believe my prayers might have made her comply with what was most agreeable to me; but there are often reasons which make it not honourable to do all one may do. The impertinent voice of fame makes us pay too dearly for satisfying our inclination. I could never determine upon this, Sostratus, and I thought it sufficient to avoid the engagement I was solicited to; but the gods themselves will at last provide me a husband; and the delay I have made, and my mother's compliance with my desires, are now no longer in my power, and I must determine to undergo this decree of heaven. It is with the greatest reluctance, I assure you, Sostratus, that I consent to this marriage; were I mistress of myself, I would have been yours or no-body's. This is

what I had to say to you, Sostratus; it is all the comfort I could give you, and I think it due to your merit.

Sostratus. Ah! madam, this is too much for a miserable wretch; I will give over complaining of my fate from this minute; I was not prepared to die with so much glory. If it has been my destiny to be born in a rank less noble than I would have wished, I am happy in having attracted some pity from the heart of a great princess; this glorious pity is preferable to crowns, sceptres, and the power of the greatest princes in the world. When I presumed to love you, madam, (you will have me use that rash expression) I at first condemned the pride of my desire, and represented to myself the fate I must expect. My death's wound, madam, would not have surprized me, as I was prepared for it; but your goodness heaps it with an honour my love never dared hope for, and I can now die the most happy and glorious of mankind. If I may yet hope for any thing, I on my knees beg two favours, madam; to suffer my presence till that happy marriage which is to put an end to my life; and amidst that great glory, and those long prosperities heaven promises your union, to remember sometimes the lovesick Sostratus. May I, divine princess, promise myself this favour?

Eriphila. Leave me, Sostratus; you certainly do not desire my repose, when you desire me to remember you.

Sostratus. Ah! madam, if your repose——

Eriphila. Leave me, Sostratus, and do not expose me to more than I have determined.

S C E N E . VIII.

ERIPHILA, CLEONICE.

CLEONICE.

I See you are melancholy, madam; will you have your dancers, who express all the passions so well, to give you a proof of their skill?

Eriphila. If they will but leave me to my thoughts, they may do what they please, Cleonice.

FIFTH INTERLUDE.

E N T R Y.

Four Pantomimes adjust their gestures and steps to the restlessness of the princess.



A C T V. S C E N E I.

ERIPHILA, CLITIDAS.

CLITIDAS pretending not to see Eriphila.

WHITHER shall I go? Which way shall I turn? Where will I find the princess Eriphila? It is a good thing to be the first to carry good news. Oh! there she is. I am come to acquaint you, madam, that heaven has just now given you the husband it intends for you.

Eriphila. Let me enjoy my melancholy, Clitidas.

Clitidas. I beg your pardon, madam, I thought it right to acquaint you that heaven has just now given

Softratus to you for a husband; but as the news is disagreeable, I will pocket it, and return just as I came.

Eriphila. Why Clitidas! Clitidas!

Clitidas. I leave you to your gloomy melancholy, madam.

Eriphila. Stay, I desire you; come hither. What was it you wanted to tell me?

Clitidas. Pray excuse me, madam, it was nothing; people are sometimes too ready to tell the Great certain news, which they do not value.

Eriphila. You are cruel, Clitidas.

Clitidas. I shall have the prudence not to come and interrupt you another time.

Eriphila. Do not keep me in suspense. What did you intend to say?

Clitidas. A trifle concerning Softratus, madam, which I will tell another time, when you are disengaged.

Eriphila. Let me not languish any longer, I tell you, but acquaint me with this piece of news.

Clitidas. You would fain know it then, madam?

Eriphila. Yes, immediately. What have you to tell me about Softratus?

Clitidas. A surprising accident which no-body expected.

Eriphila. Tell me directly what it is.

Clitidas. Will it not disturb your gloomy melancholy, madam?

Eriphila. Oh! speak immediately.

Clitidas. I come to acquaint you then, madam, that as the princess, your mother, was walking almost alone in the forest, through those little agreeable paths, a terrible bear, (those plaguy bears are always making a disorder there; they ought to be banished out of civilized forests) a hideous bear, I say, driven by hunt-

men, I believe, crossed the path we were in. Perhaps to adorn my recital, I should give you an extensive description of this boar; but if you please we will pass that over, and I will satisfy myself with telling you that it was a very horrid animal. He passed on, and it was best to say nothing to him for fear of some squabble or other; but the princess inclined to try her skill, and with her dart, which, by her leave, she lanced a little unseasonably, gave him a very slight wound on the ear. The ill-mannered boar directly turned impertinently upon us: and there were but two or three pitiful wretches of us, who turned pale with fear, each of us gained his tree, and the princess remained defenceless, exposed to the fury of the beast, when Sostratus, as if the gods had sent him, appeared.

Eriphila. And so, Clitidas?

Clitidas. I will defer the rest of my story till another time, madam, if it disturbs you.

Eriphila. End it now.

Clitidas. Faith I shall so, for a spice of cowardice prevented me from seeing the particulars of the combat; and all I can tell you of it is, that returning to the spot we saw the boar dead, weltering in his blood, and the princess joyfully naming Sostratus her deliverer, and the worthy and fortunate husband that the gods had destined for you. At these words I thought I had heard enough, and so made haste to bring you the first accounts of it.

Eriphila. Ah! Clitidas, you could not have told me any thing more agreeable.

Clitidas. O! here they come to see you.

S C E N E II.

ARISTIONE, SOSTRATUS, ERIPHILA,
CLITIDAS.

ARISTIONE.

DAUGHTER, I find you know already all we can tell you. You see the gods have explained themselves much sooner than we could have expected; my danger did not at all delay to shew you their will, and it is plain they themselves made that choice, since merit alone shines in this preference. Shall you be at all discontented to recompense with your heart him who saved my life, and will you refuse to take Sostratus for an husband?

Eriphila. Every thing I receive from the hands of the gods and you must be agreeable.

Sostratus. Heavens! Do not the gods flatter me with some glorious dream? will not an unhappy waking undeceive me?

S C E N E III.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA, SOSTRATUS,
CLEONICE, CLITIDAS.

CLEONICE.

IAM come to inform you, madam, that Anaxarchus has abused both the princes by the hopes of this choice which they have pursued so long. When they heard of your adventure, they have resented it so much, that from words they came to blows, and he has received from them some wounds, the consequence of which is not yet known. But here they come.

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O

SCENE THE LAST.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA, IPHICRATES,
TIMOCLES, SOSTRATUS,
CLEONICE, CLITIDAS.

ARISTIONE.

PRINCES, you are both very violent, but if Anaxarchus had given you offence, I could have given you justice upon him.

Iphicrates. Madam, if you do us so little justice in the choice you embrace, what justice could you have done us upon him?

Aristione. Were you not to submit either to the commands of heaven, or my daughter's inclinations?

Timocles. Madam, we submitted to what they should decide between prince Iphicrates and me, but we did not expect to be both refused.

Aristione. And if each of you could determine to bear a preference, why may you not, when it happens to both? Wherefore need the interests of a rival concern you?

Iphicrates. Indeed, madam, we need. It is some consolation to us to see one who is our equal preferred to us; your blindness is very great.

Aristione. Prince, I will not quarrel with a man who has done me so many favours, as even to make love to me; but I beg of you seriously to give your chagrin a more reasonable foundation; to remember that Sostratus is adorned with a merit that is sufficiently known throughout all Greece, and that the rank heaven now raises him to, will fill up the difference there was between you and him.

Iphicrates. Yes, yes, madam, we shall remember it;

but perhaps you too may remember that two abused princes are not two inconsiderable enemies.

Timocles. Probably, madam, the joy of the contempt we are had in will not be enjoyed long in peace.

Aristione. I forgive all these threats, and impute them to a love which imagines itself injured, and we shall see the games of the young Pythians, with no less tranquillity. Let us go there immediately, and by that magnificent spectacle crown this surprising day.

END of the FIFTH ACT.

SIXTH INTERLUDE.

The GAMES of the young PYTHIANS.

The stage represents a great hall like an amphitheatre, with a large arch at the further end, above which is a gallery inclosed with a curtain; and at a distance appears an altar for the sacrifice. Six men, dressed as though they were almost naked, each with an axe on his shoulder, as ministers of the sacrifice, enter through the portico to the sound of violins, and are followed by two sacrificers and a priestess.

SCENE I.

THE PRIESTESS, SACRIFICERS, MINISTERS OF THE SACRIFICE,
CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE.

PRIESTESS.

SING in a thousand lands, ye people, sing,
The wonders of the day's refulgent king;

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304 THE MAGNIFICENT LOVERS.

Range heaven and earth, no theme so fit appears
T'employ the voice, or to enchant the ears.

I. SACRIFICER.

Nothing, nothing can withstand
That potent amiable God's command.

2. SACRIFICER.

There's nothing here below on earth
But to his influence owes its birth.

THE PRIESTESS.

When bright Phœbus disappears,
The world a fable liv'ry wears.

CHORUS.

Let such loud concerts all around
To his immortal name resound,
That form his glorious car of day
He may attend the grateful lay.

F I R S T E N T R Y .

The six ministers of the sacrifice with axes dance a
dance, adorned with all the postures imaginable,
after which they retire to the sides of the stage.

S C E N E II.

II. E N T R Y .

Six vaulters shew their skill to music, upon wooden
horses, which are brought by slaves.

S C E N E III.

III. E N T R Y.

Four conductors of slaves bring in, to music, eight slaves, who dance to shew their joy for having recovered their liberty.

S C E N E IV.

IV. E N T R Y.

Four men and four women armed in the Grecian fashion with drums and timbrels, form a sort of military sport.

S C E N E V.

The gallery opens. An herald, six trumpets, a kettle-drum, joining with all the instruments, proclaim the arrival of Apollo.

CHORUS.

LET us with open eyes behold
The splendors which these scenes unfold.

S C E N E VI.

Apollo at the sound of trumpets and violins, enters by the portico, preceded by six young men, who bear laurel wreathed round a stick, and a golden sun at top, with the royal device in manner of a trophy.

CHORUS.

WHAT noble port, what grace extreme!
What other god can equal him?

V. ENTRY.

Apollo's attendants give their trophies to the six ministers of the sacrifice, who bear the axes, and with Apollo begin an heroic dance.

VI. AND LAST ENTRY.

The six ministers of the sacrifice bearing the axes and trophies, the four men and four women armed in the Grecian fashion, join in the dance of Apollo and his attendants, in several manners, whilst the priestesses, the sacrificers, and the chorus of people intermix their voices, at several reprises, to the sound of kettle-drums and trumpets.

Verfes for the KING, representing Apollo.

I AM the source of brilliant light,
And not the proudest star
That circles round my car,
Without my bounteous rays is bright.

Seated on my resplendent throne,
Nature entire I see
Big with desire of me,
Due to my light its blessings own.

Happy, thrice happy ev'ry place,
That with my genial beams I bless:

Those climes the noblest riches grace,
Who my warm influence possess.

For Mr. LE GRAND, attendant of Apollo.

ALTHO' in presence of the sun,
All other lights are dim;
Yet still we joy one race to run,
Attendant close by him.

For the Marquis DE VILLEROI, attendant of Apollo.

FROM my unrival'd master, me
You still inseparable see;
Whilst the zeal which my breast, for his service, inspires,
Will follow his fortune through waters and fires.

For the Marquis DE RASSENT, attendant of Apollo.

AND I without boasting all men defy,
More zealously to follow his footsteps than I.

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